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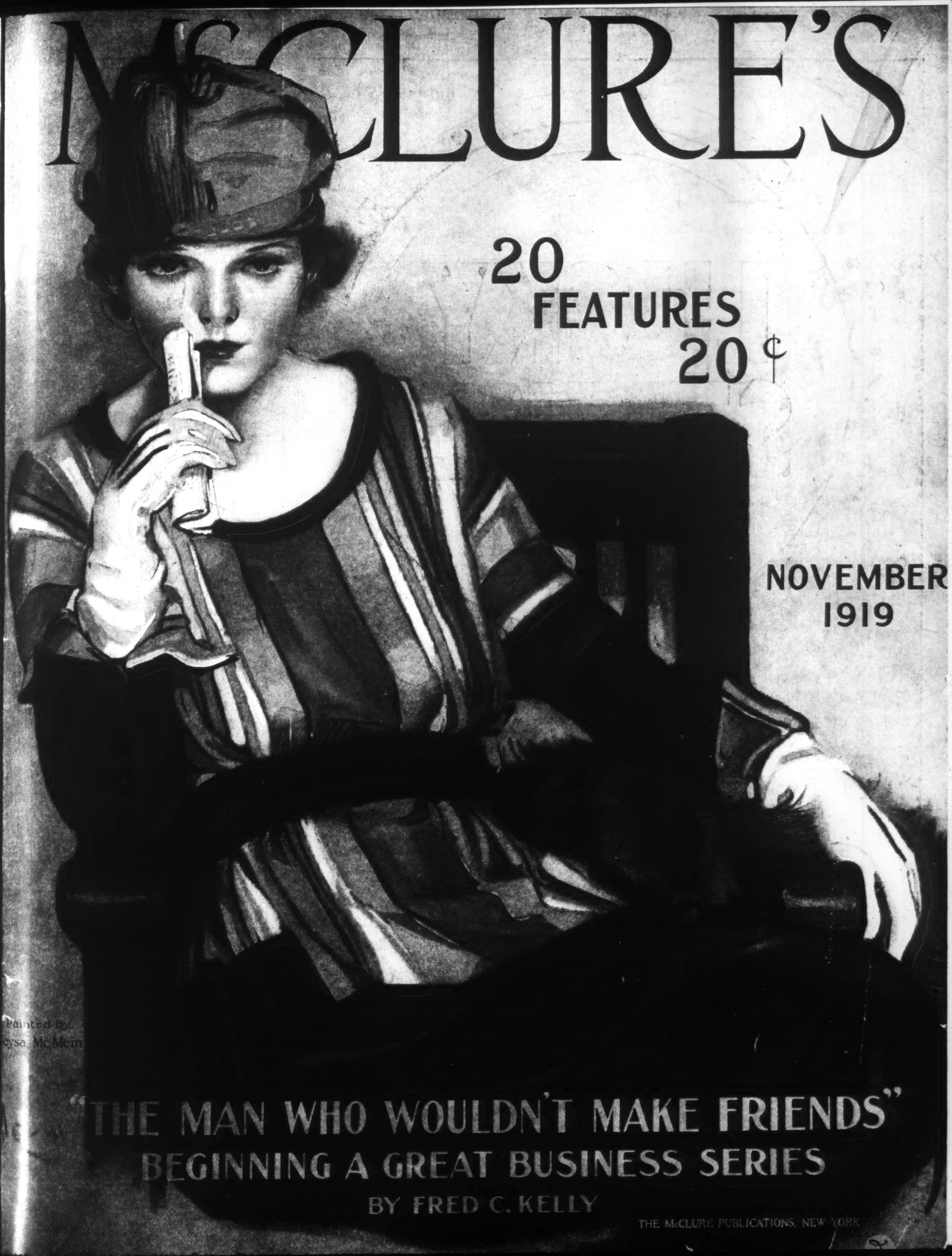

20 FEATURES 20¢

NOVEMBER 1919

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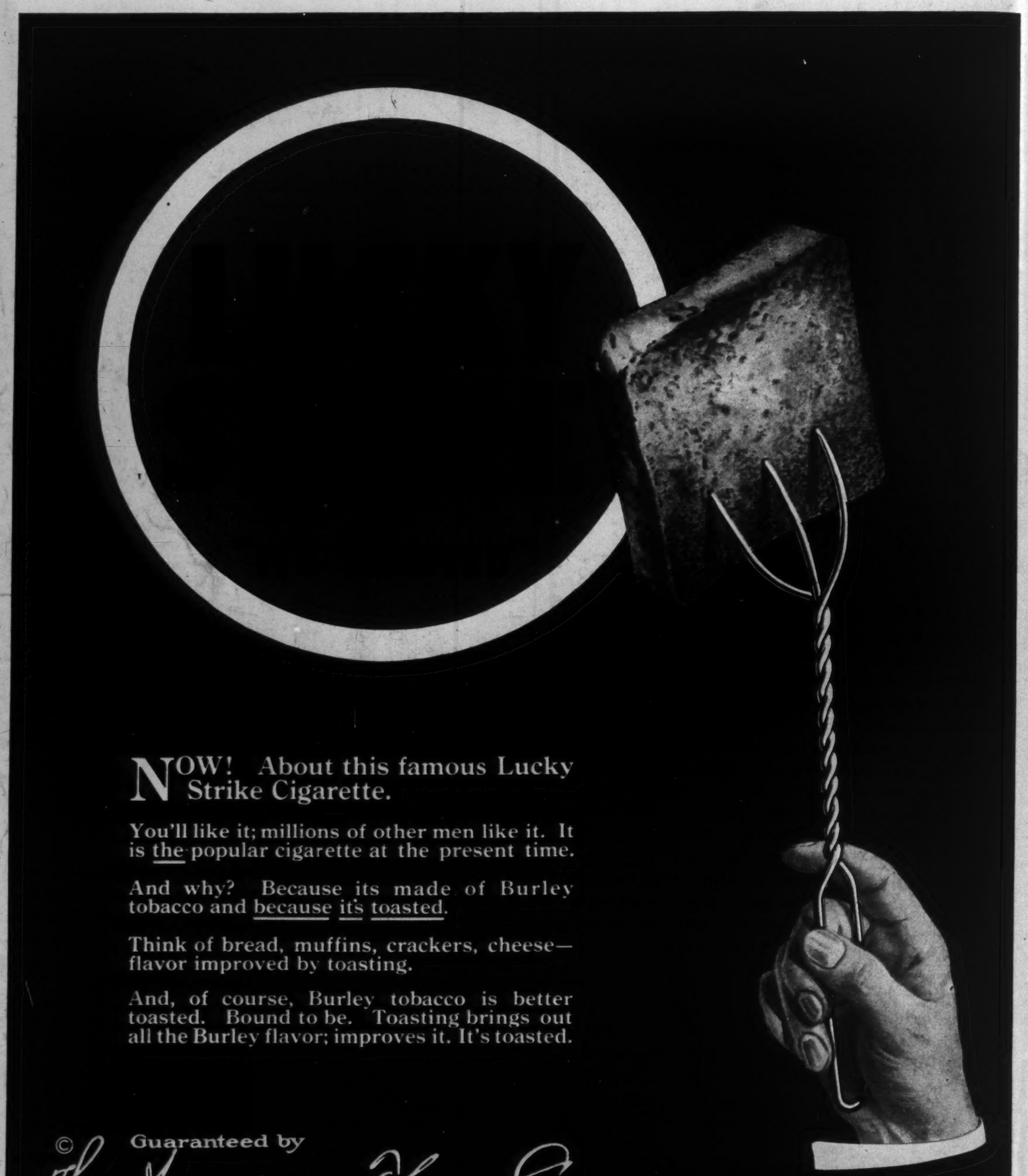
BEGINNING A GREAT BUSINESS SERIES
BY FRED C. KELLY

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, NEW YORK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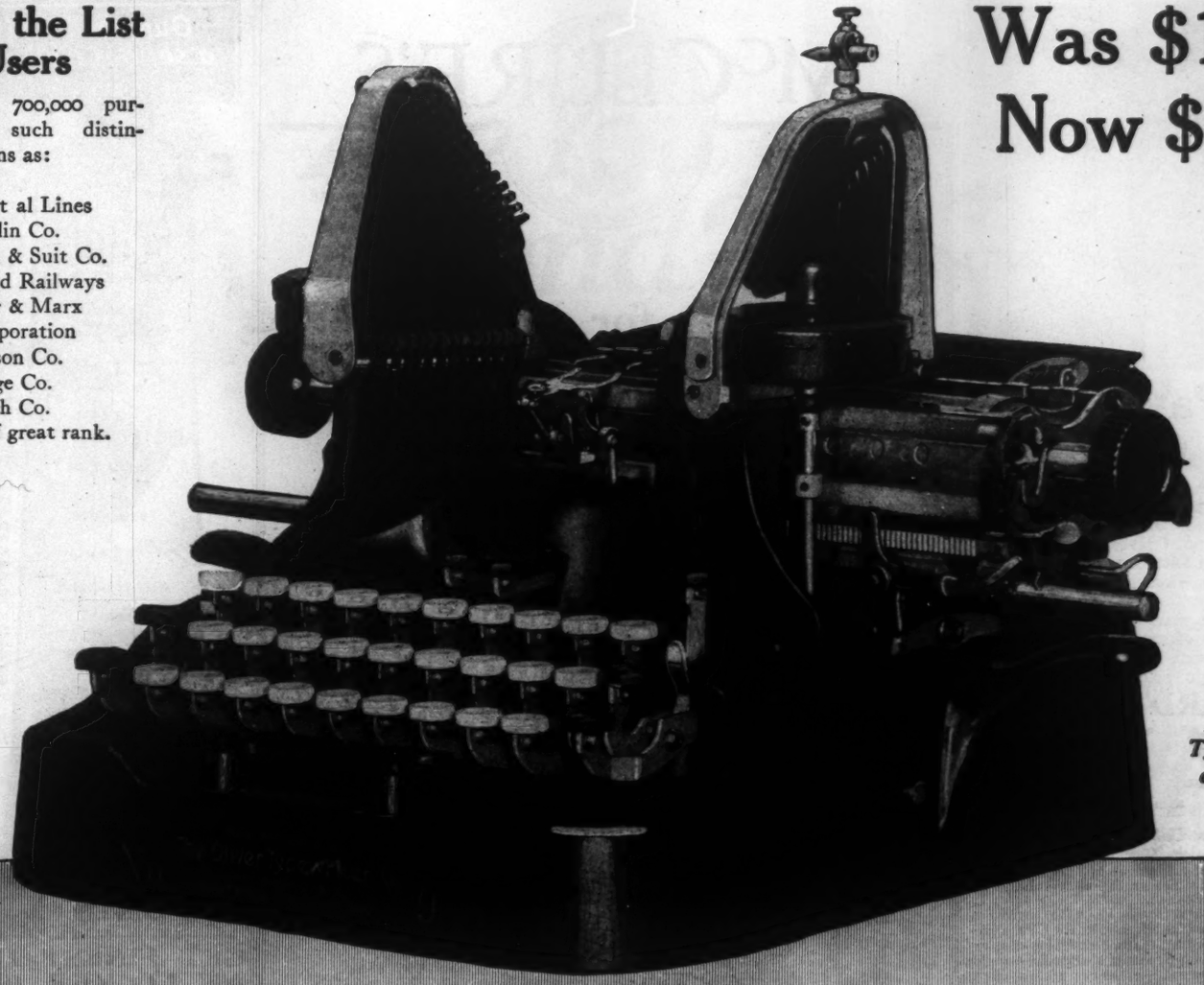

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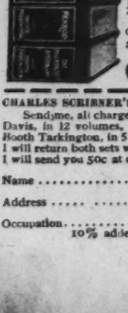

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Volume 51 — Number 11

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McClure's Magazine is published on the 15th of the month and should reach every subscriber on that day. But such is the terrible congested condition of the railroads at present that delays in the Mail service are inevitable. If your copy does not arrive promptly do not assume that it has been lost in transit. Wait a few days before writing to us. By that time it will probably be in your hands.

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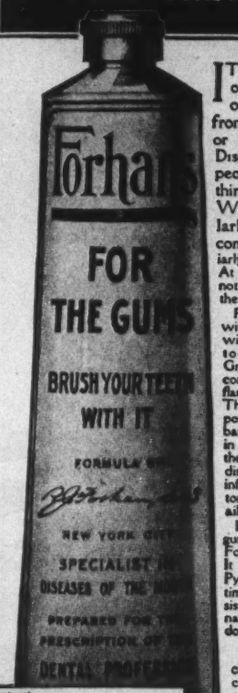
Gum tenderness — a serious tooth-menace



IT *is* true that four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-shrinkage, or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) But many people even under thirty have Pyorrhea. Women, particularly after the baby comes, are peculiarly subject to Pyorrhea. At such time they cannot be too careful about their teeth.

Pyorrhea commences with tender gums, or with gum-bleeding, at tooth-brush time Gradually the gums become spongy They inflame and then shrink The teeth become exposed to decay at the base and tiny openings in the gums become the breeding places of disease germs which infect the joints—or tonsils—or cause other ailments.

Beware of that first gum tenderness! Try Forhan's for the gums. It positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently No ordinary tooth paste will do this.

And Forhan's cleans teeth scientifically as well Brush your teeth with it. It keeps the teeth white and clean.

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Are You a Blond?

The Secret of Making People Like You

© Evans L. A.

Wallace Reid
Star in "The Valley of the Giants"
A Paramount-Artcraft Picture

THE greatest asset any man can possibly have is the faculty for making people like him. It is even more important than ability. The secret of making people like you lies in your ability to understand the emotional and mental characteristics of the people you meet.

Did you know that a blond has an entirely different temperament than a brunet?—that to get along with a blond type you must act entirely different than you would to get along with a brunet?

When you really know the difference between blonds and brunets, the difference in their characters, temperaments, abilities and peculiar traits you will save yourself many a mistake—and you will incidentally learn much you never knew before about yourself.

* * * * *

PAUL GRAHAM was a blond, and not until he learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; did not know how to make people like him.

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular.

Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astounded at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

You, too, can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Paul Graham, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU. Here is how it is done:

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blond or brunet. There is as big a difference between the mental and emotional characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet as there is between night and day. You persuade a blond in one way—a brunet in another. Blonds enjoy one phase of life—brunets another. Blonds make good in one kind of a job—brunets in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women; in getting on well with them; in mastering their minds; in making them like you; in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences—when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

For example, there's the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every other person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that, in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it is a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town, if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's character and making them like you.

* * * * *

YOU realize, of course, that just knowing the difference between a blond and a brunet could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know that every one does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone, if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion, every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple, seven-lesson course, entitled, "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half hour's reading of this wonderful course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

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Note how with these combinations you can stew, preserve, cook vegetables, make cakes and puddings, steam cereals, and in fact cook every kind of dish used.

Take for example the 5-quart Roaster—just one of the 12 combinations. At dinner time, should you wish to cook anything in the popular casserole style, such as chicken, or a pot roast with vegetables, you reverse the pudding pan and obtain this roaster, which, with the flame turned low, will roast the meat nicely, retaining all the flavor and rendering it remarkably tender.

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Combination Cooker
By placing the pudding pan in the large kettle and inverting the colander, you can obtain an excellent combination cooker. Meat can be cooked in the large kettle while vegetables are steaming in the inset.

Colander
The perforated pudding pan will be found very handy as a colander for draining vegetables, macaroni, washing lettuce, etc.

Stew Pan or Steamer
By inverting the colander and placing it on the top of the pudding pan you obtain an ideal stew pan, because the perforation of the colander allows the steam to pass off properly.

Double Roaster
A splendid self-basting double roaster can be had by inverting the pudding pan and placing it on top of the large Liberty kettle. Roasts cooked in this double roaster are tender and have a most delicious flavor.

Bake Dish or Casserole
The pudding pan with cover makes an excellent bake dish, which can be used for the preparation of many different kinds of foods, such as baking beans, macaroni, potatoes, apples, etc.

Cereal or Coffee Roaster
By inverting the colander and placing it on the Liberty kettle you can easily roast coffee, toast corn flakes or make delicious popcorn, prepared with melted butter.

Preserving Kettle
The large kettle without the cover will serve nicely as a preserving kettle. Preserves can be cooked in this kettle with no stirring, thus saving a great amount of labor and time.

Steam Cooker
By placing the colander inside the large kettle and inverting the pudding pan you have a steam cooker, which will cook two articles at the same time, saving space and fuel.

Double Boiler
The two-quart pudding pan placed inside of the large kettle and used with the cover can be put to all of the uses of a double boiler, such as steaming rice, making oatmeal and other cereals.

Liberty Kettle
The five-quart kettle, used with the cover, is splendid for boiling vegetables or foods in large quantities.

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The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly — and I *do* remember correctly — Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker — in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin — compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

****

When I met Mr. Roth — which you may be sure I did the first chance I got — he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was — a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones" he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it — not hard work as you might fear — but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour — how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

"Of Course I Place You! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle"

The first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

> "May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before — and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet — because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist — and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer — like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone — I don't care who he is — can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

SEND NO MONEY

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

Independent Corporation

Publishers of The Independent Weekly.

Dept. R4611, 119 West 40th Street New York

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No one editor could control the product of this galaxy of literary stars, and few readers could afford to buy all of their works in book form.

Here, however, is your chance to secure the newest productions of your favorite authors before they appear in book form and at prices so low that there is nothing left for you to do but mail your acceptance at once.

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For birthday or holiday presents no gift is more appreciated by the receiver than a yearly subscription to a worth-while magazine. Any magazine in the following clubs will make a worthy present. If you desire you can order one of these magazines for yourself and send the rest to your friends. We will enter the subscription for any month you say, and send each magazine to a separate address if you like. Just write directions on a separate slip, attach to coupon and mail. If you are at present a subscriber to any of the magazines your subscription will be extended. Postage extra outside of the United States.

These bargains will stop soon. To-day brings you your chance to make big economies—select your club and mail coupon with required amount at once.

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McClure's	$2.40	$5.75
Metropolitan	3.00	saving
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McClure's	$2.40	$2.25
McCall's	1.20	saving
	$3.60	$1.35
McClure's	$2.40	$4.25
McCall's	1.20	saving
Woman's Home Companion	2.40	$1.75
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Magazine Clubs:	Single Copy Price	Price to You if You Act
McClure's	$2.40	$5.00
Pictorial Review	2.40	saving
American Magazine	2.40	$2.20
	$7.20	
McClure's	$2.40	$4.50
Modern Priscilla	1.80	saving
Delineator	2.40	$1.50
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McClure's	$2.40	$5.00
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Pictorial Review	2.40	$2.20
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McClure's	$2.40	$4.25
Etude (for Music Lovers)	2.40	saving
Modern Priscilla	1.80	$2.35
	$6.60	
McClure's	$2.40	$3.00
Pictorial Review	2.40	saving
	$4.80	$1.80
McClure's	$2.40	$6.00
American	2.40	saving
Metropolitan	3.00	$1.80
	$7.80	
McClure's	$2.40	$4.50
Woman's Home Companion	2.40	saving
Modern Priscilla	1.80	$2.10
	$6.60	

Magazine Clubs:	Single Copy Price	Price to You if You Act
McClure's	$2.40	$6.00
Metropolitan	3.00	saving
Woman's Home Companion	2.40	$1.80
	$7.80	
McClure's	$2.40	$3.50
Outing	3.00	saving
	$5.40	$1.90
McClure's	$2.40	$4.50
American Boy	2.40	saving
Modern Priscilla	1.80	$2.10
	$6.60	
McClure's	$2.40	$5.50
Woman's Home Companion	2.40	saving
Modern Priscilla	1.80	$3.50
American Magazine	2.40	
	$9.00	
McClure's	$2.40	$6.00
Pictorial Review	2.40	saving
American Magazine	2.40	$3.60
Woman's Home Companion	2.40	
	$9.60	
McClure's	$2.40	$3.50
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WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM - By George Creel

PELMANISM is the biggest thing that has come to the United States in many a year. With a record of 400,000 successes in England, this famous course in mind training has been Americanized at last, and is now operated by Americans in America for American men and women. Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to think; how to use fully the powers of which they are conscious; how to discover and to train the powers of which they have been unconscious. Pelmanism is merely the science of thinking; the science of putting right thought into successful action; the science of that mental team play that is the one true source of efficiency, the one master key that opens all doors to advancement.

I heard first of Pelmanism during a recent visit in London. Its matter filled pages in every paper and magazine and wherever one went there was talk of Pelmanism. "Are you a Pelmanist?" was a common question.

It was T. P. O'Connor who satisfied my curiosity and gave me facts. By 1918 there were 400,000 Pelmanists figuring in every walk and condition of life. Lords and ladies of high degree, clerks and cooks, members of Parliament, laborers, clergymen and actors, farmers, lawyers, doctors, coal miners, soldiers and sailors, even generals and admirals, were all Pelmanizing and heads of great business houses were actually enrolling their entire staffs in the interest of larger efficiency

Baden-Powell Enthusiastic

THE famous General Sir F. Maurice, describing it as a "system of mind drill based on scientific principles," urged its adoption by the army. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Admiral Lord Beresford indorsed it. In France, Flanders and Italy over 100,000 soldiers of the empire were taking Pelmanism in order to fit themselves for return to civil life, and many members of the American Expeditionary Force were following this example.

Well-known writers like Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Max Pemberton, the Baroness Orczy and E. F Benson were writing columns in interpretation of Pelmanism. Great editors like Sir William Robertson Nicoll and educators such as Sir James Yoxall were going so far as to suggest its inclusion in the British educational system.

As a matter of fact, the thing had all the force and sweep of a religion. It went deep into life, far down beneath all surface emotions, and bedded its roots in the very centers of individual being. It was an astonishing phenomenon, virtually compelling my interest, and I agreed gladly when certain members of Parliament offered to take me to Pelman House. A growing enthusiasm led me to study the plan in detail, and it is out of the deepest conviction that I make these flat statements:

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, develop and strengthen such qualities as will power, concentration, ambition, self-reliance, judgment and memory.

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, substitute "I will" for "I wish" by curing mind-wandering and wool-gathering.

It is, and I say it advisedly, an important and necessary addition to American education, for it takes fundamental truths out of the back water and brings them back into real life and every-day use.

Viewed historically, Pelmanism is a study in intelligent growth. Twenty years ago it was a simple memory training system. Time has broadened it. Today it does not confine itself to the training of just this one function of the human mind, but scientifically exercises and develops all of the mental powers.

The founder of Pelmanism had an idea. He went to the leading psychologists of England and also to those of America and said: "I have a good memory system. I think I may say that it is the best. But it occurs to me that there is small point in memory unless there's a *mind* behind it. You gentlemen teach the science of the mind. But you teach it only to those who come to you. And few come, for psychology is looked upon as 'highbrow.' Why can't we popularize it? Why can't we make people train their minds just as they train their bodies? Why can't you put all that you have to teach into a series of simple, understandable lessons that can be grasped by the average man with an average education?"

Not a Mere Memory System

AND the eminent professors did it! Pelmanism today is the *one* known course in applied psychology, the *one* course that builds mind as a physical instructor builds muscle. There is nothing really new in it. All of its truths

GEORGE CREEL

are as old as the hills. But it reduces these truths to practical use. It puts them into harness for the doing of the day's work.

It teaches how to develop *personality*, how to build *character*, how to strengthen *individuality*. Instead of training memory alone, or will-power alone, or reasoning power alone, it recognizes the absolute interpendency of these powers and trains them *together*.

It is not, however, an educational machine for grinding out standardized brains, for it realizes that there are wide differences in the minds and problems of men. It develops *individual* mentality to its highest power.

The course comes in twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." They are sent one at a time and the student fills out work sheets that are gone over, with pen and ink by a staff of trained instructors. There is nothing arduous about the course, and it offers no great difficulties, but it does require *application. Pelmanism has got to be worked at.*

There is no "magic" or "mystery" about it. It is not "learned in an evening." Brains are not evolved by miracles. Just as the arms stay weak, or grow flabby, when not used, so does an unexercised mind stay weak or grow flabby.

You can take a pill for a sluggish liver but all the patent medicines in the world can't help a sluggish mind. Pelmanism is not a "pill" system. It proceeds upon the scientific theory that there is no law in nature that condemns the human mind to permanent limitations. It develops the mental faculties by regular exercise, just as the athlete develops his muscles. It gives the mind a gymnasium to work in; it prescribes the work scientifically and skilled educators superintend the work.

The "Little Gray Books" are intellectual dumbbells.

Pelmanism is going to advertise in America just as it advertised in England. I believe in advertising. As much as any other one thing, it helped to win the war. The bang of the Salvation Army drum did not cheapen religion but aided it. Advertising is the one direct method, and the quicker Pelmanism reaches the men and women of America the better it will be for the country.

The Science of "Get There"

IT is the science of Get There—getting there quickly, surely, finely! Not for men alone, but for women as well. Women in commercial pursuits have the same problems to overcome as men. Women in the home are operating a business, a highly specialized, complex business, requiring every ounce of judgment, energy, self-reliance and quick decision that it is possible to develop.

I say deliberately, and with the deepest conviction, that Pelmanism *will* do what it promises to do. Followed honestly, it *will* give greater power of self-realization and self-expression in word, thought and action. It *will* stop wool-gathering and mind-wandering. It will develop mind, character, personality, giving ambition, energy, concentration and self-reliance.

Americans need it as much as England needed it. There are too many men who are "old at forty"; too many people who complain about their "luck" when they fail; too many people without ambition or who have "lost their nerve"; too many "job cowards" living under the daily fear of being "fired."

Original thinking is almost a lost art. We look at games instead of playing them. The less the mental demand the more popular the play. There is music in restaurants because it is too much trouble to talk intelligently. Life is cut to pieces by deep ruts, with the people in them never looking over the sides. Greater driving force and higher powers of concentration will add to the nation's assets.

There is nothing more true than that success and failure are next-door neighbors. The success of today may be the failure of tomorrow, and the inefficient can rise to efficiency when he *wills* it. No one can mark time in modern life, much less stand still. We *go forward* or *drop back*.

Increased Incomes

TALK of quick and large salary raises suggests quackery, but I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacities from 20 to 200 per cent. With my own ears I heard the testimony of employers to this effect. Why not? Increased efficiency is *worth* more money. Aroused ambition, heightened energies refuse to let a man rest content with "well enough." Business demands ever-increasing efficiency and employers are quick to recognize it and reward it.

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. There's more to it than the making of money. It makes for a richer and more wholesome and more interesting life.

Too many people are mentally *lopsided*, knowing just the one thing or taking interest in only one thing. Of all living creatures they are the most deadly. I have seen eminent scholars who were the dullest of talkers; successful business men who knew nothing of literature, art or music; people of achievement sitting tongue-tied in a crowd while some fool held the floor; masters of industry ignorant of every social value; workers whose lives were drab because they did not know how to put color in them, and I have heard men and women of real intelligence forced to rely on anecdotes to keep up a conversation.

The emphasis of Pelmanism is on a *complete* personality. It does away with lopsided developments. *It points the way to cultural values as well as to material success.* It opens the windows of the mind to the voices of the world; it puts the stored wealth of memory at the service of the tongue; it burns away stupid diffidences by developing self-realization and self-expression; it makes unnecessary the stereotyped in speech and thought and action.

Pelmanism, in effect, teaches how to spend the gold that is in the purse of life, not merely the copper coins. It considers life as a rich and expansive whole, not as a collection of unrelated fragments from which the individual must make his choice.

One may utilize Pelmanism as a means of achieving some immediate purpose—financial, social, educational or cultural—but the advantages of the training touch life and living at every point.

George Creel

NOTE:—As Mr. Creel has pointed out, Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. It has stood the test of twenty years. Its students are in every country in the world. Its benefits are attested by hundreds of thousands of men and women in all walks and conditions of life.

In bringing Pelmanism to America, the needs of the United States have been considered at every point. Plan, methods and principles remain the same, but American psychologists have Americanized the lessons and American instructors, carefully trained in the course, will pass upon every work sheet.

Pelmanism is taught entirely by correspondence. There are twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study. Half an hour daily will enable the student to finish in three months.

As there is no royal road to learning, neither is there any short cut to the truths taught by Pelmanism. An ordinary school education is necessary, but the prime importances are sincerity of purpose and willingness to work. Its rewards are rich, permanent and of steadily increasing value, but they are won by application.

How to Become a Pelmanist

"MIND AND MEMORY" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it. Every reader of this page should send for "Mind and Memory"—*Now*.

The book, "Mind and Memory," is free. Use the coupon or a postcard and send for it—NOW.

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Then comes the exhilarating cold rinse that sets your blood to racing and leaves your skin delightfully clean—because Ivory Soap is so free from sticky ingredients that every trace of soap and dirt vanishes completely at the first touch of clear water.

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FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Publisher* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

"The trouble with friends is that they are always wanting something. I prefer to have just acquaintances"

The Man Who Wouldn't Make Friends

The First of a Big New Business Series

by Fred C. Kelly

Illustration by Winemiller and Miller

TO a business man, old Jerome Sampson used to say, "every friend is a liability."

He made the remark in the first place, I think, as a bit of a pose. Later, it became a real part of him.

Knowing that he was shrewd and cold and calculating, he desired to appear even more cold and "businesslike" than he really was. And right here one might say that there are business men who pose even more than poets and pianists — and think they get away with it! They don't wear long hair, but they wear long faces. And they think they look profound.

Little by little the bogus philosophy took hold of Sampson and he came to believe it himself. It became indeed the keynote of his whole scheme of existence.

"Yes," he would say, "friends are all right if a man can afford them. I probably would enjoy them if I weren't building up a business organization. But they are such a handicap to a man really intent on accomplishing things that they're apt to be altogether too much of a luxury. I've known dozens of near-successful men who were ruined by their friends. And when the crash came, they lost not only their wealth but their friends, too. I prefer to have just acquaintances.

"The trouble with friends is that they are always wanting something. If you are at the head of a big business institution, you are constantly besieged to give important jobs to incompetent friends or hangers-on of your friends' friends. They come to you to borrow money and ask favors of one kind or another until you can't rest.

"This is true no matter what line of business you are in. I knew a man who was owner and publisher of a big newspaper. He belonged to several clubs, was sociable, and had a string of friends. They wrecked his business for him. Every time his paper was about to publish an important piece of news, some friend bobbed up who desired to have it kept out of print. Other friends came to him with matters of no great general interest and persuaded him to clutter up his columns with them. One knew a struggling young minister who was greatly in need of recognition and who would be greatly helped if the newspaper printed long, tiresome reviews of his stupid sermons. Another was in-

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terested in some kind of movement with an uplift label on it, but really intended for personal exploitation, and he cajoled his publisher friend into printing literally columns about that, to the great annoyance and boredom of the readers. This publisher got a vast deal more good out of his enemies than out of his friends. The enemies furnished him with interesting things to print about their deeds and misdeeds.

"It is the same way in the professions. A lawyer gets business from acquaintances, not from his friends. A man who desires legal advice is likely to avoid a lawyer friend, because he thinks his friend knows enough about his private affairs already, and he doesn't desire to tell him any more.

"In the realm of politics and public service, everybody knows how many men have been ruined by their fool friends. A man who gets a public office, carrying with it appointive power, could be ten times as effective if he had no friends to take care of. When you have friends besieging you for jobs, you can't very well make appointments on actual merit. So you pass up the more competent fellow who would help you to make good, and appoint somebody who will embarrass you later on because you happen to count him among your friends.

"As I say, they're all right for those who can afford them. I can't!"

The trouble with old Jerome Sampson was that he lacked the sense of balance and perspective to see all sides and all angles of a question. Because he discovered little elements of truth to support his theory, he did not pause to look at the other side of the picture. The notion that friends were an obstacle became a hobby with him. Having started as a pose, it easily became a matter of great vanity. He felt that he was so much bigger and so much more important than most people that he could be sufficient unto himself and really did not require friends for amusement. As he grew older the whole expression of his face changed. His steel gray eyes became more cold and austere, and at each corner of his mouth, he developed little fleshy pouches such as one may note — seemingly an indication of their character — in the faces of nearly all complacent, self-satisfied egotists.

As he grew more self-centered, naturally he became more suspicious of everybody about him. Whenever an employee in one of his manufacturing enterprises, or in one of the banks of which he was director, showed a desire to learn some of the Old Man's methods, in order to be of more assistance, Jerome Sampson would say:

"Let him find out for himself. It's taken me a good many years to become as efficient a business man as I am, and I don't know why I should tell everything I've found out to some employee who may be planning to quit and go with some competitor. Let them learn for themselves. Nobody ever handed *me* anything! Besides, if I permit an employee to drop in and become too chatty with me, the first thing I know he's too friendly and familiar, and then he begins to ask for more money, and more concessions of various kinds, than I may want to give. You can't have any discipline in an organization when the employees feel too intimate with the boss."

He had a similiar aversion to attending conferences arranged for the friendly exchange of views among men in the same line of business.

"They'd all like to draw me into such a conference," he used to say, "and get the benefit of my knowledge. But I prefer to play my own little game in my own way. Such information as I've been able to gather together about my business I prefer to keep for my own use and not hand it about indiscriminately to the trade."

One of Sampson's aversions was for any one to attempt to be agreeable, just for business reasons.

"People come in and talk to a man about his hobbies, and thus hope to gain his confidence," he would storm. "Beware of the salesman who has too pleasant a personality."

A clever young man came to see Sampson one morning to present a proposition regarding a manufacturing enterprise that he desired Sampson to finance. He made the mistake of remarking casually that he had seen the name of Sampson's son mentioned in the papers as winner of a tennis match.

"Let's get right down to brass tacks," cut in Sampson, crustily. "I'll be perfectly frank with you and tell you I think you are speaking of my son, because you know I am fond of him, and you want to place me in a good humor. But I'm not that sort. If you've got anything of merit to present I'm ready to listen. Nothing you might say about my son would influence me one way or the other."

As a matter of fact, the salesman had had no motive in speaking of Sampson's son more than a natural impulse of friendliness. Sampson assumed that there must be something wrong with the man's proposition or else he would not have attempted such cordiality. Because he was never friendly with any one himself, he couldn't catch the mental angle of any one who would be friendly without an ulterior purpose. So he turned down an investment opportunity that a less suspicious man later took up — and the enterprise proved extremely profitable.

So suspicious did old Jerome Sampson become of everybody's motive, in business or out, that this attitude of mind extended even to his everyday social relations.

His physician had advised him to take up golf — as an antidote, I imagine, to the poison of his ingrowing selfishness; but on the links he was always wondering what this player or that player was up to. I recall one day that young Edwin Strong, noting that Sampson was an indifferent player, and not in great demand as a partner, asked him — solely out of the goodness of his heart — to join in an informal little match.

In a few moments Sampson was calling one of his business associates to one side, saying:

"Do you see through young Strong's little scheme? He's in the advertising business, you know. In a day or so now I suppose he'll drop in to see me to learn if he can't handle some of our business."

His life indeed became one long series of suspicions. I used to wonder why he didn't become somewhat suspicious of himself!

Yet, selfish as his life was, old Jerome Sampson was envied. People saw him stepping from costly limousines into expensive clubs and thought of the power that his wealth gave him. They did not pause to consider that he had been buying his wealth and power at too big a price. In the real game of life he needed a smart purchasing agent.

Those of us who have only a modest amount of money, but a great many warm and devoted friends, and who find ourselves growing more and more in love with the idea of being alive, because of the pleasant associations life gives us, are naturally inclined to assume that the man of wealth has everything that we have, besides the many material comforts that we have not. Few persons realized how Jerome Sampson had permitted his pursuit of gold and power to become a barrier against the possession of friends. His name stood high in any lists his acquaintances might have framed of Successful Men.

Like most self-centered men of large affairs Sampson hated the newspapers. He even disliked the trade journals that sought his views from time to time on industrial topics. Being too much interested in his own affairs to have any keen interest in what other people were doing, he found scant pleasure in reading the papers. And the idea of being quoted in the papers, so that others might learn what he was thinking about, was utterly repugnant to him.

"It's none of the public's damn business what my views are," was his attitude. "S'far as I'm concerned I'm not so sure we wouldn't be better off if there weren't any newspapers."

Most of the things that Jerome Sampson was, his wife was not. She was a delightful woman and, if given the opportunity, would have shown just as much zeal in getting acquainted with real human beings as Sampson did in trying to avoid too intimate contact with them. Perhaps she had felt called upon, for some reason, to sacrifice herself as a human antidote for her husband's disposition. Or possibly she had not succeeded in getting acquainted with her husband until after ten or fifteen years of marriage. At any rate, the Sampsons were one of those matrimonial puzzles that stirred much quiet wonderment and curiosity in the minds of all who knew them.

However, Sampson idolized her. Paradoxical as it sounds, the fact that she was an extraordinarily good wife to him, and put up with his grouches, may have had a good deal to do with his selfish slant on life. What I mean is this: If he had not always been certain of sympathy and agreeable company in his own home, he might have felt more need for making friends elsewhere. The fact that he was humored and tolerated and deferred to by his wife only served to confirm his own belief in his personal importance. If anybody had told Sampson that his feeling of self-sufficiency and of independence from friends was due to his good fortune in having a wife with a sweet disposition, he would not have believed it. Yet, except for his wife, he would have been so lonely that his own company would have bored him half to death. His children, a son and a daughter, he looked on as grave responsibilities, rather than as companions. The point of view of youth was so different from his, that it was almost as if they did not speak the same language. He had no more idea how to get really close to them than if they had been of a different race. His chief concern about them seemed to be that they would become associated with persons who would impose upon them in some way and receive favors without giving full value in return.

In the earlier years of their married life, the Sampsons lived in an apartment.

"Don't get too intimate with any of the neighbors," was Sampson's oft repeated warning to his wife. "If you do, they'll run you to death — ask you to parties that you don't want to attend, and borrow things from you that you don't want to lend."

It was easy enough, and not unnatural, to follow this policy, so long as they lived in an apartment, for there was scant opportunity to get acquainted with one's neighbors. And in a city flat the Sampson idea seems to have a rather large following. People are apprehensive about their [*Continued on page 33*]

"MY A. E. F." the most remarkable human document that has come out of the War, will appear in the December McClure's. Frances Newbold Noyes went to France in the early summer of 1918, and served first at Chaumont with the Y. M. C. A. She called it her "joyous work," and certainly she makes the reader feel the glow that she herself experienced in working shoulder to shoulder with the American doughboy just behind the firing line. Her article, straight from the heart, is a rhapsody, a sort of hail and farewell address to the American soldier. Nothing finer, nothing purer, nothing sweeter, nothing more thoroughly human has come to this magazine in many a day. Watch for it, both doughboys and friends of doughboys.

The Parting of the Ways

A Trumpet Call to America's New Duty

by Edward N. Hurley

IT is axiomatic that whether the United States of the future is, or is not, to be a part of any League of Nations, she has taken a new social and economic place in a re-created world, not only as one of the great powers, but in reality as the greatest economic power of all. Whether we like it or not, whether we are to be drawn into entangling alliances or kept free from them, a change has come, and that independence which, due to isolation, America once had, is a thing of the past.

This is true physically, economically and socially. Physically, because with the crossing of the Atlantic by both airplane and dirigible, our shores have been automatically moved many hours nearer the coasts of Europe, and because, moreover, the wireless has established instant communication between America and the most distant continents. Economically, we are also drawn into closer relations with every country in the world, and those relations will continue whether our political connections remain as they are to-day or whether we be drawn even closer to foreign peoples through leagues or alliances. Our exports have increased 155 per cent. in five years; and our foreign trade, which amounted to only $36.00 per capita per annum in 1910, has leaped to $94.00 in 1919. Socially, we have not only had a demonstration of international bonds of sympathetic interest existing but unrealized before the War, but we have become bound by new associations and by the deep consciousness of a social integrity such as comes to all peoples who make great sacrifices in a common cause.

However much we might desire to revert to our *status quo ante bellum* in the world, we must now look facts directly in the face and prepare to adjust ourselves to conditions now existing and those that will exist in the future.

In considering the various phases of these questions of necessary readjustment to new international conditions, we must keep constantly in mind the fact that in the present epoch of intense struggle for existence of nations — the new-born and unestablished nations, on the one hand, and the nations ages old and experienced, but now demoralized, on the other — we Americans shall be able to retain the confidence and friendship of the peoples of the world only to the extent that we, in our strength, are prepared to aid them in their weakness. We must realize that if we do not, as friends, aid them fully and freely, we shall become a nation hated and feared throughout the world.

These alternatives are inevitable because we are in danger of becoming in a measure the economic master of all the small nations and the deadly rival of Great Britain herself. Unless our attitude is one of sincere friendship and fairness, and of genuine helpfulness, even the British Empire is bound to view us with eyes of jealousy and distrust as a rival that is outstripping her in production methods, as an economic power that has already moved the financial capital of the world from London to New York, and is standing on the very threshold of becoming in fact, as well as potentially, the mistress of the seas. If the smaller nations become economically dependent upon us, and the larger nations become our rivals, they thereby become our enemies.

THE position in which we to-day find ourselves with respect to our neighbor nations is a position that has come about not so much as a result of our own definite foresight, intentions and plans, as through the interplay of world forces over which we have had only partial mastery. The determination of our rôle as friend or enemy in the future is, however, a matter that is largely in our own control.

The gold reserve of every empire, kingdom or republic in the history of the world, and the balance of its trade, have always been the major determining factors of the economic status of nations of all ages and in every clime. Tyre, Phoenicia, Greece, Rome, Venetia, Spain, the Germany of the recent past, and the British Empire possessed power and influence in proportion to their wealth and their constant enrichment by trade and commerce.

To-day the gold assets of the United States Treasury total approximately two and one-half billions of dollars. Other gold stocks bring our total up to more than three billions of dollars. The gold reserve of France is less than five hundred million, and of England but little more. The gold reserve of Russia has been dissipated, and more than one-half of the six hundred million which Germany had at her disposal in 1914 has, since the Armistice, been deposited in Belgian banks to the order of the United States in payment for food which we are furnishing now. The gold reserves of Italy and Portugal have also been greatly reduced.

Mr. Hurley

Former Chairman of the United States Shipping Board

The shortage in gold among European countries is accompanied by an even greater shortage in the essentials of life. The production of both food and manufactured products in these countries has fallen to less than 60 per cent. of that produced before the War. Hoover's reports show that more than 100,000,000 people of Europe will, during the coming year, be forced to look to imported foodstuffs as their means of life. This spells stark famine in the cities, and more emphatically so when it is remembered that 15,000,000 families in Europe are unproductive and exist upon various governmental pay-rolls, while to meet these pay-rolls, the various governments are still further inflating their already over-inflated currency.

We Americans have in our possession a large part of the available gold supply of the world, a preponderance of the food and a great part of the operating factories, with unlimited natural resources and practically all of our pre-war man-power in reserve. We are called upon to send food and industrial products to a Europe which cannot repay in kind and which we have already drained of credit and of the gold which should act as a medium for payment. Therefore, it is evident that if we increase the shipment of manufactured supplies and food to Europe under present conditions, we only increase both the principal and interest of the debt which the European countries already owe us, and the burdens which their people must bear if they are to make immediate payment therefor.

It must be remembered that this debt, and the interest thereon, must be paid by persons who, on account of pre-war taxes, were emigrating. Since those days of poverty-enforced emigration, the expenses of the World War have been added to the debt of these peoples,—$39,000,000,000 for Germany; $38,000,000,000 for Great Britain; $26,000,000,000 for France; $21,000,000,000 for Austro-Hungary; $18,000,000,000 for Russia; $13,000,000,000 for Italy; $5,000,000,000 for Belgium, Roumania, Portugal and Jugo-Slavia; $3,000,000,000 for Turkey and Bulgaria, and $1,000,000,000 for Japan and Greece. In Italy, for instance, taxes must be increased approximately fivefold, merely to cover the annual interest on the national debt; to say nothing of its amortization. It has been estimated that in some of the minor countries the interest on the national debt equals one-fourth of the total annual income of the country.

In the end, the nations can pay for what they get from us only by what they give to us. With Europe's depleted man-power, the chaos of her communication and transportation systems, the depletion of her stocks, the depreciation in the efficiency of her manufacturing establishments and the loss of her foreign trade, it is extremely difficult for her people to meet current demands, let alone pay accumulated bills for American goods already delivered and perhaps long since consumed. How, then, can she provide payment for shipments that are yet to come?

This is already a very vicious circle, but the situation is further complicated by exceedingly difficult labor conditions. The laboring man in Europe to-day is undernourished, and from that very undernourishment has come a nervous condition which makes him a ready prey to Bolshevism, anarchy and other forms of industrial unrest. When a man goes to work in the morning underfed, he is unable to perform the full day's work required to earn the necessary wage to support himself and his family and to send him back physically equipped for carrying on the work of to-morrow. Without physical reserve himself, he is unable alone to build up for his country the economic reserves necessary to lift, at least in part, the heavy burdens from his own shoulders. Is it necessary to point out that this condition will have an effect upon the industrial structure of the whole world?

UNCLE SAM has been caricatured for years as a money grabber, as the symbol of a nation of millionaires and dollar chasers, and, unless we are now particularly careful in regard to the presentation of our bills against Europe, we must inevitably be looked upon by the nations somewhat as the sweatshop operator of New York's lower east side is looked upon by the workers whom he exploits. Here, then, lies a danger which will set the world against America unless we meet the situation fully and with enough wise forethought and enlightened self-interest to guard us from ourselves and to prevent us from taking too many advantages to-day which will prove to be disadvantages to-morrow. We cannot make economic serfs of great peoples without having them rise against us and, in the end, destroy us.

Observe the exchange rate between New York and London. During the week ending July the 19th, the rates of exchange on London, which is normally $4.86, fell as low as $4.25, and, according to the best informed bankers, it threatens to reach, or perhaps go below, $4.00, unless drastic action is taken to meet the emergency.

Now, a rate of exchange exists merely to balance inequalities in trade itself. In order that trade conditions be healthy these inequalities should be kept at a minimum. There should be an almost even balance of exports and imports between the nations, otherwise the creditor nations — those whose exports are large and whose imports are small — must continually draw on the gold reserves of the debtor nations to balance the inequalities of trade. It is very plain, therefore, that the present fall in exchange exists simply because America is presenting her bills against Europe for money payment when there is no gold with which that payment can be made, and while Europe still lacks adequate goods for export to offset her normal and emergency demands.

Great Britain, of course, is in the best position financially of all our Allies. While she has borrowed great sums abroad, these loans have been made not so much for her own use, as for re-loan to her Allies. All nations have borrowed as much as possible from their own nationals to carry on the War, but, aside from Great Britain and the United [*Continued on page 56*]

Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood

"I'm not your Betty," she said. "I wouldn't be yours now. Not for your grandfather's crown or — or happiness!"

The Ring and the King

Back to the Kind of Story We All Love

by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

OF an early fragrant morning the human remnants who had endured sea-sickness for three days were miraculously present on deck gathering life and color at every balmy breath, and crowding the rail to stare at an unmistakable solid edge to a summer ocean. It ripples sunnily with a lisp of young waves; behold a steadfast line of white foam — a reef! This is a true coral island to which one is coming. Oh, gray-faced people in smelly winter clothes, you caterpillars of rough outsides, with butterfly folded pink linens, and rosy hats, or white flannel trousers in the trunks in the hold! This is a fairy island. Eyes brighten, pasty complexions freshen, men and women send a joyful thought to those summer togs down below, which seemed so unreasonable a few days back, in grimy, black New York. Those togs which will change one, each fondly believes, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye — and after a hot bath — into fitting denizens of an enchanted landscape.

The landscape unrolls. The ship has slipped through the reef while the reef was not looking; a white line stands up — Gibbs's Lighthouse. There is excitement; white slabs of uncertain meaning exist without previous warning on a background of green mystery — white roofs of stone houses among trees! It is like going to a new planet with the certainty of finding the natives friendly. People begin spasmodic conversation, lapsing to smiles. How eyes have changed! The glassy gaze of that long lad who was so ill — how did it become metamorphosed? Gay dreams of youth are spilling from every glance now; an inspired face has that long boy. The wobbly fat man of fifty is stiffening and brightening into a person. As for the little rag of a

girl, with the one drooping eye, lately huddled under rugs in her chair, that dead-level of limpness is at the rail, in smart dark clothes, her pointed little face like the glimmer of sea-water for brilliancy. Why did not one see before that this slim person in a scarlet hat is one of the prettiest girls ever achieved by the artist America? The fifty-year-older comes up, and another point is evident. She showers over him smiles and welcome — she has charm. Charm? The child is a condensed tablet of charm. Put her in human atmosphere and, like a soup tablet in water, she dissolves into a whole tureenful of charm. She slides an alluring hand through the fat man's arm; he is her evident father. He, too, is desirable — distinguished, though fat — one sees in the light of smooth waters and shore-lines.

THE ship is at Ireland Island; some one sets forth that this is the naval station of Bermuda. Two or three British men-of-war lie off shore, and launches race with mad speed, kicking blue water into reckless wakes of sapphires and diamonds. There is a gaiety, an orderly irresponsibility diffused from everywhere which is heady. Three days from office and rush and detail — this! Not a thing one ought to do on earth — only and merely things one wishes to do.

"What water! Father, look at the water!" A flake of a hand prods the fat man's head forward, and the fat man only laughs. "It can't be true. They've dyed it. It's robin's-egg blue, with whipped cream. I can't bear it, it's so heavenly."

"You'll have to be operated on if these attacks become frequent," the fat man responds, camouflaging great pride. He is evidently as much under the girl's hypnotism as any youth of twenty-two. He glories in slavery but pretends a critical attitude.

With that a whisper goes about. "Which ship? The one just there?"

The middle-aged woman hangs to the rail and reaches over the deep pointing toward H. M. S. *Graylock* lying majestic on the port side.

"A prince?"

Another voice takes up the tale. "The purser said so. Prince Henry of A'Land. An ensign on that ship."

The little pointed face, with the odd droop in the left eye, winning and piquant in those clear greenish eyes, the small and alert face lifts to a gray mass of battleship where figures of men move. One, distinct in an officer's cap, is at a gangway.

"The Prince, father — a live prince. Uncover to royalty."

Between a mock movement to uncover for him and a man's swift reaction to protect his sacred hat, the hat went overboard. Everybody saw it, a wholesome, dull black derby, bobbing on the jewels and froth of the sea, and it was then seen no more forever. Everybody laughed, for the loss of a hat is, inexplicably, a universal witticism. But the fat man went crimson and looked as if he might burst into tears, and the girl turned a horrified face.

"Father! I'm so sorry! But I didn't touch it. You knocked it off yourself."

The fat man suddenly laughed, too. "You young cuss — I'll dock your salary," he said, and he looked and saw that the rows of people had forgotten him and his hat. "Don't bother, dearie."

"But you hated it. I'm sorry." The voice, with its slurring slow tones, was not to be heard unmoved.

"Just a second I hated it. It's nothing. I thought you were going to — "

"That's it." A grin like a bad boy. "You ought to trust me. You ought to know I always do everything right." The look she got would have led one to believe that, in the fat man's eyes, she verily always did everything right.

Soon after the hat episode the old *Orinoco* docked. It would have been the *Orinoco*, twenty years ago. And light, open carriages by the dozen dashed, to the trap-trap of hoof beats, along white roads to hotels, while wide-eyed in the carriages sat happy escaped victims of the *Orinoco*, staring right and left at incredible things — palms, roses, white houses set in dark cedar, and always the keen blue Bermuda sea in the background. The wise who had put oil in their lamps, found rooms awaiting, and others had to get into the light carriages again, and go searching.

Alexander Humphrey, the broker, and his daughter Bettina, with the drooping eye, had been wise. By lunch-time they bloomed, fresh and revived, in summer clothes, ready for all the sunshine and flowers that could happen; by nightfall they had driven miles over the beautiful, unreal little continent and had left letters of introduction at Admiralty House, at Government House, and at other places. In two days they knew many people and were asked, among other functions, to luncheon on H. M. S. *Graylock*.

A letter or so to officials in Bermuda and the doors all open; one meets hospitable English people apparently only too glad to welcome new arrivals. No letters, and it is a different, possibly quite as fascinating a place. One probably meets no one official or Bermudian; one sits in a proscenium box and watches the play with no engagements to keep and a stage-setting not less lovely than any other on earth.

Betty Humphrey had elected the first sort of good time and her father had arranged it as she wished. His motherless child — should he not arrange the universe to please her? This was the argument of Alexander Humphrey. So they brought letters. And so the American girl met the prince. A sailor prince of twenty-two, freshly good looking, untrammeled by royalty; a sane, happy boy, unspoiled though a prince, headstrong with all his simplicity. Also, from the first moment that the slim figure with its boyish lines came over the side of his ship — in white flannel clothes and the vivid, birdlike scarlet hat — from that moment frankly head-over-heels was the prince in love. Of course she could not resist him — nobody could. Every jacky on the ship, in the whole navy, loved his sailor prince. There was an impulsive, democratic kindliness in the lad unknown heretofore in his starched family, which dipped into the kindliness of human beings and brought up always a portion.

"I saw you before you landed," stated H. R. H. at luncheon. "I saw the red hat. A man lost his bowler overboard. The wind caught it properly, and it went to pot in the sea. And you stood next him — I saw your red hat," repeated the prince, glancing approvingly at the gear in question.

The green eyes lifted, wicked little droop and all, smiling to the straight blue eyes of the lad, and Betty in sliding accents told the small tale of why her father lost his "bowler." A small tale; it does not need large ships to carry passengers for the port of love; any tiny craft will bring them safely. The prince considered Betty's narrative amusing and even psychological. He shouted young laughter.

Then with abrupt seriousness: "But wasn't it odd — I mean t' say — that it should have been because of that tommyrot — nonsense, I mean t' say — about me, that — that *your* father — " The prince was floundering, but there was an agreeable glow in his impulsive young chest not at all indefinite. He finished lamely: "That it was *your* father who lost his bowler, I mean t' say."

TO the girl, the mixed sentences were adequate. The look in the boy's eyes, that downright look of a sailorman, as straight as a blow, tempered now with a warmth unmistakable — that look would have gone far to make the multiplication table an interesting remark. Before the two rose from luncheon much water indeed had gone under the bridge that arched the flood of young love, and each knew well enough, even then, that the other was to him, to her, the most interesting and illuminating of personalities.

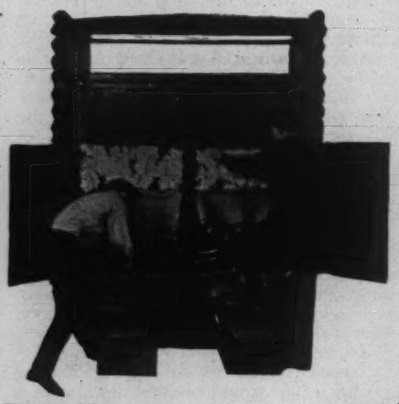
The girl and boy, miles apart, lay wide-eyed, smiling, that night, one in his cabin on

[*Continued on page 77*]

"For me — it's only the Stars and Stripes that could ever, ever have owned me!"

Uncle Sam Talks on Peace Brides

by Waldemar Kaempffert



WAGING war on scientific principles is not what you would expect of a peaceful old gentleman who still clings to an old star-spangled coat and striped trousers and who sports a beaver hat that has long been out of fashion. I may not set the fashion in clothes and whiskers, but when it comes to mobilizing whole industries to supply the sinews of war, when it comes to the introduction of labor-saving devices and manufacturing methods, when it comes to packing and shipping goods aggregating millions of tons, when it comes to the creation of new enterprises to take the place of those in Europe, I am not so old-fashioned as my clothes may lead you to think.

I know that the spiritual enlightenment which came to us when we realized for what we were fighting and when the first American blood was shed on French soil, far transcends any material gain with which we may have been enriched. Profit was not in our minds when we plunged into the bloodiest and most devastating of all wars. And yet we have profited. It is a poor war that has not its by-product. We have gained immeasurably in thousands of ways. I have taught men who were mere tradesmen the methods of merchant princes. I have dignified even the packing of tinned meats by investing it with some of the aspects of a scientific problem. I have brought chemists and business men together and made them understand each other's point of view. In a word, I have trained not only raw conscripts how to fight, but a whole nation how to manufacture with engineering precision, with the least waste of human effort and with the least waste of material.

Thanks, I think I will have a chair.

Well, sir, every one of my war-time activities has a valuable peace-time application. Let me begin with the army that I sent to France.

Motion Picture Help

How do you suppose that I taught the thousands of officers who led my armies to victory? The Germans, they tell me, marveled at their thoroughness — marveled how men drawn from civil life, men who were doctors, lawyers, clerks and merchants, could acquire the necessary military knowledge so quickly. Do you know the secret? Motion pictures — yes, motion pictures. I had fifty-seven reels prepared to teach an officer all that he ought to know. No celluloid drama was ever more carefully staged than the scenarios that I prepared to teach my officers the difficult technique of fighting. A crack company of West Point cadets drilled before the camera. The reel that I obtained was exhibited in every army post and in every training camp from the Hawaiian Islands to New England. You can see for yourself how I standardized drilling. It would have been impossible to find crack companies in every camp to go through all the motions so faultlessly. Another reel showed how the Browning Gun should be assembled and taken apart, the best man in the army displaying his skill for the benefit of thousands whom he never saw. So I taught topographical map-reading, horseback riding, the handling of the French 37-millimeter gun in an attack on a machine-gun nest—in a word, everything. I applied the principle of the animated cartoon to explain how a rifle grenade works. I saved literally months of instruction with the aid of the motion picture. Surely the method has its application in mercantile life. Why can't you teach your salesmen how to sell your machines with the aid of the motion picture? I know that a beginning has been made. But have you ever dramatized a sale as I dramatized an infantry attack? Have you ever used the motion picture to teach a man how to sell a hard-shelled, skeptical customer a new machine tool? Why not?

I wish that I could have used the motion picture more widely for teaching. But there wasn't time enough to prepare the films. As it was, I founded dozens of schools. There were schools for box-makers, schools for bakers, schools for butchers, schools for training one thousand cost accountants to pay contractors $710,000,000 on fourteen hundred ordnance contracts, schools for gauge checkers, schools for metallurgists, schools for welders, schools for store-handlers, schools for accountants, schools for motor-truck drivers, and even schools for typewriters. When the graduates of those schools retire to private life I hope that they will carry away with them some of the knowledge that I imparted and apply my principles to their own private business callings.

Do you mind if I light a cigar? Thank you. Now to resume:

Of course, it is a truism that the War was not only a war of armies but of whole nations. I alone know what that means. You have pictured to yourself women working in men's places, factories belching smoke day and night, furnaces that were hardly ever permitted to go out. You thought that the industries of the country had merely to be speeded up, that all I needed was more of their products. I wish the problem had been as easy as that. What worried me in the beginning was the creation of industries that were practically unknown in this land of ours before we were plunged into the War. I am not speaking now of the coal-tar dye industry; for that was well under way as soon as we were cut off from Germany. Do you know that before the War we had no optical-glass industry? Raw glass was imported from Germany and ground here. That was bad enough. Worse still, there were less than a dozen manufacturers of fine optical precision instruments — the transits and levels that surveyors use and the telescopes and binoculars with which you are more familiar. What of it, you say? Do you know that without optical glass of the right kind I couldn't accurately fire a gun on any battleship or in any land battery?

I NEEDED range-finders, field-glasses, lenses for airplane cameras, sextants, literally dozens of scientific sighting instruments. My Bureau of Standards did some fine work in showing manufacturers how optical glass can be made — better, if anything, than was ever turned out at Jena. I induced a great plate-glass manufacturer to help me out. He spent $50,000 just in trying to find out how to make optical glass. I suppose that you wonder why. He had to learn how to make clay pots in which the materials are melted, how the batches should be prepared and mixed, how the temperature of the furnaces should be controlled, how the molten glass should be stirred. Do you see why it cost him $50,000? The Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution helped in the work. In a single week of October, 1918, more fine field-glasses were turned out than the whole country produced in any two years before the War. I sent over one hundred thousand. I gave the army and navy eyes.

I could keep on for hours with tales of the optical instrument industry that I established in this country — established not only for the duration of the War, but for good and all. Never again shall I have to rely on Europe for the optical means to fight a ship or to hurl a huge shell at an enemy ten miles away or to photograph his camouflaged positions from the air.

There were other great dramatic, technical marvels. I could hold you spellbound, if I wanted to, by telling you how helium was obtained in large quantities for the inflation of balloons — a non-inflammable gas which takes the place of dangerous hydrogen and which absolutely revolutionizes the designing of dirigible airships; how I laid down factories which were to reduce the nitrogen of the air so that farmers could use it for fertilizing their land, and powder-makers for manufacturing explosives; and how I used crystals of Rochelle salt to make sensitive artificial ears that heard submarines skulking under water. But I would rather tell you how to improve your manufacturing processes, how to draw contracts, how to ship, how to prevent waste, how to apply what I learned in the War.

If you were in the army perhaps you will remember the care with which we measured your foot — the charts and blocks we used and the right pair of shoes that were finally given to you! Are only soldiers to be properly fitted like this? Why aren't these methods adopted in every retail shoe store in the United States? It is so simple to be scientifically accurate!

Do you remember the agonizing months when I refused to ship certain kinds of goods because the railways and wharves were literally clogged with ammunition and supplies for our own forces abroad and the forces of the Allies? No doubt you regarded the bales and boxes stacked mountain-high along the railway tracks with mingled pity and indignation. And, no doubt, you made the usual comment: "What can you expect when the Government is trying to run the factories and the railroads?"

I'll admit that I have much to learn about railroading, but I'll wager my old beaver hat against a tin whistle that I have done more in two years to improve shipping methods than all the manufacturers of the country in the ten that preceded the War.

I hear some skeptic ask: "Well, *what* have you done?" Let me begin with baling. You know what a bale of hay looks like. The hay is pretty tight, isn't it? Hay has been baled that way for decades. Nobody thought it possible to squeeze more hay into a bale. Tight as the bale was I had to save shipping space. More hay must be compressed to make a standard bale, I decided. Well, sir, I succeeded. The army worked out a process of recompressing hay. I could hardly believe my own eyes at first when I saw five hundred bales or thirty tons of recompressed hay packed into a car that would hold only one hundred and twenty ordinary bales or twelve tons. Now that the War is over, are you going to keep on baling hay in the old way and charge the higher cost of transportation to the consumer? Or are you going to follow my methods and save shipping space and freight charges?

IF I can recompress hay and save shipping space why can't I compress uniforms, too, I reasoned with myself. You, probably, would have tried to ship uniforms to France in crates and boxes. I knew that every nook and cranny in a ship had to be filled with cargo, and even then submarines were sinking ships faster than I could build them. So, I had the army develop a way of folding uniforms, raincoats and leggings, so that they could be baled under high pressure. I had to invent special presses to carry out the idea. But what was the result? Clothes that would have occupied one hundred cubic feet of space if the old method of packing had been followed, were shipped in thirty cubic feet. To water-proof the interior of the bale, I had to discover a new kind of paper, because I found that the paper employed by clothing houses broke when the bale was removed from the pressing machine. My paper is crêped and corrugated; it can be soaked in water for several hours without injury; it will stretch thirty per cent. one way and ten per cent. the other way. It must be expensive, you say? Yes, it was expensive at first. But I reduced the cost to less than that of flat water-proofed paper. Lest you think that I am romancing about this success of mine, let me tell you that my baling process and my paper were used in shipping overseas 1,375,000 uniforms, leggings, and other clothing with an approximate saving in shipping space, handling cost, lumber and truckage of $85,000,000. Does that sink in? A few enterprising firms who realized that they had something to learn about shipping clothing made me show them how I carried out the system. If you are a clothing manufacturer and you were not among them they will undersell you.

Standardizing Crating

I could write volumes on shipping. Bless you, I pushed standardization to extremes. I found that there were no less than one hundred different kinds of tool chests. Why one hundred? I looked those tool chests over with a critical eye. Most of them contained a yardstick. What was the good of it? Most mechanics use a folding pocket rule. I left out the yardstick, and at once it became possible to reduce the length of the chests. Instead of one hundred chests it proved to be possible to manage with seven. Study the boxes and crates in which you ship your goods. I shouldn't wonder but you too would be able to standardize them and reduce their size and number. My improved method of crating a single shipment of horse-drawn ambulances effected a saving in shipping space of 300,000 cubic feet, roughly equivalent to the carrying capacity of a five-thousand-ton-cargo vessel. The same system applied to sixty-five hundred water carts saved me $1,674,000 in freight bills. In one instance, I had fifty carloads of freight so repacked as to require but fifteen. I think that I saved at least a million tons of shipping space by these methods.

IT was the lack of shipping space that enabled me to establish the entirely new industry of preserving vegetables by dehydration — an achievement of vast economic importance. Whenever you open a tin of tomatoes or corn you ought to think of the Civil War. It was I, Uncle Sam, who made the tinned vegetable industrially possible. I had to have vegetables for the Union army. Canning had been invented before the Civil War, but no capitalist had vision enough to make an industry of it. That is exactly what I did. I placed orders for millions and millions of tinned vegetables and gave the business its start.

No doubt you have read something about dehydrated vegetables — corn, spinach, onions, carrots, and cabbage — which have been dried so that they shrink astonishingly in bulk and keep indefinitely. I put the dehydrated vegetable industry on its feet — the Civil War story over again. Before the War one or two factories were trying hard to convince the public that dried vegetables were better than canned. No one paid much attention to their arguments. Here was a way of preserving vegetables vastly superior to canning them. Drop dried spinach into a vessel of water and in a few hours it reabsorbs the moisture of which it has been deprived and becomes the equivalent of fresh garden spinach. What is more, shelf-room is saved, because dehydrated vegetables take up so much less space than tins. No capitalist would invest his money in what I should say was about as safe an enterprise as he would ever be likely to find. When General Pershing in February, 1918, cabled for vast quantities of dried vegetables I found only three factories able to fill orders. Of course, they couldn't feed an army. Yet I managed to send Pershing three and one quarter million pounds of dehydrated vegetables three months after I received his cablegram. The boys at the Front must have liked them, for in August, 1918, Pershing called for 62,500,000 pounds. By that time I had fifteen plants going, and they were drying six million pounds a month. And now — well, now there are twenty-three dehydrated vegetable factories.

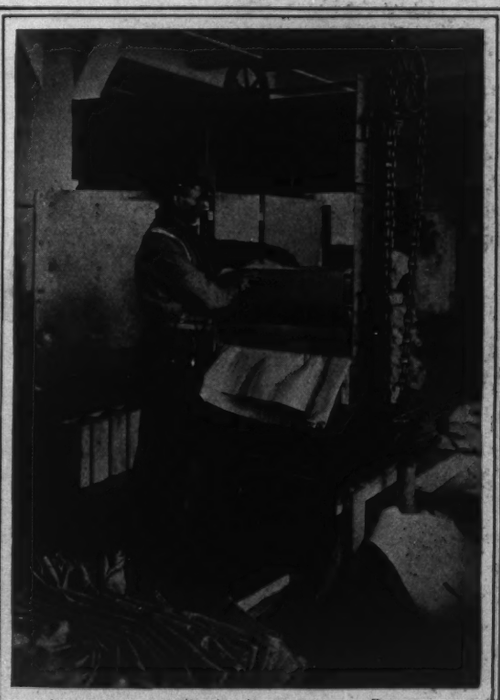
This new industry means more to you than you may suppose. You have reason to complain of the high cost of living. The dehydrated vegetable industry will keep prices down. Soon, I hope, the old story of farm produce rotting on the ground because of the cost of transportation to the nearest market is greater than the price paid for vegetables will be an unpleasant reminder of an inefficient and unscientific past. The cabbages, the potatoes, the produce that cannot be sold profitably this summer will find their way to your table next winter or even five winters hence. What more effective way can there be of stabilizing the price of food? All that the industry needed was just such a crisis as the War produced. It's established now.

With the aid of this stacking machine the bales could be piled so high in warehouses that not an inch of space was lost

If vegetables can be dried so that they keep seemingly forever, why not meat? Take out the water, so that the bacteria that cause putrefaction can't live, and you ought to be able to keep meat without ice, even at the equator. The Armistice came before I had the opportunity of founding the dried meat business. Where is the capitalist that will help me now? I want to keep the cost of living down.

When I think of the desperate straits in which I found myself for want of shipping space I can't help mopping my brow and whistling in relief. I packed oats in rolling kitchens and in soup and coffee kettles. I even had to invent a new method of cutting meat. Oh, you haven't heard of that?

When I asked the butchering experts if there were not some way of cutting up meat so that the wastage would be reduced and shipping space consequently saved, I was met with the usual decisive "no." Meat had always been cut up in certain ways, I was told, and nobody wanted it cut up in any other way. That [*Continued on page 40*]



The army developed a way of folding clothes so that they could be baled under high pressure. Uncle Sam had to invent special presses to carry out this idea

Influencing Arthur

by Dana Gatlin

Illustration by Clarence F. Underwood

NO one in Cherryvale ever got a word from Melissa about the true inwardness of the spiritual renaissance she experienced the winter that the Reverend MacGill came to the Methodist church; naturally, not her father or mother or Aunt Nettie, because grown-ups, though nice and well-meaning, with their inability to "understand" and their tendency to laugh, made one feel shy and reticent about the really deep and vital things. And not even Tess O'Neill, Missy's chum that year, a lively, ingenuous and wonderful girl, was in this case clever enough to obtain complete confidence.

Once before Missy had felt the flame divine — a deep, vague kind of glow all subtly mixed up with "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" and such slow, stirring, minor harmonies, and with sunlight stealing through the stained-glass window above the pulpit in colorful beauty that pierced to her very soul. But that was a long time ago, when she was a little thing — only ten. Now she was fifteen. Things were different. One now was conscious of the reality of inward inexperiences; these must influence life — one's own and, haply, other lives. What Missy did not emphasize in her mind was the mystery of how piety evolved from white-fox furs and white-fox furs finally evolved from piety. But she did perceive that it would be hopeless to try to explain her motives about Arthur as mixed up with the acquisition of the white-fox furs. . . . No; not even Tess O'Neill could have grasped the true inwardness of it all.

It began, as nearly as Missy could fix on a concrete beginning, with Genevieve Hicks's receiving a set of white-fox furs for Christmas. The furs were soft and silky and luxurious, and Genevieve might well have been excused for wearing them rather triumphantly. Missy wasn't at all envious by nature and she tried to be fair-minded in this case, but she couldn't help begrudging Genevieve her regal air. Genevieve had paraded her becoming new finery past the Merriam residence on several Sunday afternoons, but this wasn't the entire crux of Missy's discontent. Genevieve and the white-fox furs were escorted by Arthur Summers.

Now, Arthur had more than once asked Missy herself to "go walking" on Sunday afternoons. But Mrs. Merriam had said Missy was too young for "such things." And when Missy, in rebuttal, once pointed out the promenading Genevieve, Mrs. Merriam had only replied that Genevieve's mother ought to know better — that Genevieve was a frivolous-minded girl, anyway.

Missy, peering through the parlor lace-curtains, made no answer; but she thought:

"Bother! *Everybody* can go walking but me!"

Then she thought: "She's laughing awful loud. She *is* frivolous-minded."

Then: "He looks as if he's having a good time, too; he's laughing back straight at her. I wonder if he thinks she's very pretty."

And then: "I wish *I* had some white-fox furs."

That evening at the supper-table Missy, wistfully rather than hopefully, voiced her desire. There were just four of them at the table — father, mother, Aunt Nettie and herself. Missy sat silent, listening to the talk of the grown-ups; but their voices floated to her as detached, far-off sounds, because she was engrossed in looking at a mental picture; a red-haired, laughing, admiring-eyed boy walking along beside a girl in white-fox furs — and the girl was not Genevieve Hicks. The delights of the vision must have been reflected in her face because finally father said:

"Well, Missy, what's all the smiling about?"

Missy blushed as if she'd been caught in mischief; but she answered, wistfully rather than hopefully:

"I was just thinking how nice it would be if I had some white-fox furs."

"Would it be right, for the sake of his soul, for me to disobey them — just a little bit?"

"For heaven's sake!" commented mother. "When you've already got a new set not two months old!"

Missy didn't reply to that; she didn't want to seem unappreciative. It was true she had a new set, warm and serviceable, but — well, a short-haired, dark-brown collarette hasn't the allure of a fluffy, snow-white boa.

Mother was going on: "That ought to do you two winters at least — if not three."

"I don't know what the present generation is coming to," put in Aunt Nettie with what seemed to Missy entire irrelevance. Aunt Nettie was a spinster, even older than Missy's mother, and her lack of understanding and her tendency to criticize and to laugh were especially dreaded by her niece. "Nowadays, girls still in knee-skirts expect to dress and act like society belles!"

"I wasn't *expecting* the white-fox furs," said Missy defensively. "I was just thinking how nice it would be to have them." She was silent a moment, then added: "I think if I had some white-fox furs I'd be the happiest person in the world."

"That doesn't strike me as such a large order for complete happiness," observed father, smiling at her.

Missy smiled back at him. In another these words might have savored of irony, but Miss feared irony from her father less than from any other old person. Father was a big, silent man, but he was always kind and particularly lovable; and he "understood" better than most "old people."

"What is the special merit of these white-fox furs?" he went on, and something in the indulgent quality of his tone, something in the expression of his eyes, made hope stir timidly to birth in her bosom and rise to shine from her eyes.

But before she could answer, mother spoke.

"*I* can tell you that. That flighty Hicks girl went by here this afternoon wearing some. That Summers boy who clerks in Pieker's grocery was with her. He once wanted Missy to go walking with him and I had to put my foot down. She doesn't seem to realize she's too young for such things. Her brown furs will do her for this season — and next season, too!"

Mother put on a stern, determined kind of look, almost hard. Into the life of every woman who is a mother there comes a time when she learns, suddenly, that her little girl is trying not to be a little girl any longer but is trying to become a woman. It is a hard moment for mothers, and no wonder that they seem unwarrantedly adamantine. Mrs. Merriam instinctively knew that wanting furs and wanting boys spelled the same evil. But Missy, who was fifteen instead of thirty-seven and whose emotions and desires were still as hazy and uncorrelated as they were acute, stared with bewildered hurt at this unjust harshness in her usually kind parent.

Then she turned large, pleading eyes upon her father; he had shown a dawning interest in the subject of white-fox furs. But Mr. Merriam now seemed to have lost the issue of furs in the newer issue of boys.

"What's this about the Summers boy?" he demanded. "It's the first *I've* ever heard of this business."

"He only wanted me to go walking, father. All the rest of the girls go walking with boys."

"Indeed! Well, *you* won't. Not for a good many years!"

Such unexpected shortness and sharpness from father made her feel suddenly wretched; he was even worse than mother.

"Who is he, anyway?" he exploded further.

Missy's lips were twitching inexplicably; she feared to essay speech, but it was mother who answered.

"He's that red-headed boy who clerks in Pieker's grocery."

"Arthur's a nice boy," Missy then attempted courageously. "I don't think he ought to be blamed just because he's poor and — "

Her defense ended ignominiously

in a choking sound. She wasn't one who cried easily and this unexpected outburst amazed herself; she could not, to save her life, have told why she cried.

Her father reached over and patted her hand.

"I'm not blaming him because he's poor, daughter. It's just that I don't want you to start thinking about the boys for a long while yet. Not about Arthur or any other boy. You're just a little girl."

Missy knew very well that she was not "just a little girl," but she knew, too, that parents nourish many absurd ideas. And though father was now absurd, she couldn't help feeling tender toward him when he called her "daughter" in that tender tone. So, sighing a secret little sigh, she smiled back at him a misty smile which he took for comprehension and a promise.

The subject of white-fox furs seemed closed; Missy was reluctant to reopen it because, in some intangible way, it seemed bound up with the rather awkward subject of Arthur.

After supper father conversed with her about a piece she was reading in the Sunday Supplement, and seemed anxious to make her feel happy and contented. So softened was he that, when Tess telephoned and invited Missy to accompany the O'Neill family to the Methodist church that evening, he lent permission to the unusual excursion.

The unusualness of it — the Merriams performed their Sabbath devotions at 11 A.M.— served to give Missy a greater thrill than usually attends going to church. Besides, since the Merriams were Presbyterians, going to the Methodist church held a certain novelty — savoring of entertainment — and diversion from the same old congregation, the same old church choir, and the same old preacher. In literal truth, also, the new Methodist preacher was not old; he was quite young. Missy had already heard reports of him. Some of the Methodist girls declared that though ugly he was perfectly fascinating; and Grandpa and Grandma Merriam, who were Methodists (as had been her own father before he married mother, a Presbyterian), granted that he was human as well as inspired.

As Missy entered the Methodist church that evening with the O'Neills, it didn't occur to her memory that it was in this very edifice she had once felt the flame divine. It was once when her mother was away visiting and her less rigidly strict grandparents had let her stay up evenings and attend revival meetings with them. But all that had happened long ago — five years ago, when she was a little thing of ten. One forgets much in five years. So she felt no stir of memory and no presentiment of a coincidence to come.

Reverend MacGill, the new minister, at first disappointed her. He was tall and gaunt; and his face was long and gaunt; lighted with deep-set, smouldering dark eyes and topped with an unruly thatch of dark hair. Missy thought him terribly ugly until he smiled, and then she wasn't quite so sure. As the sermon went on and his harsh but flexible voice mounted, now and then, to an impassioned height, she would feel herself mounting with it; then when it fell again to calmness, she would feel herself falling, too. She understood why Grandma called him "inspired." And once his smile, on one of its sudden flashes from out that dark gauntness of his face, seemed aimed directly at her; she felt a quick, responsive, electric thrill. The Methodist girls were right — he *was* fascinating.

She didn't wait until after the service to express her approbation to Tess — anyway, to a fifteen-year-old, surreptitiousness seems to add zest to any communication. She tore a corner from the hymnal fly-leaf and scribbled her verdict while the elder O'Neills and most of the old people were kneeling in prayer. Assuring herself that all nearby heads to be dreaded were reverentially bent, she passed the missive. As she did so she chanced to glance up toward the minister.

Oh, dear heaven! He was looking straight down at her. He had seen her — the O'Neill pew was only three rows back. It was too awful. What would he think of her? An agony of embarrassment and shame swept over her.

And then — could she believe her eyes? — right in the midst of his prayer, his harshly melodious voice rising and falling without ever a break — the Reverend MacGill smiled. Smiled straight at her — there could be no mistake. And a knowing, sympathetic, understanding kind of smile! Yes, he was *human*.

She liked him better than she had ever thought it possible to like a minister — especially an ugly one, and one whom she'd never "met."

But after service she "met" him at the door, where he was standing to shake hands with the departing worshipers. As Mrs. O'Neill introduced her, rather unhappily, as "one of Tess's little friends," he flashed her another smile which said, quite plainly: "I saw you up to your pranks, young lady!" But it was not until after Dr. and Mrs. O'Neill had passed on that he said aloud: "That was all right — but all I ask is that you don't look so innocent when your hands are at mischief."

THE following Sunday evening she was invited to the O'Neills' for supper, and the Reverend MacGill was invited, too. The knowledge of this interesting meeting impending made it possible for her to view Genevieve and Arthur, again out on a Sunday-afternoon stroll, with a certain equanimity. Genevieve, though very striking and vivacious in her white fox, was indubitably a frivolous-minded girl; she, Missy, was going to eat supper with the Reverend MacGill. Of course white-fox furs were nice, and Arthur's eyelashes curled up in an attractive way, but there are higher, more ennobling things in life.

The Reverend MacGill did not prove disappointing on closer acquaintance. Grandpa said he knew everything there is to know about the Bible, but the Reverend MacGill did not talk about it. In a way this was a pity, as his talk might have been instructive, but he got Tess and Missy conversing about themselves instead. Not in the way that makes you feel uncomfortable, as many older people do, but just easy, chatty, laughing comradeship. You could talk to him almost as though he were a boy of the "crowd."

It developed that the Reverend MacGill was planning a revival. He said he hoped that Tess and Missy would persuade all their young friends to attend. As Missy agreed to ally herself with his crusade, she felt a sort of lofty zeal glow up in her. It was a pleasantly superior kind of feeling. If one can't be fashionable and frivolous one can still be pious.

In this noble missionary spirit she managed to be in the kitchen the next time Arthur delivered the groceries from Pieker's. She asked him to attend the opening session of the revival the following Sunday night. Arthur blushed and stammered a little, so that, since Arthur wasn't given to embarrassment, Missy at once surmised he had a "date." Trying for an impersonal yet urbane and hospitable manner, she added:

"Of course if you have any engagement, we hope you'll feel free to bring any of your friends with you."

"Well," admitted Arthur, "you see the fact is I *have* got a kind of date. Of course if I'd *known* ——"

"Oh, that's all right," she cut in with magnificent ease. "I wasn't asking you to go with *me*. Reverend MacGill just appointed me on a kind of informal committee, you know — I'm asking Raymond Bonner and all the boys of the crowd."

"You needn't rub it in — I get you. Swell chance of *you* ever wanting to make a date!"

His sulkiness of tone, for some reason, gratified her. Her own became even more gracious as she said again: "We hope you can come. And bring any of your friends you wish."

She was much pleased with this sustained anonymity she had given Genevieve.

When the opening night of the Methodist revival arrived, most of the "crowd" might have been seen grouped together in one of the rearmost pews of the church. Arthur and Genevieve were there, Genevieve in her white-fox furs, of course. She was giggling and making eyes as if she were at a party or a movie show instead of in church. Missy — who had had to do a great deal of arguing in order to be present with her, so to speak, guests — preserved a calm, sweet, religious manner; it was far too relentlessly Christian to take note of waywardness. But the way she hung on the words of the minister, joined in song, bowed her head in prayer, should have been rebuke enough to any light conduct. It did seem to impress Arthur; for, looking at her uplifted face and shining eyes, as in her high, sweet treble, she sang, "Throw Out the Life-Line," he lost the point of one of Genevieve's impromptu jokes and failed to laugh in the right place. Genevieve noticed his lapse. She also noticed the reason. She herself was not a whit impressed by Missy's devotions, but she was unduly quiet for several minutes. Then she stealthily tore a bit of leaf from her hymnal — the very page on which she and other frail mortals were adjured to throw out life-lines — and began to fashion it into a paper-wad.

The service had now reached the stage of prayer for repentant sinners. Reverend MacGill was doing the praying, but members of the congregation were interjecting "Glory Hallelujah!" "Praise Be His Name!" and the other worshipful ejaculations which make a sort of running accompaniment on such occasions. Missy thought the interruptions, though proper and lending an atmosphere of fervor, rather a pity because they spoiled the effective rise-and-fall of the minister's voice. There was one recurrent nasal falsetto which especially threw you off the religious track. It belonged to old Mrs. Lemon. Everybody knew she nagged at and overworked and half-starved that ragged little Sims orphan she'd adopted, but here she was making the biggest noise of all!

However, much as she wished old Mrs. Lemon to stop, Missy could not approve of what she, just then, saw take place in her own pew.

Genevieve was whispering and giggling again. Missy turned to look. Genevieve pressed a paper-wad into Arthur's hand, whispered and giggled some more. And then, to Missy's horror, Arthur took surreptitious but careful aim with the wad. It landed squarely on old Mrs. Lemon's ear, causing a "Blessed be the blo —" to part midway in scandalized astonishment. Missy herself was scandalized. Of course, old Mrs. Lemon was a hypocrite — but to be hit on the ear while the name of the Saviour was on her lips! Right on the ear! Missy couldn't help mentally noting Arthur's fine marksmanship, but she felt it her duty to show disapproval of a deed so utterly profane.

She bestowed an openly withering look on the desecrators.

"She dared me to," whispered Arthur — the excuse of the original Adam.

Without other comment Missy returned her stern gaze to the pulpit. She held it there steadfast though she was conscious of Genevieve, undaunted, urging Arthur to throw another wad. Arthur, however, refused to throw another. That pleased Missy, for it made it easier to fix the blame for the breach of religious etiquette upon Genevieve [*Continued on page 64*]

IN THE DECEMBER McCLURE'S, "The Country We Forgot," by Daniel Henderson, a startling, true-to-life story of how America paid twenty-five million dollars for the Virgin Islands and then forgot all about them.

A graphic picture of the native population of St. Thomas, who, with no means of support except that of shipping, are starving through lack of the commerce it expected the United States to supply; a combined labor and race problem that threatens to make the Virgin Islands as much a source of trouble to the United States as Ireland is to Britain; Sinn Fein negro labor agitators who hope to establish an exclusive black man's rule on these islands; planters who look to American engineers for better roads and irrigation and have yet found only promises; how with the "help of God and a few Marines" we keep order in these islands; how our hospitals are conducted by self-sacrificing American doctors without sufficient instruments, bed linen and other equipment; American schools without American teachers, and even without desks; how the islands are situated just a stone's throw from San Juan yet almost entirely cut off from America through lack of transportation.

This and many other evidences of America's forgetting will be told to readers of the December McCLURE'S in this impartial investigation of the actual needs of the beautiful islands that look to America to redeem its glowing promises. This is the first narrative to appear in any publication regarding the amazing actual conditions that must be remedied at once if these islands are not to go down into history as "The Country We Forgot."

"Ask Me! Ask Me!"

Here's a Brand New Writer Who Knows How to Tell a Brisk Story

By Dorothy Llewellyn Field

Illustrations by R. M. Crosby

OVER the length and breadth of this land of the free and home of the hokum; scattered broadcast through the bungalow of the bourgeois and the slum of the proletariat; showering alike on the just and the bolshevik, and worrying not at all about the shortage of white-paper or the grumblings of tortured parents, forced to read the alleged "funny-page" to insistent offspring — that great American institution, the Sunday Paper, falls, like a Gargantuan snow-storm, as all-pervading and as evanescent, to break the Sabbath peace.

During the period of its reign, it diffuses itself over the American home from garret to cellar, and from first-floor front to upper-hallroom-back. It packs the ice-cream for dessert, and wraps Bill's hot-dog as he wends his reluctant way to school; it makes curl-papers for Maizie, cut-outs for Cissie, and covers for the kitchen shelves. And sometimes, in spots, and sketchily, it is read.

We have to do with the World's Greatest News-sheet, daily and Sunday; namely, the Seattle *Whoop*. "If you don't believe it, just ask us," Miss Rae McRae would say, with a quirk of her clever eyebrows. "It's the world's greatest Whoop, anyhow; and if you see it in the *Whoop*, it's there."

Miss McRae herself was very much there, because she provided daily one of the most avidly-read and popular spots in the entire edition; a spot to which women turned as soon as they had read the fashions and the bargains and the beauty-hints, and on which men cast an expectant eye after the sporting-page and Bing Bingo's Tower of Twaddle had been exhausted.

"Oh, gee, ma," a flapper in a middy would shriek, "she turned down a mash somep'm fierce to-day. Don't she hand it to 'em, though? Gee, I wonder what she looks like!" Or Floretta, eagerly scanning the page, would cry, "Say, Myrtle, looka here; she answered me! See?" And together they would read: "Floretta: A thousand thanks for your sweet little note. Yes, I know they bother me some; but what can us girls expect of the critters? Yes, I do think Filma Fauntleroy is darling. No, girlie, Harold Furniss was married two years ago; doesn't it beat all how all the nice ones are?"

"Isn't she the *cutest* thing, Myrt?" Floretta would cry, in ecstasy; and Myrt thought she was.

In short, Rae McRae edited, conducted, composed and invented the half-page titled modestly, "Ask Me! Ask Me!"; and, every day, fifty or a hundred persons of all ages and both sexes, including the Scandinavian, did ask her, ask her.

They asked her because they wanted to know. And they wanted to know all sorts of things: what kind of plots were in demand, and where they could sell their fledgling scenarios; and was Mary Pickthorpe married, and if so, to whom? And how old was Lotta Bunk, and was her hair her own? They asked whether a slender blonde, of beautiful poise and exceptional talent, had any chance of breaking into the studio of the great Briffith, and would she kindly introduce the candidate. They requested signed photographs of all the stars of the first magnitude, and personal interviews also; they asked for free passes to the movie emporiums, and the addresses of their favorite stars. They wanted her to criticize — only they meant "praise" — their stories, and they wanted to take her out to dinner. And to all but the last she accorded the very best advice and opinion she could possibly render. For Miss McRae was an authority on the newest and almost the largest of Uncle Sam's great industries; the mushroom which already overshadowed the steel business and threatened the railroads.

"MY dear," she said to the society editor, who had come to take her out to lunch, "I assure you I've written 'Yes, Miss Dovey Love will doubtless be charmed to send you her photograph, if you will enclose a quarter,' so many, many times, that I feel like adding, 'and drop a raisin in it'; one must be up-to-date." She folded her typewriter, and indicated a thick bundle of letters which the boy had just brought in. "After lunch, I've got to settle all those vital problems, and see the new release at the Plaza, and have a shampoo, and write a review, and try to think up a new angle to give my stuff." She was slipping into a rough, trim coat as she spoke; now she slanted a piquant bit of headgear on her tawny hair, touched her adorable nose with powder, and followed the society editor to the elevator.

"Why on earth do you want to switch your line?" inquired that lady, whose name was Hattie Murray. "Your page goes bigger every week. Just look at that mess of mail that came in just now! Miss Rawdon never got a quarter the replies you do; you ought to strike Cutler for another raise."

"Oh, he gave me one last week," said Miss McRae, with marvelous calm. "But, you see, Hat, I started my stuff as an experiment, and it certainly caught on; but I think it's gone a little too far. It's rather — undignified. Bing Bingo panned me again this morning in his column, and it rather got my goat."

"You're a loon," said Miss Murray, kindly. "The more Bing raps you, the better they like it. The men take notice, too; they wonder what makes Bing so peeved."

"Oh, I don't mind Bing so much as I do the fact that it's my stuff that makes him feel that way. He's been the king of slang out here so long that he hates to see a woman cutting in on his line; and I hate to do it, too. Really, Hat, you know it's fearfully common."

"Of course it's common!" cried her loyal supporter. "That's why it takes so well! Are the movie fans highbrows? No! Would they fall for the classy dope I write for the opera crowd? No! But when they read your reviews of Batrashky, in her latest Russian drama, and learn that her clothes are faultless, or her figure, why, it's a riot! What was it you got out on 'The Bolshevik's Bride'? I wish I had your faculty for trenchant expression, my dear; if I remember, it went something like this: 'Oh, girlies, look who's with us again! The li'l Russian who can give you the creeps, and the weeps, and the leaps, all in five minutes; the peerless pash-pusher who has the violent eyes; go see her, and find out how she does it.' Why, the Plaza was jammed five times daily; and when the Batrashky comes to town, does she forget the boost you gave her? Ten times not! Anything she has is yours, from the pattern of her pajamas to the temperature of her bath; and it's those intimate details that make your column what it is to-day. And for that, Cutler pays you a salary which almost amounts to wages!"

"Well, that's true enough," said Miss McRae. "Where shall we eat? That Russian place?"

"Oh, let's not! It gets on my nerves, and I hate to see the women smoking from a sense of duty, and manfully repressing the tears. Let's go to the Checkerboard; it's quiet, and the food's not bad."

They emerged from the *Whoop* building into a seething canyon of humanity and hurry, all bent on getting to a restaurant as fast as possible, and eating as fast as possible, in order to have more time to seethe about the canyon. After a period of battering through the press, the two girls settled themselves thankfully at a gingham-draped table in a small and prim tea-room, and straightened their hats. It was not until they were comfortably discussing buttered toast and creamed chicken that Miss McRae resumed the conversation which had been chopped off six blocks away.

"I know I get a good salary," she said, "but you see, Hat, that's all — that's just about all."

"Oh, my suffering cats!" cried Miss Murray, who had struggled to her present position by six years of toil, and whose weekly pay looked bigger to her than the city editor's. "'All!' she says! Since when did your salary come to be spoken of so disrespectfully?"

Miss McRae turned a forkful of creamed chicken over thoughtfully. "Well, I don't just know myself," she said. "But lately I've been restless. This business will go on, and I'll earn a good deal; enough to quit boarding and take an apartment; but what then? I can buy mahogany, yes, and real lace; but even so, Hattie, what do you do when you get to be forty? Hattie, what do you *do*?"

"Well, suffering cats, what do you want to do?" cried that harassed lady. "Get married, or something foolish like that?"

"Well, yes," said Miss McRae. "Or something foolish, like that."

Hattie stopped eating lemon pie, and appraised her critically. "You're really pretty, when you take off those glasses with the rubber tires," she admitted. "They make you look awfully brainy, of course, with the stiff collars you wear; but in soft, green linens, or white duck and oxfords, you'd certainly be class, Rae. Why shouldn't you get married, if you want to?"

"Thanks, Hattie," murmured Miss McRae. She thought of the time, before her father died and she had had to leave college, when she had been "Class." She had put those days behind her, with her hopes of a degree, and gone into a business college to learn something useful; but sometimes it was not easy to live up to the stiff collars. She pondered Hattie's last question seriously before she spoke.

"YOU see, the stuff I write *isn't* class. And the men who read it, and think they'd like the girl who wrote it, aren't the sort I'd like to have like me. Oh, Hattie, I get so sick of being businesslike and stern, and turning down those dreadful mashers who write me all the time! I want to go back East, and be a lady . . . Goodness, Hat, stop me! I can't afford to go off like that."

Hattie patted her arm softly, and she shrugged her shoulders in self-derision.

"And the boys around the office — well, they're fine and dandy, of course, and as decent as they come; but they just don't seem to be what I'd want to tie to for life, don't you know? And, if I should happen to meet a man who was the other sort, why, he would think that if I was the kind of a girl who could write that kind of stuff, that must be the kind of a girl I am! So that's why I want to change it to something less — well, vulgar."

"And lose your job! No, my innocent child, don't you trifle with your bread and butter. They were glad to get rid of Miss Rawdon, 'cause her stories were just like everybody else's; no pep, no originality; and that's why you made such a smashing hit. You're on top of the heap, now, and all your fans would lay off you for life if you went back to the old form. Don't you do it, Rae. And, besides, you don't want to get married for years and years and years."

"Don't I?" said Miss McRae. "Don't *you*, Hat? Don't you?"

"Come along back to the office," said Hattie, abruptly. "I've got a column to do on the Cahill reception before I quit, and I want to get over to the beach early. Judging from the pile of mail that's waiting for you, too, you won't have any vacation this p. m., either." She paid their checks absently.

The two girls plunged once more into the maelstrom in the street, and battled their way back to the *Whoop* building. Once more installed at her scarred desk, Miss McRae opened her afternoon mail with her usual interest. Over some of the letters she laughed, and turning to her machine, rattled off a clever, cordial note of reply. Others she frowned upon, and considered at length before entrusting her advice to the long sheet of yellow paper which was the first incarnation of the "Ask Me!" page. A few of the letters were thrown into the gaping waste-basket, with a sniff of irritation; these were the "mash-notes," which sprinkled every mail she received.

She worked rapidly through the pile, and sheet after sheet of copy fell from her typewriter; copy jammed with wit and a piquant, quizzing humor, flashes of insight, human understanding, and sometimes bursts of temper. "Oh, lordy," she cried, as she read a lavender effusion, "here's the fourth love-sick girl to-day who wants to dash off to Los Angeles after some oily-haired actorette who probably has eight children and wears suspenders at home." And she wrote rapidly, "D. S. T.: Don't you think you ought to talk to mother before you slide for the Sahara? Mothers do sometimes know something about somewhat. And remember, sweetness, what happened to Maude LaValle, in 'The Poisoned Gum-Drop?' Think a thought or two."

As for him, he was lost in worship of her

The next letter proved to be the fourth from an insolent male who persisted in annoying her with invitations to meet him. In exasperation she wrote viciously, almost puncturing the paper with the vigor of her periods and commas: "BEAU BRUMMEL: You asked me. I told you. You don't believe me. You know what you can do!" She next opened a pink missive, and waved her hands in futile exasperation at its contents. "Another half-witted flapper with yellow curls, who wants to leave her Elmer for the delights of moviedom. How they can think it's all a bed of roses and nothing to do but pose a couple of hours a day is more than I can tell! If this dear young thing ever worked as hard in her whole life as Batrashky does over one picture, she'd die of brain-fever. I'll have to discourage her, for the sake of Elmer, or he'll be heartbroken. If he does get her, he'll die of indigestion, I suppose; but that's his funeral."

FINALLY she sat back with a sigh, and stretched her slender arms. "Thank goodness, only two more. Where did I put that hairpin?" She slit the larger of the two envelopes listlessly, and then stared.

"MY DEAR MISS MCRAE:

"We have been watching your work for some time, and have noted its originality and its pulling-power as a circulation-builder.

"Would you consider coming to New York to take full charge of our screen department — following, of course, the same line as that on which your present success is laid? Please reply at your earliest convenience. The matter of salary can be adjusted to your entire satisfaction.

"Very truly yours, THE NEWTON SYNDICATE."

"My gracious!" breathed Miss McRae. "The Syndicate! Goes everywhere, and pays anything! And they want the same old stuff, too; easy as pie. Same old bunk, smeared with slang; same old mash notes, too . . . but then, the Syndicate! Wait until Hat sees this!" In a pleasurable glow, her black-lashed gray eyes luminous, she snatched up the last letter and ripped it open. She noted with approval that it was written on engraved stationery: "Thomas Wakefield Gordon. Specialties." "Regular old New England name," she commented; and proceeded to the letter.

"MY DEAR MISS MCRAE:

"You'll think I'm an awful ass to write you like this; but have you ever been so lonesome that you'd ride up and down just to talk to the elevator-man?"

She sniffed, and was about to send the missive to join its brethren in the waste-basket; but that New England name, and his honest use of his business letterhead, impelled her to continue.

"I've been on the Coast almost a month now, and to date the most exciting conversation I've had was with a drummer who had attended a three-day convention in Boston, which is my home town when I'm home."

Miss McRae hailed from Boston. She read right on.

"I was just going into the Plaza Photo Palace yesterday, when I saw a girl ahead of me; and I don't need to tell you what she looked like, because you know better than I do. You showed a pass, and went on in; and the girl at the chopper was craning her neck after you, and I couldn't blame her. She apologized for keeping me waiting, and asked if I'd noticed you; and I said 'yes.' 'Well, that's Rae McRae, who writes those perfectly dandy movie reviews on the *Whoop*,' she said. 'Isn't she a peach?' I agreed with her, and chased right in after you; but you were out of range by that time. I knew about when you'd be coming

[*Continued on page 73*]

High Explosives

Seventh Great Article in the Why Germany Quit Series

by Cleveland Moffett

I WAS on my way to Washington one night to write about the wonders of high explosives when I met two "devil dogs," just off a troopship, privates in the 6th U. S. Marines: Samuel S. Simmons, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and Grover M. Chatman, from Texas, a pair of matter-of-fact young heroes with decorations enough on their breasts to stir the envy of kings and millionaires — the Distinguished Service Cross, the French Croix de Guerre with two palms, the silver sharpshooter bar that marks them as expert rifle-men and the precious Medaille Militaire with its green and yellow ribbon and its crossed gold cannon, the highest honor that France gives to brave soldiers.

"*Valeur et discipline*," are the words inscribed on the French medal; but perhaps the characteristics of American heroes are rather valor and resourcefulness. Other nations may surpass us in discipline, but it was American resourcefulness, both on the field of battle and in our industrial efforts at home, that turned the scales against Germany.

Take the battlefield experience of "Devil Dog" Simmons, whose citation reads: "For extraordinary heroism in action at Blanc Mont, France, October 3, 1918. With two other soldiers, Private Simmons volunteered and attacked a machine gun nest in advance of his front line, killing the entire crew. Later, with another soldier, he went into an enemy dugout and captured forty prisoners. He also carried three messages through the enemy barrage."

One asks in amazement how these things are possible. How *can* one man go down into an enemy dugout (Simmons went alone) and take forty prisoners? Could one German soldier go down into an American dugout and take forty American prisoners?

I put these questions to Simmons the next day at Camp Mills (having postponed my trip to Washington) as we chatted on the barrack's steps near some doughboy ball-players, while an airplane circled overhead. And I marveled at the brief businesslike answers of this slender youth whose sentences were broken by a hacking cough — he was gassed at Château-Thierry.

Simmons was sure that forty Americans would never have been captured in such a situation — some of them would have been dead first.

"But some of these forty Germans must have been brave," I objected. "After all — forty to two?"

It was hard to get the explanation. For one thing the Germans were dazed by a heavy American barrage that had driven them deep into their shelters. And our boys crept forward so close behind the bursting shells — within twenty-five yards — that some of them were hit by their own artillery fire. The Germans were surprised when Simmons appeared at the foot of the ladder.

"And then what? What did you do? What did you say?"

"I said '*Raus!*'"

"And they came out?"

"Sure! They were friendly — they gave us cigars and cigarettes. We stood 'em up in columns of two and Joe went through their clothes."

NOW the mystery deepens. Pistols were found on two of these prisoners and their shelter was full of arms and ammunition. Why did they not resist? Joe was unarmed and Simmons had only his Springfield with a single clip of cartridges and one in the magazine — six shots in all. *But they held those forty Germans!*

"Then you marched them back?"

"No, sir."

Here we glimpse the practical side of the American character — the capacity to be brave, but not foolishly brave, the genius for getting results. Simmons explained that the battle was still raging all about them, the ground was uneven, the air was full of smoke. It was too great a risk for two men to handle forty men on a march.

"What did you do?"

"I kept 'em covered with my gun and we yelled for Americans until a sergeant and a lieutenant came up. Then we marched those forty birds back."

This same quality of resourcefulness is shown in an experience of "Devil Dog" Grover Chatman (named after Grover Cleveland) in the Champagne drive. On September 15, 1918, near Thiaucourt, "he volunteered to cross an open space swept by enemy machine gun fire" and clean out a troublesome sniper post. There were three of these enemy snipers, hidden in the woods, but Chatman went resolutely after them, trusting to his rifle skill and his knowledge of woodcraft, picked up as a boy during many a hunt for wildcats in the mountains of Colorado. He located the first sniper by the suspicious movements of a crow over a tree — *there!* That clump of foliage! Camouflage!

The American sharpshooter aimed carefully and — ping! Down came a German out of the branches, his body crashing to earth near a companion sniper who was crouching behind the tree trunk. This man started in alarm and Chatman, keen-eyed, seeing the movement of a leg, shot his adversary through the thigh, then rushed forward to punish him with the bayonet; whereupon the wounded man cried "Kamerad" and begged piteously for his life, telling of a wife and seven children. But when the young American spared him and moved on, the treacherous German fired at his benefactor, the bullet passing through his mess-kit. Then Chatman came back and killed the man. After that he killed the third sniper — in a duel of wits across a stone fence while a double barrage enlivened the proceedings. Hence his D. S. C.

Was he wounded? Oh, nothing much — he was hit by a piece of high explosive! You couldn't call it a wound, for it didn't break the skin, but it crushed the bones in his right wrist and laid him up four months in the hospital! That was when President Wilson shook hands with him.

Coming now to the wonders of high explosives, we may say that in nothing is America's war achievement more splendidly demonstrated than in the production of smokeless powder and high explosives — those two prime requisites for the guns. Nothing contributed more surely to the defeat of Germany. No battlefield courageousness and efficiency deserve higher praise than the industrial courageousness and efficiency that

The Kaiser and his General Staff south of Trier, in spring of 1914

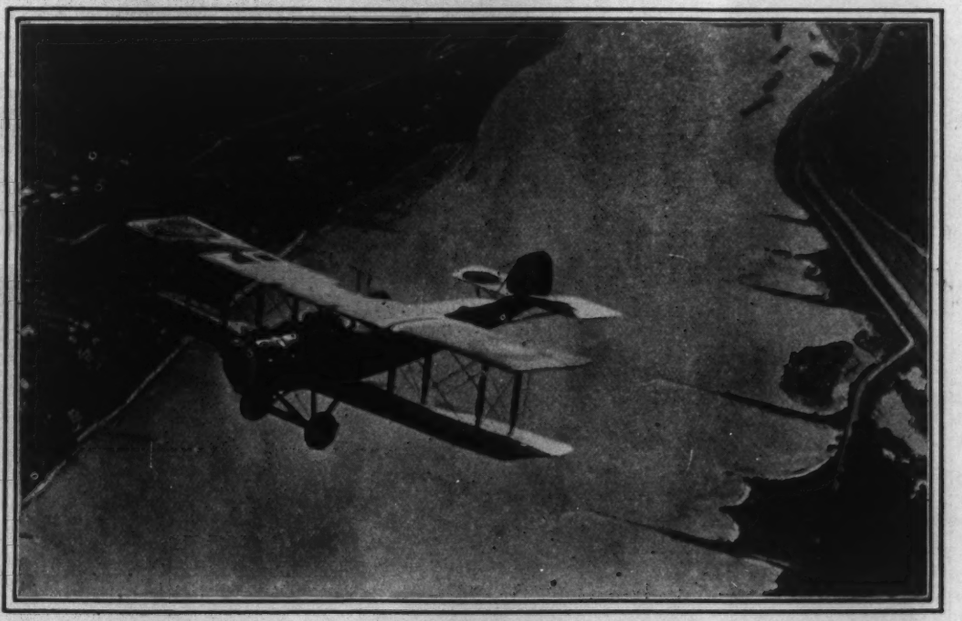
Pershing reviewing troops on same spot, 1919. Talk about explosives!

organized our powder mills. For generations to come American school books will describe this surpassing performance.

Take smokeless powder, which drives the rifle balls and hurls high explosive shells for miles against the enemy. Here alone are endless wonders. Smokeless powder is really cotton treated chemically (nitrated), and America's preëminence in the powder game is due to the fact that more cotton is produced in the United States than in all the rest of the world.

If you light a piece of smokeless powder (the kind used in our big guns comes in short sticks like brown candy) it burns with a pretty yellow flame and does no harm unless the gases of combustion are confined, as in a gun barrel. The more these gases are confined, the more formidable is their effect. Every gun has its special powder, the dimensions of the grains or pieces being figured with incredible precision to a thousandth of an inch or one-tenth of the diameter of a human hair. The powder must burn just fast enough and not too fast. If it does not burn fast enough, there will be waste and loss of driving power and powder; if it burns too fast, it will blow up the gun. You could burst the biggest cannon in the world by loading it with ordinary .30 caliber smokeless powder such as is used (in small grains) in rifle cartridges — this powder would develop power too quickly and wreck everything.

The smokeless powder for our big guns is loaded in silken bags (millions of yards of silk were used here) and packed behind the huge projectiles. Silk is used because it burns completely and does not show a flash. Running lengthwise through each stick of powder are seven holes which have to do with the rate of combustion. A young American Ordnance Officer discovered, by mathematical calculations, that if smokeless powder grains (sticks) for our big guns are scalloped or fluted around the circumference there is a gain of about ten per cent. in efficiency (owing to more complete combustion) as compared with round sticks, and this means a saving of millions of dollars.



An American aviator of the Army of Occupation in flight over the historic Rhine near Coblenz

In 1914, the United States, being totally unprepared for war, was able to produce only 18,000,000 pounds of smokeless powder a year; but when America roused herself and began to draw upon her vast resources, she forged ahead amazingly and soon surpassed Great Britain and France in this particular; thus, in the nineteen months preceding the Armistice, Great Britain produced 291,706,000 pounds of smokeless powder, France produced 342,155,000 pounds and America produced 632,504,000 pounds. If the War had continued America would have produced in 1919 *over one billion pounds of smokeless powder*, a stupendous and hitherto unheard of quantity.

Similarly, in the production of high explosives, TNT and various nitrates and fulminates carried inside the shells, the United States was at first hopelessly outclassed by European countries; in fact, during our nineteen months of war participation, we turned out less of these terrible substances than either England or France, the figures for this period being: England, 765,110,000 pounds of high explosives; France, 702,964,000 pounds; America, 375,656,000; but just before the Armistice America had gained so rapidly on the Allies that her monthly rate of high explosive production had reached 47,888,000 pounds as against 22,802,000 pounds for France, and 30,957,000 pounds for England. And America's monthly rate of smokeless powder and black powder production before the end of the fighting had reached 42,775,000 pounds as against 17,311,000 pounds for France and 12,055,000 for England.

Summing it all up, one may say that America produced between one-third and one-half of all the powder and high explosives that were used against Germany during the War!

How was this miracle accomplished?

It was accomplished, like other war miracles, by the patriotic cooperation of American powder workers and high explosive makers, a limited number of manufacturing concerns that found themselves, when we entered the War, facing a situation of immense difficulty. They must expand their plants and their outputs many times and must do this with unprecedented speed. Everything depended upon this — the welfare of our boys at the Front, the safety of the nation, the whole question of victory or defeat. *Our guns must have ammunition.*

Now, powder-making is different from all other industries, owing to its constant danger. From start to finish the explosive game calls for extreme precautions in manufacture, in transportation, in storage. When other commodities deteriorate, the result is financial loss; when explosives deteriorate, the result may be widespread disaster, the wiping out of a whole community, as when that ill-fated powder-ship exploded at Halifax.

But there was no bungling in this emergency. On the contrary, the situation was met and mastered, thanks to the efficiency and devotion of our powder and explosives manufacturers, the Aetna Explosives Company, the Atlas Powder Company, the Hercules Powder Company, the Pennsylvania Trojan Powder Company, the T. A. Gillespie Loading [*Continued on page 67*]

Something for Nothing

The Conspirators Do Some Strong Work

by Freeman Tilden

Illustration by Arthur William Brown

Part VI

"OWN up, Fred! You're dreadfully shocked at my coming here like this, at this hour," were Hazel Kernon's first words, after she had disposed herself on the well-worn divan facing the table where Jurian had been writing.

Jurian had been watching the beautiful young woman curiously all the while. After she had seated herself, he sat down, a little stiffly, and did not reply to her bantering remark for half a minute. The words repelled him at first. They seemed to hint at an unexpected streak of vulgar cynicism. But, as Jurian gazed at Hazel's face more steadfastly, he saw that she was trembling; that her eyes were nervously shifty; in short, that her cool unconventionality was a sham, and that behind it she was a good deal alarmed at her own rashness.

It is only the entirely conventional person, Jurian considered, who can fling himself so far over the boundary of convention under the unusual impulse.

"I am not shocked. I am only surprised," replied Jurian. "You'll admit that I ought to be surprised, Hazel. I had no idea you were here in Foxlake. You're not alone, surely?"

"I am surely alone," was the sharp reply, as though she were on the defensive against any suggestion that she should not be alone, and in Foxlake, if she chose to be.

Jurian took up his cigarette case. "My nerves are a little shaky," he said. "Do you mind if I smoke? Or perhaps —" He held out the cigarettes to her. For though she indulged seldom, Hazel had smoked once or twice with him.

She colored violently. "No, no, Fred!" she refused quickly. "I'm sorry you ever saw me smoke. I shall never do it again. It's silly, and unforgivable; and worse, I've found that though men laugh at it, they really don't like it at all. These country girls have more sense ——"

She stopped abruptly, and almost visibly bit her lips as she realized that the reason behind her words had slipped past them.

Then Hazel Kernon began to talk, fast and recklessly, as children often do when they have stumbled into a bad situation and hope to disguise it by volubility. Her fingers were clenched tightly upon her palms, and she leaned forward, looking not at Jurian's face, but just past him into the region of her hopes or fears, or whatever lay in that direction.

"I'm in revolt, Fred," she began, almost inaudibly, and then as her voice gained power, she continued, "yes, in revolt, foolish as that sounds. I've played the reserved belle — that sounds cheap, too, doesn't it? But please forgive me if I can't pick the right words — too long, and it would end by — by I don't know what — unhappiness at least. It's cheap and tawdry to be frank, Fred, I still believe it is, but there are times when one can't be anything else. I suppose we're all sisters and brothers under our skins, in that sense ——"

"Hazel, I don't understand a word. You — you mustn't stay here, and you mustn't talk until you have a chance to think it over," Jurian interrupted. Though it was far from courteous, he rose as he spoke. But the young woman sat back against the divan's wall background with a clear decision to remain.

"I'll try not to jumble any more, Fred," she went on, less excitedly. "I came to Foxlake alone, and I must go back in the morning. Night before last, I almost made up my mind, after I arrived, to engage a car and go back without seeing you. But I had either not enough courage, or too much."

"You've been here a whole day?"

"Yes. I saw you on the street yesterday, but you didn't see me. I was afraid you would."

"You were with a young fellow named Oldridge," hazarded Jurian.

Hazel stared at him and turned pale. "You — you did see me then?" she gasped, weakly.

"I wasn't sure. But I saw some one who reminded me of you. You — are acquainted with the young man, then?"

Miss Kernon paid no attention to the question. "Fred, I must tell you why I decided to come, alone, here to see you. You misunderstood my little note, perhaps, the note I sent you after I heard of your uncle's death, asking you to come out to The Elms ——"

"No, I didn't misunderstand it. I thought it was bully of you," was Jurian's reply to that. "It was just what you were sure to write. You're that sort, Hazel, and I've always known it. But surely, you can see that a man when he is penniless, or practically so ——"

"You might have come, to tell me at least what you're saying now." A tinge of bitterness crept into her tone somehow, and then tapered off into gentleness again. "Never mind, Fred. I don't care about that. I did want to see you, but I understand how you felt. The point is, I've been thinking over those things you said. You want to go into business. Perhaps you're right about it. I never should have presumed to know more than you about such things. But if you are going into business, Fred, surely you'd want to do it in some big way. You know how fond my father is of you. He could give you any start you wanted, and he would gladly. Except, Fred, that I wouldn't let him. One's oldest and best friends should have the right to do that. And am I not your oldest and best friend, Fred — am I wrong in saying that?"

Her lips trembled, and her eyes suffused as she rose and stood looking straight into his eyes, with her hands resting on the arms of his chair.

"Yes, you're right about that. You are my best and oldest friend," replied Jurian, faintly. On the instant, he tried to justify the sentiment by stressing the word "friend" a little. The girl caught the meaning of that emphasis, and winced as though he had struck her. But she kept driving forward. "You know how much money I have, Fred. You know I never talk about it, and that I don't waste it, or use it ostentatiously. Do you know how much happiness it would give me to share it with you ——"

Jurian was shaking his head.

"— to lend it to you, then," the young woman whipped out. She was sardonic, as of old, for a moment. "To lend it you, of course, at interest. I'll be a pawnbroker, Fred; you can give me — your watch — anything — as security. Oh, I don't know whether to laugh or weep about it. Won't you see what I mean? If you want to go into business, we could be partners. I can be a silent partner — and I'll truly be silent — Fred —" She was close to him, now. She was talking of money, of business, rattling on unconnectedly, sometimes in raillery, sometimes in earnest — but all the while she was hovering over Jurian as though she had come to stake everything upon saturating him with her presence, merging her personality into his, forcing him to acknowledge her loveliness in some way — and Jurian began to feel choked.

With a sense of suffocation, his mind turned back to The Elms, where he had spent his best moments, up to the time of his coming to Foxlake. He had been fond of Hazel. He was fond of her now. There was no doubt of it. But he had never thought of her like this — or seen her like this. This was the flaming thing that had been smoldering in her . . . and he felt strangely helpless against it. It was like a rising flood that would carry them both down-stream together. . . .

"You couldn't be happy in a place like this, Fred. You think you could, just as I thought I could be happy in the mountains, when we've gone there for a few weeks; but our lives have been different, Fred, and nothing could change us. I have a right to fight for myself and for you, Fred. If I thought this — this affair here in Foxlake was really and truly a thing of lasting happiness for you, Fred, I wouldn't be here, now. I've had chances, you know — great chances, the world said — I don't say I threw them over because of — of you; but I — I have always had you close to me — please don't look at me that way, Fred — haven't I any — any attraction for you any more . . .?"

She was talking fast, talking with glistening eyes, in the center of which lay a tiny flame; but again, and always, the words she was speaking were not important. It was as though she were hurling from her the last vestige of reserve. She hovered over him. He could feel her fragrant breath strike against his forehead. Involuntarily he reached out both hands and clasped her arms. At the touch, a little sigh came from her, and a mysterious age-old smile rested briefly on her lips.

Then, at that instant, there was a muffled explosion. The whole hotel building trembled, and seemed to sway on its foundation. The noise was not great, scarcely more than a far-away gun would make, but it had that penetrating violence of deeply buried dynamite.

"Good God, what's that, Hazel?" cried Jurian, springing up, but still clasping her arms.

Hazel Kernon's face blanched, and she swayed against the young man as though about to faint. But she did not faint. "It can't be an earthquake?" she murmured. "They — don't have them here, do they?"

They heard windows going up, in the hotel and in other buildings around. Several persons had already gotten into the street, and were bawling in frightened voices. They heard a man cry, "It was over *that* way, beyond Oldridge's!"

"You mustn't stay here, Hazel!" commanded Jurian. "It won't do for you to be found here, if there's trouble in the hotel. You'll go quickly won't you?"

"Yes — yes, I'll go now," was the frightened but reluctant answer. "Perhaps we can meet tomorrow, Fred."

Jurian made no reply, and she was gone. He locked the door behind her, and went to the window and looked out. More people were in the street. As they were moving across the Common, it was obviously nothing the matter in the hotel, and completely worn out as he was, Jurian had no curiosity about it. He undressed hastily and threw himself upon the bed.

It seemed to Jurian that he had just closed his eyes, when he opened them again at the sound of a vigorous pounding upon his door. Half-asleep, he jumped out the wrong side of the bed, and went toward the windows blindly. A sharp contact between his knees and a rocking chair awakened him, and he stood, for a few seconds, while the pounding on the door continued. A strong voice cried, "Let us in!"

Jurian first reached under the pillow for his watch, and looked at it. It was half-past six. Then he replied, "What do you want? What's the matter?"

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First Lieutenant, U. S. Air Service
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When it should have been time for another rest, our guards only urged us on the faster. Because of the approaching darkness they were anxious to deliver us as soon as possible at a place where we could be safely locked up for the night. We were entering a town now. At last, I thought, we were arriving. On we tramped into the center of it, where roads branched off to right and to left. The guards halted and looked about uncertainly, not knowing which road to take. Just then a woman came across the street near us, wheeling before her a baby carriage. One of the guards stopped her to inquire the way.

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"*Frane? A Frane?*" I asked, and was rewarded by a smile of understanding.

"*Fresnes! Oui, oui, monsieur. A Fresnes,*" she answered, pointing to the road which turned to the left. She told us a lot more, besides, in very rapid French, which I did not pretend to understand.

"*Combien de kilometres?*" I inquired, taking advantage of the situation to gain a little private information as to how far I must yet walk.

"*Cinq kilometres, monsieur,*" was her reply.

Five kilometers — about three miles! I stifled a groan of dismay.

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They finally reached an understanding and determined upon a course of action. One of them, taking two of our men, started off along the right-hand road; then the guard remaining took the rest of us in tow to the left. He strode on ahead of us and motioned us to follow him.

"The poor fool!" I thought. "He trusts us to follow him." So we went along. He very seldom even turned around to see whether or not we were still with him.

By this time it was almost dark. We came very soon to the walled town of Condé. Passing the guards at the entrance gate, we filed on through the archway into the town. The narrow street was crowded with people, many of them German soldiers. Some of the French people noticed that we were prisoners. They greeted us as we passed by.

Even here we were not to stop; we hurried on through. I remember the bridge over the canal and the gateway at the far end of town, by which we left it. Two sentries were stationed there, as had been the case at the entrance gate. We passed by them and so out into the open country once more.

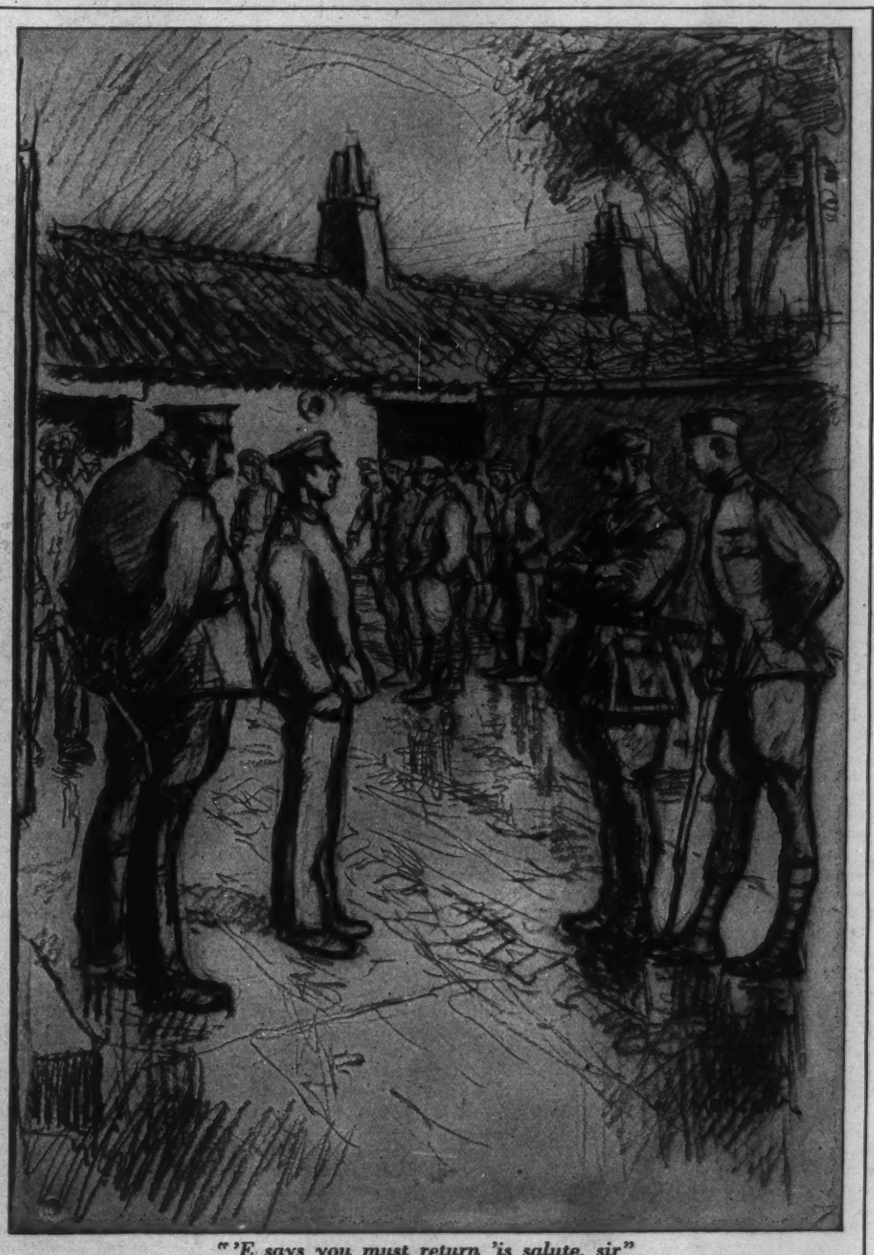
What a wonderful opportunity to escape! With the guard still trudging on ahead, why not just fall by the wayside and let the others go on without me! Should I try it? It was truly a wonderful chance; but would I be able to cover enough ground during the night to make good my getaway? I felt that I might possibly do another mile. Then I must sink exhausted, to sleep for at least a week. If I were only sure of finding a hiding place where I might rest up for a few days, it would be a simple matter.

I thought it all over very carefully as we walked along. We had covered some distance without my realizing it when I decided that the opportunity was too good to let pass. Fleugel, I knew, had a pair of civilian trousers that the Red Cross had given him in Mons. They might prove very useful. I decided that I had better have them. Slipping over close to his side, I whispered my plans to him so that none of the others would hear. We were approaching another village as I talked. I told him that as soon as we had passed through it I was going to skip, and I wanted the civilian trousers he had to wear over the breeches of my uniform. He surprised me by asking to accompany me.

"Take me with you, Lieutenant," he almost pleaded. "I want to get out of this, too." Although it meant only one pair of trousers for two of us, I welcomed the idea of having company.

"All right," I answered, "be ready as soon as we leave the village. Watch me. I'll say when."

On we went into the village. I forgot my fatigue in the excitement of the moment. Would we succeed? How long before they would discover that we had left the party? Would they start a search for us? As these questions flashed through my mind there was no room for consideration of how exhausted I was. I was keyed up for a supreme effort — a dash to freedom. Fleugel and I walked close to each other. Now and again we spoke in whispers, completing our final arrangements. We were now, I judged, about in the center of the village. We walked in silence. Everything was understood between us — we only awaited the moment.



"'E says you must return 'is salute, sir"

"You were with a young fellow named Oldridge," hazarded Jurian.

Hazel stared at him and turned pale. "You — you did see me then?" she gasped, weakly.

"I wasn't sure. But I saw some one who reminded me of you. You — are acquainted with the young man, then?"

Miss Kernon paid no attention to the question. "Fred, I must tell you why I decided to come, alone, here to see you. You misunderstood my little note, perhaps, the note I sent you after I heard of your uncle's death, asking you to come out to The Elms ——"

"No, I didn't misunderstand it. I thought it was bully of you," was Jurian's reply to that. "It was just what you were sure to write. You're that sort, Hazel, and I've always known it. But surely, you can see that a man when he is penniless, or practically so ——"

"You might have come, to tell me at least what you're saying now." A tinge of bitterness crept into her tone somehow, and then tapered off into gentleness again. "Never mind, Fred. I don't care about that. I did want to see you, but I understand how you felt. The point is, I've been thinking over those things you said. You want to go into business. Perhaps you're right about it. I never should have presumed to know more than you about such things. But if you are going into business, Fred, surely you'd want to do it in some big way. You know how fond my father is of you. He could give you any start you wanted, and he would gladly. Except, Fred, that I wouldn't let him. One's oldest and best friends should have the right to do that. And am I not your oldest and best friend, Fred — am I wrong in saying that?"

Her lips trembled, and her eyes suffused as she rose and stood looking straight into his eyes, with her hands resting on the arms of his chair.

"Yes, you're right about that. You are my best and oldest friend," replied Jurian, faintly. On the instant, he tried to justify the sentiment by stressing the word "friend" a little. The girl caught the meaning of that emphasis, and winced as though he had struck her. But she kept driving forward. "You know how much money I have, Fred. You know I never talk about it, and that I don't waste it, or use it ostentatiously. Do you know how much happiness it would give me to share it with you ——"

Jurian was shaking his head.

"— to lend it to you, then," the young woman whipped out. She was sardonic, as of old, for a moment. "To lend it you, of course, at interest. I'll be a pawnbroker, Fred; you can give me — your watch — anything — as security. Oh, I don't know whether to laugh or weep about it. Won't you see what I mean? If you want to go into business, we could be partners. I can be a silent partner — and I'll truly be silent — Fred —" She was close to him, now. She was talking of money, of business, rattling on unconnectedly, sometimes in raillery, sometimes in earnest — but all the while she was hovering over Jurian as though she had come to stake everything upon saturating him with her presence, merging her personality into his, forcing him to acknowledge her loveliness in some way — and Jurian began to feel choked.

With a sense of suffocation, his mind turned back to The Elms, where he had spent his best moments, up to the time of his coming to Foxlake. He had been fond of Hazel. He was fond of her now. There was no doubt of it. But he had never thought of her like this — or seen her like this. This was the flaming thing that had been smoldering in her . . . and he felt strangely helpless against it. It was like a rising flood that would carry them both down-stream together. . . .

"You couldn't be happy in a place like this, Fred. You think you could, just as I thought I could be happy in the mountains, when we've gone there for a few weeks; but our lives have been different, Fred, and nothing could change us. I have a right to fight for myself and for you, Fred. If I thought this — this affair here in Foxlake was really and truly a thing of lasting happiness for you, Fred, I wouldn't be here, now. I've had chances, you know — great chances, the world said — I don't say I threw them over because of — of you; but I — I have always had you close to me — please don't look at me that way, Fred — haven't I any — any attraction for you any more . . .?"

She was talking fast, talking with glistening eyes, in the center of which lay a tiny flame; but again, and always, the words she was speaking were not important. It was as though she were hurling from her the last vestige of reserve. She hovered over him. He could feel her fragrant breath strike against his forehead. Involuntarily he reached out both hands and clasped her arms. At the touch, a little sigh came from her, and a mysterious age-old smile rested briefly on her lips.

Then, at that instant, there was a muffled explosion. The whole hotel building trembled, and seemed to sway on its foundation. The noise was not great, scarcely more than a far-away gun would make, but it had that penetrating violence of deeply buried dynamite.

"Good God, what's that, Hazel?" cried Jurian, springing up, but still clasping her arms.

"I love Fred Jurian," said Hazel Kernon. "I can't be happy without him. I don't want to make you miserable, but you must put him out of your mind. I can't give him up!"

Hazel Kernon's face blanched, and she swayed against the young man as though about to faint. But she did not faint. "It can't be an earthquake?" she murmured. "They — don't have them here, do they?"

They heard windows going up, in the hotel and in other buildings around. Several persons had already gotten into the street, and were bawling in frightened voices. They heard a man cry, "It was over *that* way, beyond Oldridge's!"

"You mustn't stay here, Hazel!" commanded Jurian. "It won't do for you to be found here, if there's trouble in the hotel. You'll go quickly won't you?"

"Yes — yes, I'll go now," was the frightened but reluctant answer. "Perhaps we can meet tomorrow, Fred."

Jurian made no reply, and she was gone. He locked the door behind her, and went to the window and looked out. More people were in the street. As they were moving across the Common, it was obviously nothing the matter in the hotel, and completely worn out as he was, Jurian had no curiosity about it. He undressed hastily and threw himself upon the bed.

It seemed to Jurian that he had just closed his eyes, when he opened them again at the sound of a vigorous pounding upon his door. Half-asleep, he jumped out the wrong side of the bed, and went toward the windows blindly. A sharp contact between his knees and a rocking chair awakened him, and he stood, for a few seconds, while the pounding on the door continued. A strong voice cried, "Let us in!"

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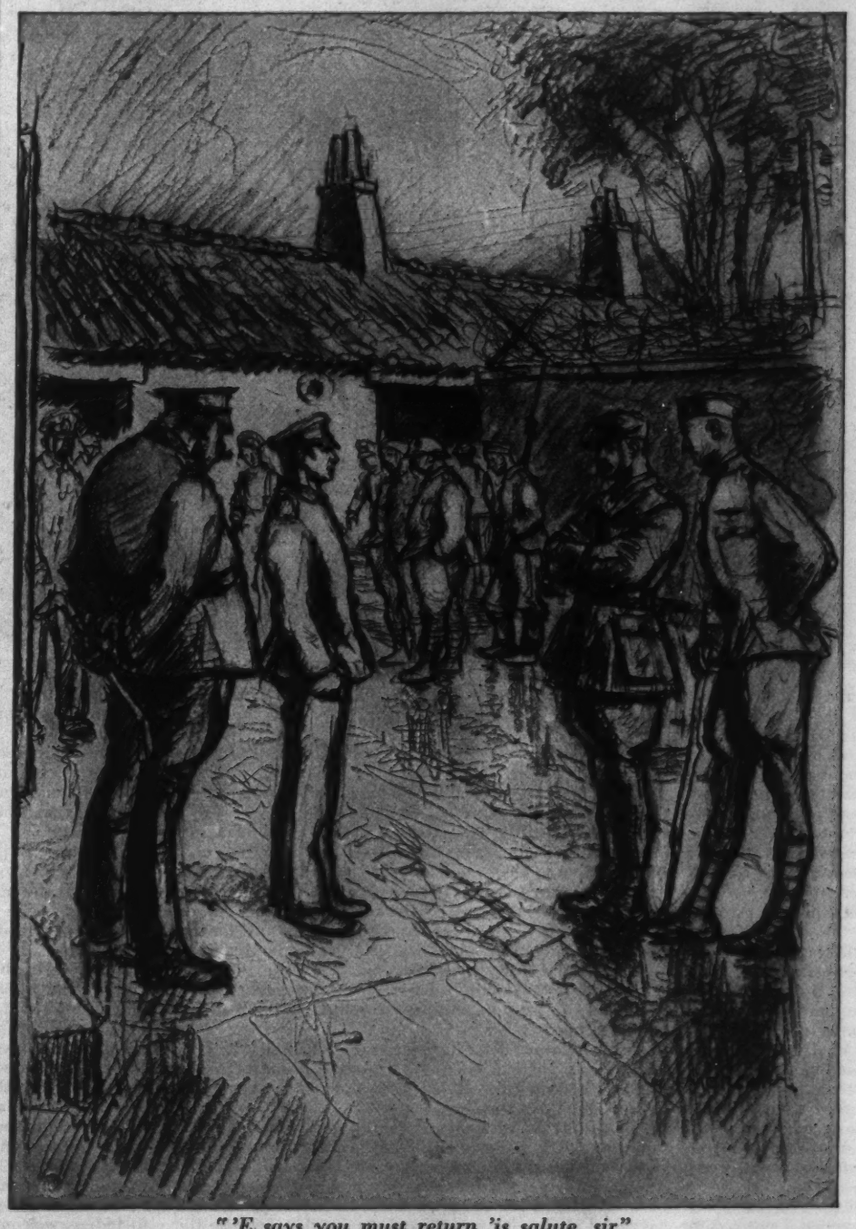


"'E says you must return 'is salute, sir"

Suddenly the Tommy in front of me stopped. Walking with my head down, thinking as fast as my mind would work, I was so engrossed that I bumped right into him before I realized that he had halted. The whole party had come to a standstill; the guard was knocking at a door. My heart sank. I felt suddenly weighed down with all the weariness I had until now forgotten. I had lost my chance. As good a one would probably never come to me again. I was disappointed, discouraged, utterly dejected.

The gate was opened by some one from within and we followed a roadway some thirty yards to a house that was evidently the headquarters of the establishment. Our guard left us outside in charge of the Hun who had admitted us, while he went within to report and probably to receive the Iron Cross for the safe delivery of his captives.

I was completely disgusted with myself for not having sooner taken advantage of such an unheard-of situation. I was too discouraged now to care what happened to me. A couple of jabbering Huns came out after a time, one of them carrying a lantern. We followed them for another hundred yards along the same roadway and then were admitted by the sentry at the entrance to a barbed-wire pen.

Once inside, I saw that the high wire fence closed the end of an alleyway between a large brick building on the right and a row of low buildings on the left. Down this alley, which was hardly ten yards wide, we proceeded until they halted us at a padlocked door in one of the small buildings. Over the door was a sign "*Offizier*," so I guessed before the order came that here was where I got off. Sure enough, they unlocked the door and motioned me in.

"Good night, boys," I called to them, as the Hun backed out through the door, closing it after him. "Sorry we couldn't make it, Fleugel." Then the door was banged in my face. A moment later I heard the padlock click. I was in for the night.

They had left me a small piece of candle, by the light of which I now inspected my sumptuous lodgings. Not that I felt at all inclined to be critical. I was too tired to care very much where I was. My chief concern was to find a soft spot, on which to lay my weary bones. The air was stifling and oppressive, with an unpleasantly stale odor.

At a glance I took in my surroundings. The room was only about twenty feet square, the ceiling perhaps nine feet high. The walls were of solid, white-washed brick, the floor hard, bare earth. The one window near the door was closed to within a couple of inches of the top, and was fastened there so that it could not be opened any farther, in spite of the fact that it was heavily barred with barbed-wire on the outside.

The outstanding note in the furnishing of the room was its charming simplicity. There was a crude table and bench in front of the window, and by the door was a barrel for refuse. The latter had apparently not been emptied too recently. Then, of course, there were the beds and they for the present interested me more than anything else. There were ten beds in five double-decked units of two each. These structures consisted of a rough, wooden framework nailed together in a somewhat rickety, haphazard fashion, to support the two excelsior-stuffed mattresses, one up-stairs and one down. Each mattress had a coarse, hairy, brown blanket spread over it.

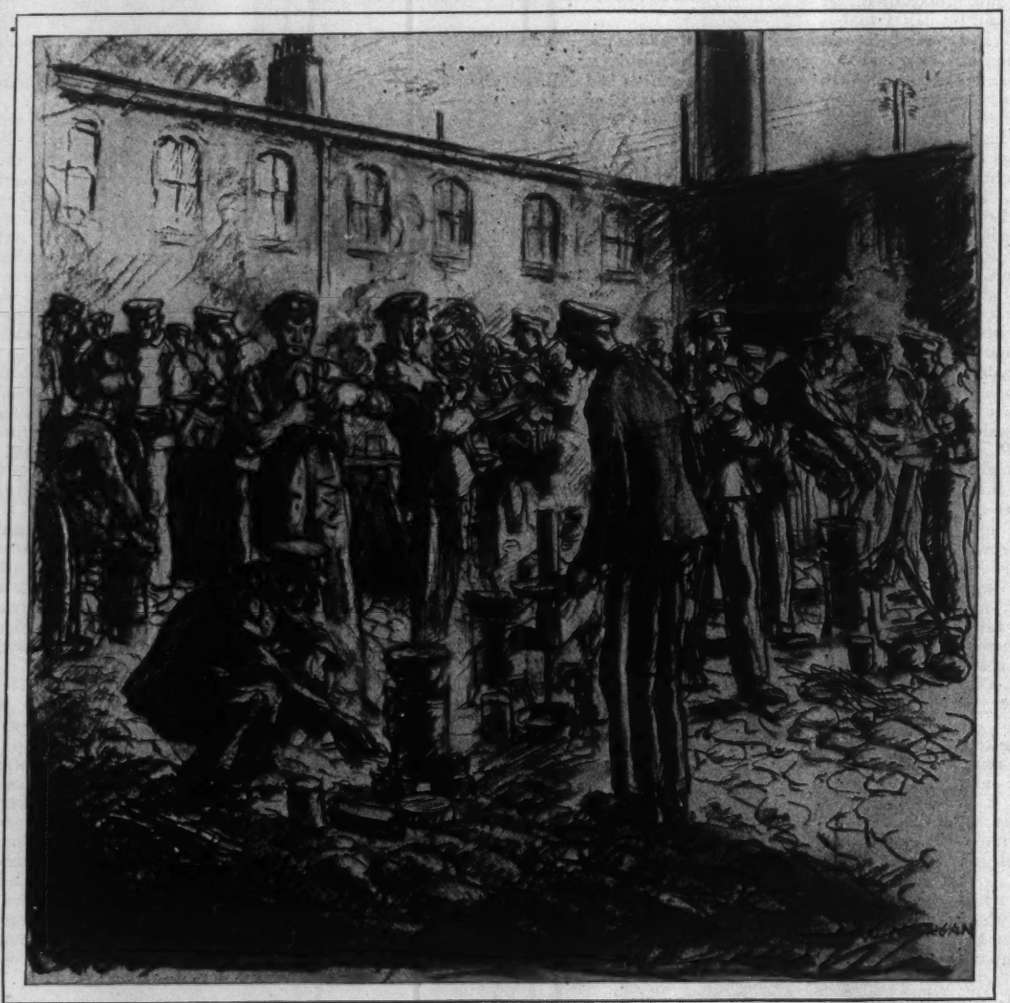
Upon first entering the room I had thought myself to be the only occupant. Now, however, I noticed for the first time that two of the berths were tenanted; upper-one and lower-ten were both sold. Upper-one stirred restlessly. A moment later he rolled over toward me and stared blinking into the candlelight.

"Hello, there!" he greeted me. "Just get in?"

By this time he was leaning on his elbow, and his blanket had fallen away from his shoulders to reveal the U. S. issue O. D. shirt he was wearing. He recognized my wings immediately. Sitting up he held out his hand.

"American?" he asked. "So am I. Where are you from?"

We shook hands and I told him I was from Honolulu. He whistled his astonishment, replying that he was from Rhode Island. His name was Tillinghast. Like myself, he was a first lieutenant in the Air Service. I asked him what squadron he belonged to.



In ten minutes the courtyard had transformed as if by magic. It was dotted all over by dozens of tiny fires

"Ssh!" he warned me. "Be careful what you say — they've got sounding-wires on the ceiling."

I looked up. Two wires about three feet apart ran along the ceiling, disappearing through the wall at either end of the room. They might be for that purpose — I did not know; but to be on the safe side I said nothing that would make very interesting listening at the other end of the line. We damned the Huns a few times, just for the benefit of any who might hear, fervently hoping that some of them really were listening.

I had been sitting on the bench with my back against the table and my aching legs stretched straight out in front of me.

"Who is our friend in the corner?" I inquired.

"He's a British Tommy. He's the orderly for the officers in this cell. Gets our food from the cook and cleans out the room."

Now that the excitement of meeting a fellow countryman was over and we had satisfied each the other's curiosity on the most urgent questions that had come to mind, I made ready for bed. My preparations were few and simple. I removed my shoes, took off my coat and climbed aloft. I lay on top of the blanket because the room was so warm. My coat folded up into an excellent pillow. I remember saying good night to Tillinghast; then, it could scarcely have been three seconds later, I had fallen asleep.

"Here you are, sir! Here's your breakfast."

The words came from a long way off, accompanied by a gentle shaking of my arm and a swaying back and forth of my bed, as of a hammock. I opened my eyes and blinked over the side of my loose-jointed sky-scraper into a good-natured face with a black mustache, surmounted by a matted thatch of black hair. One hand was on my arm while the other held a dish of black coffee.

I was quite ready to accept his offering. Aside from the Red Cross biscuits and the fruit and beer that the kindly French people had handed to us on the march, this was the first food or drink that had been given me since leaving the hospital at noon the day before. The Huns had made no pretense of feeding us, either *en route* or after our arrival here. They had not even provided a drink of water. I soon drank the hot coffee that the orderly brought me now and ate with it a slice of sour bread that he cut from the fraction of a loaf he had on the table. I finished my meal with one of the biscuits from my basket.

Tillinghast was up, but he would not eat. He watched me with wonder and amazement and with just a suggestion of disgust, while I chewed on my bread and sipped my coffee. He had been captured only two or three days. His tastes were as yet a bit fastidious. I offered him some of my biscuits, two of which he ate with a relish that showed he was hungry.

Our orderly seemed to have no difficulty in disposing of his share of the food. I thought he must have been in captivity some time.

As we ate, a great commotion suddenly directed our attention to the alleyway outside. Through our dirty window we could see scurrying past a crowd of prisoners, most of them khaki-clad Britishers. More and more came running by, and here and there among them we distinguished a French uniform. I peered out through the window and saw that they were forming in line. It began near the gate of the pen and was growing rapidly in our direction, as the latest arrivals fell in. They formed four deep, facing us — over two hundred of them I should say — each man carrying a container of some sort. There were dishes and bowls and tin cans of every description imaginable, anything that would hold the coffee about to be ladled out to them.

They were kept waiting five or ten minutes; then the line began to move, as those at the far end were served. It did not take long for them all to be fed. A ladleful of coffee and the daily ration of two hundred *grammes* of bread to each man as he filed by, and it was all over.

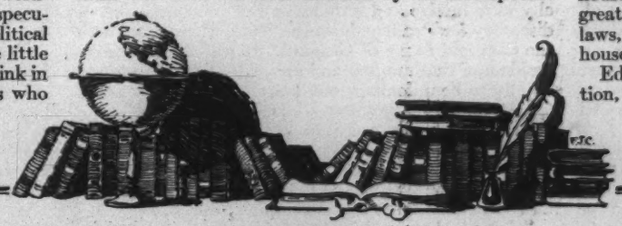
Shortly after breakfast Tillinghast and I received a caller in the person of a tall, slim, dark-haired Tommy who, by way of announcing himself, simply opened our door and walked in. With the coming of daylight the door had been unlocked. It was only during the hours of darkness that we must be confined to our room. During the day we might sally forth to stroll in our wired-off alleyway. So it was possible for our friend to enter without knocking.

He turned out to be not so much Tommy as his British uniform seemed to indicate. He told us he was an American. He had heard that two of his fellow countrymen had arrived in camp and had come to bid us welcome. Incidentally he wished to tell us he had escaped some two [*Continued on page* 49]

What Is the Matter With Our Schools?

by Newell Dwight Hillis

AT this crisis for the Republic, education has suddenly become the biggest word in our national vocabulary. Now that the Great War has passed, the condition of our country is like unto a river, in which the ice has broken up, and huge chunks are crunching together, grinding the fragments to pieces and melting to return unto the universal waves. Underneath the crust of traditions, conventions and institutions, runs the deep hidden currents of a new national life. Every week increases the number and the sharpness of the collisions between corporations and workmen, between the men and methods of yesterday, and the new men of to-day. The old agriculture is gone, with the old chemistry, the old cannon, the old battleships; and the old alliances between the racial groups, and what is far more important, the old ideals also are quite dead. In the industrial world, the heads of the greatest corporations are preparing plans not only for profit sharing, but are arranging to have workmen share in the management and even in the speculative chances of the growing business. In the political world, the men who yesterday thought about the little Republic have been succeeded by the men who think in terms of the greater Republic. Those politicians who wished to build a fence around this country, have awakened to find that we have world relations, buying each year several billions of dollars worth of necessities from foreign peoples—rubber from Ceylon, coffee from Brazil, sugar from the isles of the Pacific, tea from China, chocolate from the tropic lands, and that, therefore, we must have American banks, American consuls, commercial travelers and American clubs in every foreign city, and American ships in every port of Africa, India, China, Siberia, South America. The War, as it were, over-night, has transformed the typical American from a provincial peasant into a citizen of the world, with the inevitable results, that the American has widened his intellectual horizon, and is eager to master all the facts about the resources of other lands and races.



"REMEMBER," says Dr. Hillis, in this illuminating and sensational article on the weaknesses of our present educational system, "that there is a great difference between *going* to college and being *sent* to college." He says other wise things. An article that will create talk, and rouse the whole country.

NOW that the events of the War are receding into the background, men are beginning to realize that if Providence anointed soldiers with the ointment of war, black and sulphurous, and turned generals into surgeons, who with a sharp knife cut the cancers of militarism and autocracy out of the German body politic, this war was also an evangelist, calling the people of the Republic to repentance in view of their illiteracy. For fifty years we have boasted that our free schools have made scholars of all our citizens; then suddenly war pricked the bubble, destroyed the illusion, and peeled our people of these lies. It was a matter of national chagrin to have England and France realize that of our two million young soldiers who landed in France, two hundred thousand could neither read nor write. In August of 1918, I watched over 3000 American soldiers pass from the steamer to the dock in Liverpool. These young Americans lined up preparatory to the long march to a rest camp in the suburbs. At that moment, a group of Y. M. C. A. men hurried along the column, distributing postal cards, and shouting: "Better write a note home telling the folks you have landed in safety." At that moment, a young officer said to me: "Every tenth man here cannot read or write. Let me show you how I pick out the illiterates." Standing before a squad of twenty soldiers, he said: "Now, boys, you only have a few minutes. Those of you who write slowly and with difficulty, step over here and I will assist you." Ashamed and unwilling to have the truth known, about one man in ten left the ranks, and while one boy said, "I have hurt my hand," another said: "I have been seasick," and all, deeply humiliated, told one white lie after another to explain the inability to send home even a postal card.

This percentage of illiterates in the army means that we have ten million American men who can neither read nor write, but as a matter of fact, including the colored and red races, and those of foreign birth, our National Superintendent of Public Education believes that we have twenty million illiterates. But the ability to read and write does not equip a man for voting. The founders of our Republic believed that the free school, the free press and the free church were instruments calculated to make every American boy and girl a scholar toward the intellect, fully competent to ask and answer these questions: "What is political truth? What is social truth? What is financial truth? What is protective tariff truth, and free trade truth?" Let us confess that there are probably fifty millions of people in this Republic who are not sufficiently educated to answer these questions intelligently, or to cast a wise ballot. No one with a broken leg commits his body to an ignorant Hottentot. A great passenger locomotive must not have its lever handled by an incompetent workman. And yet, the issues of life and destiny for the people and institutions of our Republic are to-day in the hands of illiterates. The breakdown of our system of education has come home to the American people with the shock of an earthquake. An ignorant negro can drive a mule and a two-wheeled cart, and for this reason: when the driver gets drunk, the mule has sense enough to take care of him and keep out of the ditch. No ignorant man can handle the new locomotive, the new loom, the new electric machines. American life has become so complex and high-powered that there is no longer any place in the Republic for illiterates.

The Great War has also proved to our people the money value of knowledge. As a rule failure has been ignorance and success was knowing how. The men who forged to the front were with rare exceptions the best informed men as to the thing in hand. The man who had the last fact in the case won the office and the honor. Leadership was a thing of knowledge. The scepter was given into the hands of the man who knew. It could not have been otherwise. In every age, the biggest man of his time was in his own department the wisest man of his time. Aristotle, the teacher, prophesied in advance that Alexander, his pupil, was so accurate that he would conquer the world. No Plato "ever had to make his mark" when he signed a note for ninety days. No Homer or Dante, no Washington or Lincoln ever was unable to read or write.

THE new realization, therefore, of the value of education is in this single fact: that the American people at length have been made to acknowledge that back of every great thing, stands a great thought, and back of every great thought stands a great man. Back of the principia, stands a great astronomer, Isaac Newton; back of the telescope stands a great observer, Galileo; back of the liberty of the press stands a great publicist, John Milton; back of the Constitution stands a great statesman, Alexander Hamilton. St. Paul's cathedral means that a great architect named Christopher Wren dwelt long at that spot. Looking at "The Night Watch," in the gallery of The Hague, we know that the world's greatest painter, Rembrandt, lingered long before that canvas. Gladstone was often called "the best informed statesman of his time," but Gladstone was like a large vase, standing before the cathedral of Rome, on St. Peter's Day, when every prince and peasant passing by cast into the vessel gifts of gold and silver, of pearls and amethysts, until the tall vase overflowed with rich treasure. Contrariwise, the child born of the wharf rat and evil woman, and left in the tenements an orphan, must be likened to one of those barrels standing in an alley behind the saloon, into which is cast all the filth of some ale-house,—a vessel filled, not with the sayings of wise parents and teachers and friends, like Gladstone and Roosevelt,—but made into a vessel of dishonor by an education of vulgarity, theft and crime. The real wealth of a nation, therefore, is in its well-educated boys and girls. The first business of this Republic is to build the schoolhouse, the library and the college for the production of great souls, who in turn can produce great tools, arts, laws, homes and liberties. Whatever injures the schoolhouse, therefore, is an enemy of the State.

Edmund Burke, the most gifted man of his generation, who cherished vast hopes for this Republic, once said that if our free institutions were broken down, they would fail, because of the difficulty of educating our rulers. It was a pertinent remark, big with meaning. In an autocracy, it is easy to educate the ruler,—educate the son of the Kaiser or Czar, and you have solved the problem. Under Plato's second form of government, "aristocracy," it is not hard to educate the rulers; educate Piero, son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the other members of the ruling family, and you have determined the destiny of Florence. But in a Republic, the education of the rulers means the education of one hundred millions of people, with thirty millions of children and youth. This means, if we allow one teacher to every thirty children, one million teachers in our schools, public and private, with high schools, academies, colleges, schools of science and engineering, schools of art, law, theology and medicine. For this reason, the community high school, the public library, the college and the university are becoming the typical buildings of the Republic. The typical building of Athens was the Pantheon; of Italy, the cathedral; of Germany, the castle; of England, the University buildings of Oxford and Cambridge; but the foreign travelers, journeying across our continent, have returned to Europe to comment upon the fact that our architects and artists are lavishing all the riches of art and beauty upon the new halls, lecture rooms, libraries, and chapels, devoted to the education of the people of the Republic. This is a new thing in the history of civilization.

Of necessity, the American public school has been unable to escape the criticism incident to all quantity work. In the mercantile world, the "wholesale trade is based upon bulk" rather than upon perfection of detail. Machinists smile at the automobile produced at the rate of one every two minutes, and shipwrights never tire of scoffing at those shipyards where ships are made by the mile, with chunks sawed off, ends rounded, and sails lifted when the tub is launched. Harsh critics have likened the public school to a cracker factory, where day after day the human dough is pushed through, and the educational machine leaves many little stamps upon the moist material, and every little human soda biscuit is turned out, marked and "pocked" for life. These children are not so much well educated, as well smattered. Matthew Arnold once likened the American public-school teacher to a gardener rushing through a rich lawn, carrying a pot with forty little streams of water, answering to the forty different subjects offered in our public schools, and sprinkling the little human plants; but Matthew Arnold missed the essential fact that in this new continent where the soil had to be ripped up, the [*Continued on page 54*]

Tarfan—*by* Will Levington Comfort

A Tale of the Hemp-Seekers of the South Seas

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

BY the time the *Luellen* dropped anchor off the Gaspard Keys, Headley had about as much of the South Seas as he cared for. It closed a period of three months almost steady windjamming. He expected to continue on the *Luellen*, as far as Marmoset, but after that, nothing short of steam would do to get him some place where plowed lands and street-traffic were the fashion. Headley was a hemp-buyer for the present. He liked the sea, liked to look at it. But everything that went with it — man, grub, salt-crust and tarry-smell, choked him now. The one thing he hated about Gaspard was that it was only a little island, the remotest and last of the Paloman Palm group. It wasn't big enough to hold him; otherwise he would have been inclined to plan a career there, rather than put to sea again. Hemp wasn't all he lived for.

Walking up the road from the landing, before the heavy sand of the shore changed to the turf of the hill-slope, the American heard his name called. A sudden burn of hatred went through him. It had to do with the *Luellen*. He felt like a boy sneaking off from a task, but called back just as he neared freedom. The voice was Tarfan's — little old wizened Tarfan, an orchid-hunter, the most pensive and harmless rambler one ever shipped with. Tarfan's thoughts appeared to move in a circle of butterflies, blooms and Rossetti sonnets.

"I thought you might want a drink, Mr. Headley," he said. "I thought it would be well to drink with you. It has been long since a caster was opened."

This was altogether unexpected from a man who for three weeks had moved without protest from place to place on the *Luellen's* decks to avoid being caught underfoot. Tarfan never used a chair except in the dining-saloon.

"I want to get into the back country. I'm nervous now to get a mile or two back from the water-front," Headley said.

"Yes, I know," Tarfan nodded. "I understand that very well. But you will get over that hatred of ships. In fact, once or twice a year you will need the sea."

"Not me," said Headley.

Tarfan waved a hand cheerfully, changing the subject.

"I used to know the natives down here. Yes, I was here before," he said, looking around, as if it hadn't occurred to him until he saw familiar landmarks. They were passing a plaza and cathedral. Old Spain had a hand in the making of the town, but that was long ago. The people were mainly Portuguese and Malay now.

"It must have been twenty years ago," Tarfan was saying. "I remember how these natives could cook chicken and fish. They are good people. I remember the chicken they gave me — how the white meat dropped like jelly from the bones, when they lifted it out of the ground."

Headley clutched the little man's arm.

"Wait till we sit down to a table before you start a yarn like that," he said. "You throw a man into convulsions. I'm all baked and crusted from salted saddle-horse."

Tarfan smiled appreciatively. "Do we need any cigarettes or anything?" he asked. "I'd like a box of candy, before we go into the interior."

HEADLEY began to see things differently. The little man's manner was infectious. He was glad he had called. It was only ten in the morning and every breath of the fallow lands brought a holiday touch to the world.

"You are only tired of the ship," Tarfan remarked again, his small hand touching Headley's elbow delicately as they walked. "Too much at once. The sea is good, the land is good. I need both. . . . I need the islands and the continents," he added, in a mellifluous tone. "But every little while I need ships — not steamships, but the ships that sail. Just now I am ready to forget everything but Gaspard. Smell the hills! Hadn't we better open something before it's too late? We're passing out of town."

Headley halted regretfully at a Portuguese rum shop, but the little man pulled him on.

"We can do better than that," he said.

They reached a native fruit seller's, where a tray of cocoanuts in their green winter overcoats was conspicuous.

"*Roncilla.*"

Tarfan spoke the single word to the native who brought two small gourds, pouring a gill of fiery white spirits in each. Then with a short sword he slashed off the tops of two cocoanuts, one of which Tarfan placed in Headley's left hand, the gourd in the other

"I drink to you," he said, doing likewise.

The fire of the colorless island brandy was abated by the cool and creamy cocoa milk. The island looked no worse as they strode on together toward the hills.

THEY walked on for an hour — passed ox-carts — heard the cackling of fowls. There were little clots of nipa-thatched huts at the edge of the deeper jungles; there were swimming paddies of young rice; and presently after that, the wilder island verdure had right of way. The faces of natives they encountered occasionally were furtive and forbidding, but the chief point of discovery for Headley, however, had nothing to do with the flora and fauna of Gaspard. It was the little man beside him that amused and amazed. Tarfan appeared quietly to be unfolding soundness and sweetness which the American had not seen so far in a man.

"Did you really come to know these people?" he ventured.

"Ah, yes. I remember them very well. I like them better farther inland — in their native element — away from the taint of the shipping interests."

"They look ugly, but you don't seem disturbed by any danger."

Headley spoke with hesitation, not that he was nervous himself, but more surprised that the other wasn't.

"Ah, no, one learns to put the thought of danger away. Danger's all in your eye."

"You have been captured?"

"I would hardly say that," Tarfan answered. "I have been taken up from time to time by the natives. It's a good life. All life is good."

It was high noon. They were hungry.

"I see a little *pueblo* ahead," Tarfan said presently. "We'll stop and get acquainted."

Headley had given himself altogether over to the moods of the other. He now expected a sort of easy magic to all that the little man undertook. Accordingly he was disturbed at the savage front presented by a group of old people at the edge of the village.

"They're certainly turned in on themselves — these savages," he said, "ingrowing affections, and all that ——"

"It would so appear," Tarfan replied, pressing past a sullen group.

They were stopped again by two old men who pointed for them to go on. Tarfan took silver from his pocket, spoke native words asking for food. They were pushed on, none the less hatefully.

"Never knew a thicker gloom, since wash-day on the *Luellen*," Headley muttered.

Tarfan shook his head. "I don't understand," he repeated.

They were similarly treated at the *pueblo* farther on. There seemed no youth or middle-aged people left in the towns, only "soft" children and senility.

"Perhaps we'd better turn back," Headley said, sorrier for Tarfan than for the rueful end of their excursion. The little man had seemed to understand life so sufficiently, calling forth something from him that the American had not known before. It seemed too bad to take it all back — too bad to let his friend sink back into the imbecile class where the sailors had placed him.

"We'll walk a little farther — try once more," Tarfan persisted. "I am sorry. I do not understand."

They came to high ground — a glorious valley before them. Ahead through rifts of the hills shone the sea. On a shelf far away in the midst of terraced lands, a huge hacienda stood, many bent natives at work in different sections. It was like a peppering of gray-white insects. Men on ponies were scattered about through the fields and trails.

"Ah," said Tarfan. "Overseers in plenty."

"Shall we head for that?" Headley asked. "Good hemp-lands, though I'm not working to-day."

"No. We might better turn back to port than head for that," Tarfan muttered.

"What do you mean? They seem tidy enough."

"I see where the youth and strength of the villages are now. They are bound out down below there. Yes, it's tidy enough, but the towns of the people are not tidy. Not so in Gaspard long ago."

It was an almost melancholy tarrying, up there in a bit of clearing, as they looked down upon the rice and tobacco and hemp-lands. Tarfan's change of mood altered everything for Headley. Gray rocks dropped out of the hillside, and the languid trees stood round about, with stringy bark sticking out in gray shreds. . . . A woman rode by, glanced at them interestedly and trotted her pony on. Headley took a fresh interest in the world, though Tarfan was queerly silent and effaced. It would have meant little to them, however, had she turned toward the hacienda, but presently, instead, her pony veered to the left and was lost in the jungle path. The two white men walked after her, turning into the deeper greens.

The house they saw at length after a few minutes following a bridle-path through the jungle, was of low rambling construction with wide verandas for chairs and hammocks. There was lawn in front with graveled paths and gorgeous tropic flowers on each side. They didn't have to knock. An elderly Malay servant appeared on the porch while they were on the lawn-path.

As they were bade to enter, Headley's uppermost thought concerned the woman who had passed them back on the trail. Would he see her again? Could this be her establishment? . . . She had met his eyes frankly. The American wasn't getting over it. An image of her was with him, when he closed his eyelids, which he often did, even now in the broad dim hall. . . . To the left a shadowy room, a huge shrouded harp; to the right, the open door of a library. The floors sloped a little from the center of the house where they had entered, and the ceilings sagged. The harp reached nearly to the warped beams. The house was very old.

MEANWHILE they followed the elderly native along the hall, to a huge living-room with two small dining-tables far to the right by a screened conservatory filled with flowers. The servant had little English, but Tarfan made up for all discrepancies, having a rather full assortment of island lingoes. Headley, listening vaguely, realized that hospitality was being offered and accepted.

His own approval at this point wasn't so keen as formerly. In the first place his mind had associated the woman with the harp, and these two had little to do with food. Headley had an appetite fixed for a native camp — a big broil or barbecue, feast-idea engendered by weeks at sea. A man couldn't carry out any thought like that in the house of a woman and a harp.

"He says it would be his great pleasure to toss up a bite for us," Tarfan reported when they were alone. "His name is Ferdinand."

The heat of the early afternoon breathed in almost imperceptibly through the leaves. The birds in the conservatory were like tufts of congested happiness even in their quiet. Tarfan commented upon the infinite variety of foliage, observing that it would be worth a man's while to have his coffee in the morning with the sun coming in through gold and bronze and green and red touched leaves.

"It's a woman's house," whispered Headley.

"Sir?"

Headley repeated.

"Do you think so?" Tarfan whispered hoarsely.

The American laughed. Here was the weak link. The little man was human after all. Cannibals had failed to frighten him; the monotony of the *Luellen's* voyage hadn't touched his serenity, but the possible presence of a woman in the house ——

"I didn't think of it," he said nervously. "Maybe it belongs to the woman we passed."

Headley made no objection to the thought. . . . A white cloth was between them now. Fruit and flowers had been brought. The door which the servants entered

They went to the porch and saw Tarfan out on the road tugging at the body of a native.

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.

Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson take to coral islands in the picture version of Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton."

The lady in the lower left hand corner who looks like a Meredith poem is Sylvia Braemer, one of J. Stuart Blackton's starlings.

And the lady at whom she is gazing is Irene Fenwick, without whom no real theatrical season is complete.

And last but not the least lovely is Wanda Hawley in the movie version of "Peg o' My Heart."

was noiseless, and in the next hour it swung to and fro almost constantly.

Coffee was before them at last, a tray of cigarettes and two or three cigars of different shapes and sizes, fresh gleaming wrappers of distinct shades, the rolls themselves soft as little cushions in their freshness. A bite had certainly been tossed up. The hour had been like a dream.

There was a tap then at the hall-door. The elderly Malay, Ferdinand, who appeared to be the master of affairs, answered quickly, admitting the woman whom they had passed on the eminence.

Both men arose.

"It isn't a square deal to bring such appetites to your house," Headley was saying. "For a while we held off, but we were so hungry." He laughed. "You see, we have been at sea for weeks and my friend, Tarfan, suggested a big fish-broil native-fashion. We couldn't manage that ——"

"I had the sense that you might be hungry when I passed," she said. "I almost asked you to come then. It was good that you found us."

Tarfan glanced at the two in a frightened way and escaped. She led Headley to the music-room and unfastened the shroud of the big golden harp.

"It's only you, miss," Headley explained. "The little man is absolutely intrepid other ways. I didn't know him rightly until this morning. We were together on shipboard for three weeks and he seemed to have nothing for anyone — took the sun at all angles on the decks, studied and fussed over his bug-boxes. . . . But to-day we came off ship together, all lamed and exhausted from monotony. Little Tarfan trotted beside me, unfolding like a sunrise. I think we wanted to reach the center of the island before sundown — as far away as possible from the shipping."

"I can understand."

"Excuse me, but you can understand anything."

Her face was quite fearless as she waited for him to explain.

"You don't know what it means to be understood," Headley said. "Why, one leans back in a kind of luxury, when he finds some one to understand. Listen, I've been down here two and one-half years. I've been in all the ports, island and mainland. I've been around as men go, but always under a pull. It's not bit. He will be thankful. Won't you play a few chords?"

"I'll play for you," she said. "I was just thinking as you spoke, how queer it is for a man to crave understanding. Don't you know that half the women in the world are using almost your words to voice the ache they feel? We all want to be understood."

There was a silence as he watched her fingers on the strings. A harp had always been half in the clouds for him. It appeared that richness and rapture were to come to this day of queer beginnings.

"This is a little thing of Cyril Scott's, called 'The Songbird,'" she was saying. "It was meant for the piano, but it does very well this way ——"

Her fingers began to coax a patter of notes from the golden strings, a random patter it seemed to Headley, but presently he leaned forward, face averted, straining toward her to pin the music in its entirety. It was the most elusive and delicate thing with a hardly perceptible theme running through — notes dripping from the strings. Their joy was cut short by the crash of a gun outside and not far off. Headley cleared his voice.

"It wasn't like a modern rifle," he said absurdly, for

Headley and the woman waited. Alcaya seemed absurdly shocked and incensed by the presence of the American

now shrank back toward the screen of foliage. Headley actually looked different since the entry of the woman — taller, fairer, younger, but as for Tarfan all lights had gone out.

The younger man smiled, adding: "And everything was so perfect. Tarfan and I felt like great men who had come home at last."

She laughed "You are American — I know by your smile and the whims of your mind."

"And you?"

"We needn't stand to talk. Shall we go to the veranda or sit here near the flowers? There's usually a breeze from this way ——"

Headley didn't choose abruptly.

"I saw the harp," he said. "There's nothing I want so much as to hear that harp."

Tarfan had come forward, the wizened face gray and thrust between them:

"Excuse me," he said hoarsely. "If you'll please excuse me, I'll go out in the brush a while — out on the lawn for a little ——"

Her hand went out to him gently, but Tarfan only that you can't speak the words you want to, but you can't use the thoughts you want to. Nothing you think of can be spoken aloud. It wasn't the sea that bothered me, it wasn't the ships. It's the minds of men, or the lack of the minds of men ——"

"But little Tarfan," she suggested in a low tone.

"Yes, though I only met him to-day. It was quite wonderful to find him. He, too, must have suffered."

"Do you think you were always as ready as to-day?"

He turned to her questioningly.

"Do you think you were always as ready as to-day?" she repeated. "You might have opened to Tarfan before."

"I'll think about that," he muttered. "Yes, I'll think of that a whole lot. Maybe I had sort of lost hope. The fact is, I didn't let Tarfan in right away."

His eyes were fixed on the harp.

"Perhaps I'd better go and get your friend," she said. "No one should be afraid of me."

"It's just *women*," he answered.

"But he was so interesting. I do wish you would let me bring him in."

Headley shook his head. "No, let him sit outside a the music had taken him far. "Sounded like a shotgun. Both barrels at once."

They went to the porch and saw Tarfan out on the road, tugging at the body of a native whose chest was heaving.

"Bring him in," the woman whispered. "Bring him in, quickly!"

Headley ran out to help. The black was an old man, his face and chest blood-spattered. Another shot rang out, and a moment later a second native sped toward them out of the jungle; running low, arms trailing forward like a monkey. He bolted past them into the house, but just in the hallway toppled backward with a crash.

Headley's consciousness seemed still to enfold the harp. He heard its jangling vibration in response to the fall of the native's body on the ancient floor. The man's limbs were jerking now in the inimitable way that means separation of life and flesh. The American didn't miss this. His face turned upward to the woman's, as he held the tumbling hand. She looked back to Tarfan, ordering the servants to carry the native to the rear of the house where she followed. [*Continued on page 34*]

More Roosevelt Conversations

—*This Month*—

Roosevelt on Prohibition

Pershing and Wood

by John J. Leary, Jr.

Roosevelt on Prohibition

COLONEL ROOSEVELT was not of those who favored the 18th Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture, importation or sale of intoxicating liquors. To his mind prohibition was certain to cause unrest and dissatisfaction; he doubted the fairness of removing the saloon without providing something to take its place in the life of the tenement dwellers; and he was inclined to think the liquor question was settling itself.

"You and I can readily recall the time," he said to me one day, "when it was not bad form for substantial men of affairs, for lawyers, doctors — professional men generally — to drink in the middle of the day. It is good form no longer, and it's not now done. It is not so long ago that practically every man in politics drank more or less, when hard drinking, if not the rule, was not the exception. Now the hard drinker, if he exists at all among the higher grade, is a survival of what you might call another day.

"Take Tammany. No one holds that up as an organization of model men, yet I am sure that were you to make a canvass of its district leaders, you would find pretty close to a majority if not an actual majority are teetotalers. Tammany no longer sends men with ability, and a weakness for liquor, to Albany.

"This, you may rest assured, is not a matter of morals. It is, however, a matter of efficiency. Tammany wants results and it is sufficiently abreast of the times to know that drink and efficiency do not go hand in hand in these days of card indexes and adding machines.

"It is the same in your profession. Not long ago most of the boys were fairly competent drinking men, some I knew were rated as extra competent by admiring, perhaps envious, colleagues. Now the drinking man, at least, the man who drinks enough to show the effects, is rare. The reason: your editors won't stand for it. As Jack Slaght put it the other day — I think it was Jack — a reporter in the old days was expected to have 'a birthday' about so often and nothing was thought of it. Now, as Slaght puts it, he is allowed but two. The first time, still quoting your friend Slaght, who at times is inclined to use plain language, he gets hell; the next time he gets fired. That is so, is it not?"

I assured him that Slaght was substantially correct.

"It's not a matter of morals there, though," (with a laugh) "I will admit you boys do not lack morals. As with Tammany, it is a question of getting results, exactly as it is with the doctor, the lawyer and the judge.

"Drinking declined, once it became an economic question, or at least as soon as it was recognized as an economic factor. It then began to be unfashionable — at least to over-drink, — and the man who never drank at all ceased to be unusual in any trade or calling.

"I am, however, sorry that they are pressing prohibition so hard at this time. It is, I think, all right, desirable, in fact, to limit or perhaps prohibit the so-called hard liquors, but it is a mistake, I think, to stop or try to stop the use of beers and the lighter wines.

"IF this thing goes through, where does the social side of life come in? We both know that a 'dry' dinner is apt to be a sad sort of affair. It will make dining a lost art.

"Likewise, I do not know how the working classes will take to the change. You and I have no need of the saloon. We have other places to go. But you and I know that the saloon fits into a very definite place in the life of the tenement dweller. I do not know what he will do without it; what substitutes the reformers think they can give him for it. I do not believe they have thought of that, or that they care much.

"When it comes, prohibition may or may not, be permanent. You may, however, be sure of one thing — it will be extremely difficult to repeal, once it becomes part of the Constitution."

Responsibility for prohibition, Colonel Roosevelt placed squarely upon the shoulders of the liquor dealers, good or bad.

"Some liquor dealers I have known," said he, "were good, well-meaning citizens, who kept decent places. Take the Oakeses, father and son, who own the Oyster Bay Inn. I should be very sorry to see them lose their license. Theirs is a clean, respectable place. Again, there is John Brosnan's place in New York. No one ever heard a complaint against John. His place has been no more offensive than if he sold dry goods.

"Frankly, I do not know what will be the outcome. Prohibition, if it comes, will cause ill-feeling and unrest — it will be a disturbing factor — but I do not look for anything really serious, for after all is said and done, the fact remains that the American workman is a law-abiding individual.

"But the John Brosnans are responsible for the plight they now find themselves in, because they have stood neutral when they did not fight to save men who ran dives. Had the Brosnans and Oakeses and men of their stamp lined up with decent citizens in closing up dives, they would have served the community and themselves. However, they did not, and the situation is as it is.

"I shall take no part in the contest one way or the other. It must be settled without me. I shall not allow it or anything else to swerve me from the work we're now in."

The "work we're now in" was the effort to speed up the War by arousing the American people to the necessity of winning a "peace with victory."

Pershing and Wood

ONE thing which annoyed Roosevelt was the public's persistence in believing that it was to him that General Leonard Wood owed his big jump in the army and to its confounding the case of Wood with that of Pershing.

"The man they are thinking of," he used to say, "is Pershing. It was he I jumped over the heads of several hundred other army officers. I'd do it again, by thunder, if the same occasion arose! Wood got his big jump from McKinley, and all I ever gave him were the promotions due him in the usual course of seniority. I've tried a hundred times to straighten this out in the public mind, but I don't suppose I'll ever succeed. The public seems to want to believe this myth.

"President McKinley gave Wood his big jump in the regular establishment, after he took him out of the Rough Riders. I gave Pershing his big jump long after I had succeeded Mr. McKinley in the White House.

"It came about in this way: Pershing was doing brilliant work in the Philippines. All the official reports showed him a man of energy and initiative, who could be depended upon to do what he was sent to do, and about whom you did not have to worry. The unofficial reports that came back squared with all this. Both left no room for doubt as to the caliber and quality of the man.

"Now about this time, the line of promotion in the army became clogged. It needed new colonels and lieutenant-colonels, but the law would not permit the appointment of men immediately below these ranks that were of the quality needed. Congress would not change the law.

"I had, however, the right to appoint brigadier-generals. I made Pershing one. Therefore, you might say that Congress, by refusing me the right to make him a colonel or lieutenant-colonel, forced me to elevate him even higher.

"Pershing at this time had one handicap. It was in the person of his esteemed father-in-law, Senator Warren of Wyoming, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. To advance Pershing above his elders, meant an invitation to charges of favoritism, or, as the army and navy sometimes put it, 'the three p's — politics, petticoats and a pull.' Not to advance him for this reason would have been cowardly and unfair. There was nothing for me to do but name him and let the heathen rage.

"After I had done so, Warren came to me and thanked me.

"I said to him, 'Senator, I am very fond of you, but this appointmnt has not been made on your account. You owe me no thanks for it. I am promoting Captain Pershing, not because he is your son-in-law, but in spite of the row [*Continued on page 67*]

Roosevelt Is Alive!

by Hermann Hagedorn

ROOSEVELT is dead, they say; and as we listen for the thunder of his voice, and listen, it seems, in vain; and cry out for his daring leadership, and cry out, it seems, in vain — it is hard not to believe that he is really dead, silenced forever, laid away forever on that quiet hill overlooking the woods and waters he loved. He was so vivid, and, wherever he was, so *near*, not to the friends only who saw him once a day or once a year, but to millions who never saw him at all, that it is hard not to believe that he has dropped utterly off this tumultuous earth of which he was so important a part.

"What's the use of reading the papers now that T. R. is gone?" said a man who had been his friend for forty years. His spirit swept through the news like a great wind. Now he is in the news no more.

"Gone? Faded out of the story,
The sea-faring friend I remember?"

It is hard not to believe it; and yet it is utterly untrue.

Roosevelt is no more dead than he ever was; no more dead than he was when he first broke on public consciousness with his denunciation of a corrupt judge, when he was twenty-three; no more dead than he was when he defied the forces of violence in Dakota and brought law and order to a turbulent frontier; no more dead than he was when he made the dream of civil service reform a living reality, when he flooded the Augean stables of the New York police force with the cleansing waters of his energy and courage, when he risked life and a great career to fight in Cuba, when he first attacked the intricate problems of modern industrial life as Governor, fought for justice at home and abroad as President, and, a private citizen once more, awoke a slumbering people and stung it into action. It was not hands or eyes or lips that for thirty-five years fought for America and the principles that have made her great; it was nothing that you can lay away and bury that battled for honesty and truth and fair dealing. It was a spirit, made visual in a certain combination of flesh and bone and blood which we came to love and cheer our heads off for, and call "T. R." That shape has vanished. The earth has it. One of these days it will be dust. We possess the better part; and no death can rob us of it.

For we have the spirit. That which was really Roosevelt endures and will endure. You cannot bring it low with fever, you cannot beat it down with clubs. It lives in the hearts of millions. Strangely and wonderfully it works. Fathers of children feel the stirrings of it, and are truer and kindlier [*Continued on page 67*]

The Brunswick

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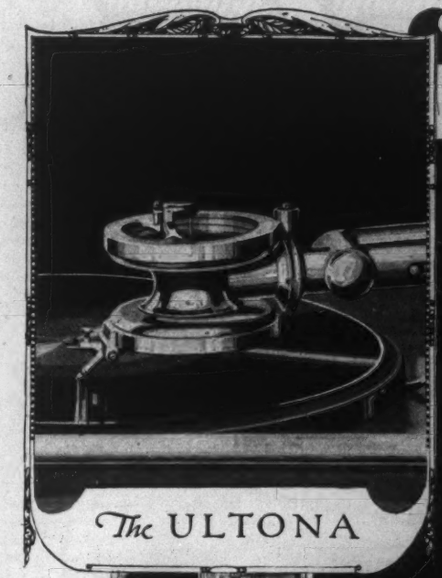

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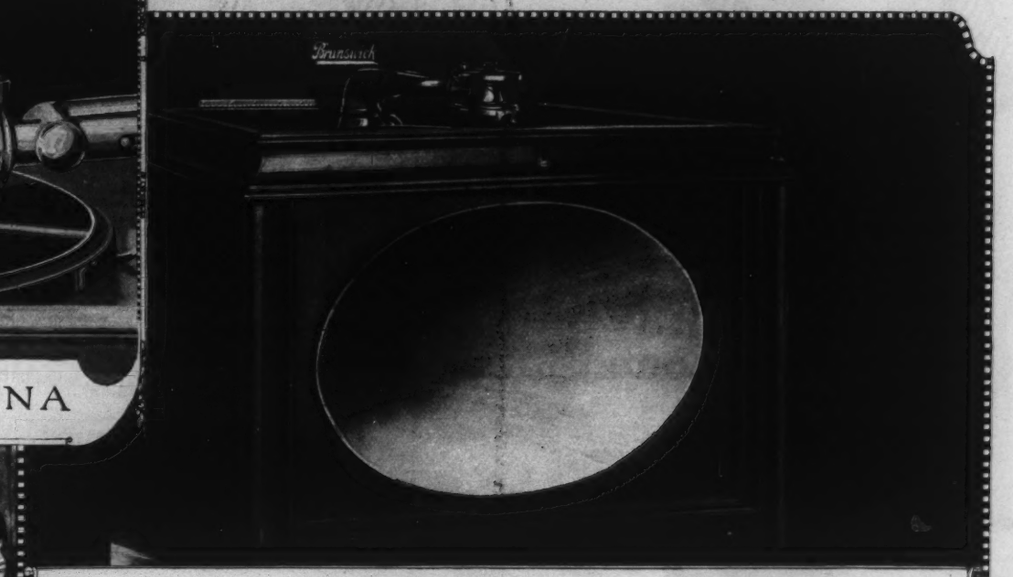

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The Ultona is a scientific creation which enables one to play all records with faithful regard for the requirements of each make. It is not in any sense a combination contrivance, but involves a fundamental principle of sound reproduction.

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The Tone Amplifier

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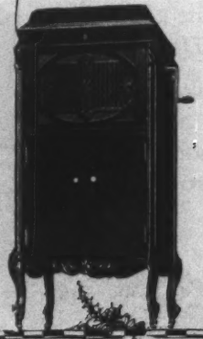

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COUGH DROPS

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You remember how that pleasant mixture of honey, horehound, menthol and sugar soothed your throat, cut the cough and chased the cold last Winter, don't you?

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"Making the World Sweeter"

The Sweets Company of America Inc. New York

The Man Who Wouldn't Make Friends

[*Continued from page 10*]

neighbors — that is, they fear that the neighbors they do not know might become a nuisance on closer association. Even when they became so prosperous that they lived in an apartment which cost a fortune in rent, annually, the Sampsons continued to avoid contact with the people with whom they rode day after day in the same elevator.

Later on they moved to the suburbs. There were a number of reasons for this. Mrs. Sampson desired to have a bit of ground about them on account of the children, but that was only part of her motive. There came a wistful look in her face when she thought of living among people and knowing them and being liked by them. Sampson was willing to live in the suburbs if his wife thought it was the best thing for the children, but there was another reason that to him made such a move seem desirable. He knew where he could buy a pretentious place at a bargain, and he believed that owning it would give him a certain amount of added prestige in his business. So they bought the place in the suburbs.

"I believe we have a nice lot of neighbors," remarked Mrs. Sampson, one evening, after they had been living there a short time. "They all seem to take a great interest in the appearance of their places, and there is laughter and conversation on the front porches."

"Yes, probably," conceded Sampson, "but be careful about them, or they'll become so intimate and agreeable that they'll be dropping in pleasantly to borrow everything from the lawn-mower to the automobile."

"Really, I wouldn't mind that," murmured his wife, the wistful look coming into her face, "if only we *knew* people and could count them as our friends. I would like to become enough identified with some community to feel that the neighbors would genuinely miss us if we went away. As it is now I don't suppose there is anybody anywhere, aside from the children, to whom we are really *necessary*."

"If I didn't stick pretty close to my job my business associates would soon see whether I'm necessary to them or not," commented Sampson.

"I know that, Jerome. You're necessary to them in a business way. But do they love to have you around? Are they glad it's you who know how to conduct their business deals rather than somebody else? Do they feel that life is fuller and happier for them because of knowing you?"

It was the first time in their years together that she had spoken to him in just that way, and it did not please him.

"I don't happen to have taken up the occupation of making everybody stuck on me," he declared.

"I've been wondering, though," interposed Mrs. Sampson, "if business success isn't pretty hollow if in the end it doesn't bring one friends. If being in business on a big scale prevents one from getting joy out of knowing his neighbors, then business must be an obstacle to making the most of life."

Sampson just grunted tolerantly.

"Yes," put in Sampson, "and the minute you know them much better outside of business, you can no longer carry on negotiations with them on a strictly business basis."

The difficulty was that Sampson looked on business in much the same way that a lot of people regard their religion — as something so vital and important that a man should take a certain amount of satisfaction in being made miserable by it. No matter how unhappy he or his family were on account of his business interests, he felt that he was doing his full duty. He gloried in making himself a slave to his business and in bowing down to it in a kind of idolatrous worshipfulness. Consequently he was not easily reached by his wife's arguments in favor of seeking happiness as the ultimate goal. He thought that people who merely tried to be happy instead of successful in the eyes of the world were purposeless souls whose ideas and opinions were not worth considering.

He noticed one day that his wife had been taking two elderly women in their neighborhood motoring.

"They are two poor souls, one an invalid who never gets out to see anything, and it gives me pleasure to be of service to them," she told him.

"That's very nice of you and I have no objections," he said, "but be careful that they don't try to 'work' you."

He frequently cautioned his son to be careful, in his relations with his fellows, not to let them borrow money from him or otherwise impose upon his natural generosity and good nature.

To give another man more than he gives in return, Sampson thought, is an act of stupidity.

One evening Mrs. Sampson mentioned that their twentieth wedding anniversary was approaching and that it might be pleasant to have a little home dinner in celebration of the event. Who should they ask in for the dinner? Mere acquaintances would not do. In celebrating twenty years of life together a couple want people about them who would go out of their way to share either joy or sorrow. Then it was that the realization came to them. The Sampsons actually didn't know any such people. They had been living all these years and had missed one of life's finest possessions—friends.

"I hope when we have our silver wedding five years from now, we'll have a collection of friends that we really belong to," remarked Mrs. Sampson. But their silver wedding anniversary was never celebrated. For Mrs. Sampson died a year or two prior to that date.

After attempting to keep house with servants, Sampson abandoned the idea of combating his loneliness in the home surroundings and went to live at a so-called exclusive club. It was a high-priced, luxurious club, and he had every creature comfort, but among the other dwellers in the big stone building there was no one to whom he could unburden his mind and tell how he had come to feel. He had waited too long to seek friends, and, furthermore, he still had an idea that if he should ever speak that intimately to any one he would be certain later to regret it. The man whom he made his confidant would probably drop in at his office some day and try to sell him something at too high a price, or ask a favor that it would be embarrassing to refuse.

Sampson dictated a letter one morning to a relative who was seeking a small loan to tide him over an emergency, due to an illness in his family. In refusing the loan Sampson explained that it wasn't on account of the money, but because to lend money without proper security would be altogether unbusinesslike. The letter was worded so unsympathetically that it got on the nerves of the young woman stenographer who typed it. She decided that the atmosphere of Sampson's office was too cold-bloodedly businesslike, and she determined to accept an offer from another concern. The head accountant, who knew much of Sampson's unfeeling methods, heard of the little stenographer's reason for changing jobs and he said to himself:

"The atmosphere here depressed her. That is why I am depressed so much of the time, and I never realized it." A month later he, too, got another job.

Two or three of his assistants later joined him. Those inroads into the Sampson organization seemed to start a kind of epidemic. Within three months a wizard of a sales manager went to a rival corporation. That same year it became whispered about in business circles that the Sampson organization was slipping.

There came a time when a few staunch business friends could have tided him over a critical period, but having consecrated his life to avoiding such friends, he had to stand the consequences. The real control of his business passed into other hands. Nominally he is still the head of big enterprises; but he is simply a powerless, friendless, unimportant figure, — a failure. Even his fortune has shrunk until it is a mere trifle compared with the possessions of other men who have led happy, contented lives. In short, he has neither mental nor material gains to show for his years of slavish addiction to *business over-all*.

If he could foresee how brief a notice he will get in the papers when he dies he would be astonished.

When his funeral procession passes, the few who remark about it at all will merely inquire,—

"Whose is it?"

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Tarfan — *Continued from page 29*

Headley was left alone with the younger islander, now all but still. He thought of the terraced fields and the hacienda — the great still slope of intense ordered activity. . . . This wound was from a rifle ball. The man had run some distance with such a wound in the center of his back. . . . It was spoiling the carpet. Headley looked closer. The native's back was ridged and blackened as if from a heavy whip.

Servants carried the body away. Headley joined Tarfan and the woman in the dining-room. The wizened face looked up from the wounded one.

"As near as I can learn, it was all about a few leaves of tobacco these fellows took. The one in there was this man's son. This man they punished first. They whipped him until the son interfered; then they both got it until in frenzy they broke away. The overseers followed on horses. We saw the end of it. It's as we thought, Headley, the plantation is lying heavy on the island."

Headley now noticed a peculiar thing. A shotgun had not been used after all. What he had supposed was scattered shot, was the spatter of blood from a beating of unimaginable cruelty. The old man had taken much more punishment than his son.

They heard the sound of horses from the road. The woman hurried from the room, Headley following. A young Portuguese spurred up, a rifle across his arm. Seeing the woman, he dismounted and bowed with a sweep of his wide hat.

The woman stood silent while he spoke — a language which Headley could not follow. She answered quietly. The Portuguese bowed again, turned his pony back toward the highway and stood waiting.

"He demands the two field-hands," the woman said. "I told him he could have the dead one, but that we would keep the other."

"What is he going to do about it?" Headley asked appreciatively.

"He will wait for his Chief to come."

"You mean to hold out against the hacienda?"

"The man came to me seeking sanctuary. Yes, they will have to take me, too, if he comes."

"Can't I get in on that?"

She turned to him quickly. "If you go now, they may not count you in our feud. This is not a new trouble," she added hastily. "Once I, too, lived in the hacienda. It was my uncle's property. When he died he left all management to Alcaya, his Portuguese partner, who became my guardian. It was terrible, the change that came over Alcaya with authority. He will soon come here. You had better leave now."

"But I must hear the rest of that young Englishman's composition — 'The Songbird—'" Headley said, a faint smile tucked away in his cheek. She caught the look and swiftly touched his hand, as she glanced into his face.

"Oh, listen. It may mean your life and your friend's."

"I hadn't thought of Tarfan," Headley said. . . . "Oh, I say, Tarfan!" he called.

The little man appeared.

"Let the servants take care of your patient for a minute, Tarfan. We're called to go, or stay here. Our hostess needs help. She knows them over there at the hacienda, too. They are coming to carry away the wounded old man. She ventures that they mustn't."

"She is right," Tarfan said with slow studious look. "If that is all, I will go back. He needs me. The old man is suffering ——"

"By all means, Nurse ——"

IT was one of the best moments Headley had lived. A gust of delight came up from his chest, stopping his throat for a second.

The woman's eyes turned to the road.

"It isn't for me," she said slowly. "I would not let you stay *for me!* But it's a battle against untellable cruelty and oppression. It's a fight for all the islanders on Gaspard — a fight for the soul of the island. I think you were sent just at this time."

"What is your name?" Headley asked.

"Estelle Long."

"Yet, if you don't mind, I'd like to feel that part of the fight was for you ——"

She laughed, a most revealing laugh.

The sound of horses again. Three mounted men rode up the lawn-drive. Two of them were young swashbucklers, like the first, dressed in the inevitable dingy brown, with leggings and spurs and broad hats. The third, a huge-bodied Portuguese, rode ahead. After a minute's consultation with the first rider, this leader came forward on foot to where Headley and the woman waited.

"That's Alcaya — my uncle's partner," she whispered.

"I say," Headley answered, without turning, "have you any shooting-irons about?"

"Yes. Speak to Ferdinand."

Headley lingered a moment. Alcaya, even at a distance, seemed absurdly shocked and incensed by the presence of a strange American.

HEADLEY ascertained from Ferdinand that three rifles and some small pieces were in readiness. At the front door again, a moment later, he heard Miss Long repeat to Alcaya that she meant to resist his taking the natives.

"You know what you're doing, Sen' Estelle?" The planter asked in English.

"Yes."

"It may mean final destruction of your interest in the property. I must run the plantation in my own way ——"

"The old wrangle," she said bitterly, "the same blood upon all the gains."

"I have permitted you to leave the hacienda, permitted you to live here, even arranged for your protection ——"

The woman laughed.

"I am ready to continue to serve you, and make exact ——"

"I have never questioned your accounting — only your cruelty," she said.

"I have questioned only your right to criticize my handling of island affairs."

"You are the black plague of Gaspard. You are the natives' horror. I know what you are going to say ——"

He raised a hand. "My work stands — the fairest and most prosperous plantation in the Archipelago."

"At what price?" she asked.

"Let us have no further words," he added with dignity, "I have come for the two field-hands. Are you ready to bring them out or shall we be compelled to take them from your house?"

For answer she stepped back from the doorway preparing to shut it, her hand raised.

"You know what that means?" Alcaya continued.

She didn't answer. Her face was very white. Headley stood near, but didn't touch the door. Her hand trembled, as she raised it.

"Good red war is the only way for an island clean-up," he whispered. "I saw the native villages. Tarfan knew what was wrong before I did ——"

"But others will fall — like those in there! There will be many dead."

"Why, Miss Long," he spoke quietly. "You would have opened this box of hostilities even if we hadn't come. I know you ——"

The door clicked shut.

They stood close together in silence in the shadowy hall. Each saw something more in the other for the passage of the last few seconds. Her face was momentarily more revealing. She had become a little breathless just now under his watching eyes. Queer embarrassment crept over him. . . . A sound from Alcaya outside again; then the slow steady steps to the gravel.

"This day looks better and better to me," Headley remarked.

"I couldn't have done it, if you hadn't come."

"Let me get this straight," he added. "You say it was your uncle's plantation and this man was his partner?"

"He was the overseer — a perfect manager — so valuable that my uncle gave him a large share after many years of service. My uncle's death happened abruptly. All my affairs and of the plantation fell to Alcaya. Power poisoned him."

"You think he's straight with your affairs?"

"I don't know. There always seems to be plenty. It is the whip, the slavery — his iron hand that drove me from the hacienda."

Headley was silent a moment before asking: "Have you any idea what he will do next and how soon?"

"He will come with an armed force and take away the wounded man. I think he will only stay away long enough to gather his party together. To him a runaway slave is — *mad dog.*"

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The most welcome cereal dish—the most delightful—is a Puffed Grain served in some way.

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Girls use Puffed Rice in candy making and as garnish on ice cream.

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But the greatest dish is airy Puffed Wheat floated in bowls of milk. It makes the milk dish a delight.

And whole wheat with milk, as you know, combines all foods in one.

At Playtime
Corn Puffs crisped and buttered to eat like salted peanuts. They are food confections.

At Night
Puffed Wheat in milk. A whole-wheat dish so flaky and flavory that children revel in it.

Puffed Wheat
—
Puffed Rice
—
Corn Puffs
And Now a Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

* * * * * *

Like Pancakes Made With Nuts

Now we make a Puffed Rice Pancake Flour—an ideal mixture based on Puffed Rice ground. You have never tasted pancakes so fluffy and so nut-like. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. Get a package now.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers 3224

"We'd better see that Tarfan understands all this," Headley said.

They were back in the living-room — the little orchid-hunter still faithful to his charge.

"I've found an old friend," he said breezily. "I wasn't sure till he came to. He's going to live. Yes, he's going to live," he added in lingo, for the patient's benefit. "This is an old-timer, Mr. Headley; I knew him many years ago. We have smoked and rambled together. He says he was whipped by Alcaya once before, — salt sprinkled on his back. He says he will never be whipped again. He has spoken."

Headley glanced at the tortured face of the old islander. It was rigid, terrible in irrevocableness, something actually frightening about it,.

"He says if he could get the leaves of the Paloman burr and place them bruised upon his wounds it would ——"

Tarfan made a pretense of seeing the woman for the first time. He arose quickly. "I think I'll go into the bush. I think I'll go and find the Paloman burr."

"But Tarfan, — " Headley said.

The little man listened nervously while the situation was explained to him. He seemed to understand it in a deeper way than either Headley or the woman. "Yes, it will all be well," he kept saying. "All that will take care of itself. . . . Yes, I will watch. . . . Yes, there is time."

Many moments passed, an hour, an hour and a half. Alcaya hadn't come with men from the plantation, but what was harder to understand was Tarfan's absence.

"I don't like it, quite," Headley said. "It isn't his way. He seems altogether too high a chap to miss a chance of helping us. His old friend in there says he will come, though!"

The sunlight was mellower, shadows upon the lawn. Their eyes often turned from each other to the windows. . . . She told him that all but two years of her life had been spent on Gaspard. She had been to America in the interval. During the early years her father had arranged for different teachers to come to Gaspard. . . .

Headley confessed that he knew something of hemp, that hemp apparently was his quest and reason for being, that the world needed hemp and he was one of its procurers — no island interest too small to look up.

"But you don't seem like — like a buyer among the islands ——"

"I thank you for that — I appreciate that," he said.

"I saw you pick up a rifle in the other room and look it over."

He waited for her to go on, not helping.

"You didn't handle it like an island trader. In fact, as if you knew more about rifles than buying and selling hemp ——"

Headley laughed. "I've wasted a lot of time learning how to play," he said. "You know what the old philosopher said about playing billiards too well, — that it indicated a wasted youth!"

Ponies were now heard again on the trail. Headley and the woman glanced at each other quickly. Each felt more ready. Old Alcaya was outside with a party of five assistants. He came forward along the driveway, without dismounting.

"Shall I speak to him?" Headley asked.

"No, not yet."

Miss Long opened the front door and stood in the aperture.

"Have you come to think differently, Sen' Estelle?"

She shook her head.

"I am sorry," answered Alcaya.

Slowly he turned in his saddle and raised a hand. One of the Portuguese spurred back toward the jungle. The other four came forward.

AT this moment the woman was drawn quickly, but not roughly within, and Headley stood in her place, a rifle held loosely in his hands. One of the young men with Alcaya had the bad judgment just now to reach for a pistol. Headley's rifle cracked and the Portuguese finished drawing his gun as he fell. The American's voice called out to the party:

"I didn't come down here to make a hole in the Portuguese population, but I'm caught up and ready for extra work. . . . Look out!"

Headley had fired again. The stealthiest possible movement on the part of another assistant who thought his hand was concealed behind Alcaya's body, was responsible. The bullet must have passed very close to the old man, as it sped to the shoulder of the man behind him. This one didn't drop from the saddle. Alcaya spoke—a shake in his voice "It is only for the present. You may command a little party with a drawn rifle, but already my niggers are around the hacienda."

"We'll get to them as they come," Headley said lightly. "We do not anticipate."

Alcaya turned. The fallen man was being assisted to his saddle. The little party moved away. Headley followed the woman in.

"I *was* so glad," she said breathlessly. "I was so glad to see that he could get up!"

"There are a lot of spare rooms in a man's body where a bit of steel only means a few days' rest."

"But it is as Alcaya says. They will come again. They have hundreds of field-hands."

"I wonder what's keeping Tarfan?" Headley muttered.

SHE came very close and looked up at him. Back of the pallor and the strain, he saw a strange emotion.

"No," she said quietly. "It wasn't the hemp-buyer out there on the veranda. . . . But I am afraid for *you!* I can't see where we have the slightest chance. . . . Then again — Mr. Headley — when I look at you, it seems — it seems the impossible might happen."

"Sit down a minute," he answered. "I had been thinking a whole lot hopeless like that. I can't tell it as you did, but a feeling came over me just now, that all a man needed was a few pebbles from the brook — and a woman like you back of him."

"But — but *you* must not slay Goliath ——"

"There isn't always time for marksmanship, Miss Long. However, as you say, the *impossible* for us."

"Can't I get you something?" she pleaded. " — glass of wine or water? . . . You know I have been so sorry that I didn't appear earlier when you came, — that I let old Ferdinand attend to your service. I didn't know *who* had come."

"I couldn't have stood it all at once. The dinner progressed gradually to spare our feelings."

Night had fallen. Tarfan's friend, the old islander, raised himself with great effort. He had lain still for hours on the pillow, his black eyes restless and watchful. Headley and the woman stood near, but he did not appear conscious of them.

"He seems to be listening," she whispered.

The intensity of his straining forced them to stillness, but no sound came from without.

"I wonder if he can hear anything we miss," Headley muttered, watching the Malay. The old man's lips moved at last and Ferdinand was called.

"Does he hear any sounds from the jungle?" the woman questioned.

Ferdinand confessed he had not preserved sufficient delicacy of senses; accordingly he could not verify.

"Ask him about Tarfan," Headley suggested.

Ferdinand placed a hand upon the islander's bandaged shoulder and awaited his attention. There was a gleam in the old man's eyes presently and he spoke in his own way, the meaning unmistakable:

"He will come."

Headley and Miss Long tried supper together but the strain of waiting grew heavier. As they were about to give up, Ferdinand led them to the veranda. Over the jungle and beyond toward the plantation, a bright red glare wavered in the sky. The two were silent for a moment; then it was the American who spoke:

"I begin to see what keeps Tarfan. Alcaya has been too busy to attend to us. If you'll stay here a minute, I'll hurry out to the main road that overlooks the valley ——"

"I will go, too," she said.

Headley laughed hesitatingly. "I only want to be sure ——".

"I want to be sure, too," she answered.

For three minutes they hurried along the bridle-path in the jungle, until they reached the main road. There was no need to climb the eminence. The whole cultivated valley was in the glow of the flaming hacienda. Headley did not speak as they stood together. In a sense he felt it strangely, because this was the woman's property, her granaries and warehouses, that were being destroyed. . . . A kind of awe came over him for Tarfan — blooms and butterflies and Rossetti's sonnets! . . . Miss Long's hand pressed his wrist as the drumming of ponies' hoofs reached them.

"We'd better get back," he whispered. "They may be coming this way."

Toward the end Headley hurried his companion to a run. There was no question of the direction of the riders now, for the first was at hand by the

[*Continued on page 39*]

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SYSTEM

time they reached the gravel again. The pony galloped past to the very steps, but it was not until the front door opened and light streamed out, that they saw the heavy body of Alcaya rise from the ground where he had fallen in dismounting. The Portuguese was helped up between them. A dozen natives on plantation ponies were already at the front. Headley rushed the woman in and pulled the planter after her, shutting the door. The latter could not speak. He stood queerly altered in the lamplight, his knees giving way. They heard now the voices of the natives outside, demanding Alcaya's life.

He listened dully. His tongue was blue and swollen as it passed across ashen lips. The eyes had the pathos of the aged and the chaos of a broken spirit in them.

'You won't let them take me, Sen' Estelle!"

Headley watched the woman over the broad lean shoulder of the Portuguese.

Miss Long was inclined to protect her old enemy. Headley wasn't sorry for that. The voices outside were higher. There seemed a certain restraint or regard for the woman on the part of the natives, but they would not be stayed long. Alcaya was quavering:

"You speak to them. They always loved you, Sen' Estelle."

She glanced over his shoulder, her eyes finding Headley's now. The American never knew if he nodded or not, but there was something untellable in the look that passed between them. Miss Long beckoned to Ferdinand to open the door. . . . At that instant Headley's eyes were called to the right.

In the dimness of the hall toward the living-room — an apparition, hideous in its concentration! It was Tarfan's friend, the old islander — moving toward Alcaya.

The face of the planter turned from the woman. The wide loose mouth opened with a scream. It was like the scream of a horse, which a man cannot easily endure more than once or twice. To Headley the place became now like the underworld of an evil dream — these two suddenly in deadlock — the black man silent, Alcaya disintegrating with horrible sounds. . . .

THE American had taken the woman into the far dark corner of the room of the harp. The two on the floor required much space. The horror could not have been intensified, with the cries outside, native hands upon the door, not yet opened, native faces at the window. Headley, in the half dark, heard the woman's vague words:

"Can't — you — get — them — apart?"

"I will try," he said queerly.

The American didn't get to that task. He never knew how the door opened. It was not broken down, but just as he turned to thrust himself between the two on the floor, the door swung wide and the rush of natives was on. Headley actually tried to keep the long knives from dipping into Alcaya's body, but he couldn't see clearly and was pulled back from behind. The thought was in his mind that it might be more merciful if he did not hinder the natives now. The pair was still locked. He heard the old islander's voice demanding the natives to leave Alcaya to him; he heard the cries of the planter weaker and weaker.

The *mêlée* was now in the harp-room. Headley ran to draw the big instrument back out of the way. He had only turned for a moment, but both Alcaya and his adversary were whipped up from the floor and carried out by the native crowd. The hall was strangely vacant and becoming still.

An hour later there was a step outside on the gravel. Miss Long and the American were standing near the harp. They waited for the step to approach, but instead came a queer whistle and a call:

"Oh, I say, Mr. Headley!"

The woman was first to the door — "Please, won't you come in?" she called.

The voice answered distantly, "Not just now, miss. Is Mr. Headley there?"

The American was laughing over her shoulder. "Come on in, Tarfan! I want to see you in the light," he said.

"I just came to set you straight about myself, Mr. Headley, so you wouldn't worry. I am camping out with a party of friends up the hill — friends of the Old One. Things are not so bad as they looked this morning."

Headley crossed the veranda and ran down the steps in uncontrollable mirth. He caught the little man and pressed the wizened face up to his.

"Not so bad as they looked," he repeated.

"No, a whole lot rosier, Mr. Headley."

"I see that, Tarfan, you fire-eater. Why, Tarfan, you're not an orchid-hunter; you're a revolutionist ——"

"That was a mistake about the natives not giving us a welcome this morning ——"

HEADLEY laughed aloud. "You can't go yet. You've got to tell me. How did you start an insurrection in such short order?"

The little man squirmed. "It wasn't I, Mr. Headley. I merely carried a message from my old friend — the Old One. He's the real chief of the natives around here. He gave me the word to take to his men — that *they* had killed his son and that it was time to fight back."

"And what about old Alcaya?"

"He belongs to the Old One. Some of the natives hurt him before they understood, but he's all right now."

"Out of his misery, you mean. Come in and tell us all."

"Oh, no, I never could bide in a house. You belong there, but friends of the Old One are waiting for me up on the hill — a little supper up there, Mr. Headley — some fowls roasted in the ground ——"

Headley released him, and the words came back with a kind of scurrying sound from down the gravel walk:

"You and I understand, Mr. Headley. "We'll get together again after the party — deeper in the island — we'll talk again."

The American stood silently a moment looking into the dark, where Tarfan had disappeared. . . . A hand touched his and he turned with a laugh.

"I must be leaving, too," he said.

"Not now — not to-night! . . . Ferdinand is here, and the servants. I could have a guest ——"

"That's good of you, but I think I'll go out and find Tarfan to-night, and to-morrow I'll go down to the ship ——"

"But ——"

"It's been a full day, Miss Long. I must get it all straightened out. I have been doing things on whims for a long time. This can't be done that way."

Her face was white in the darkness, but he saw her smile.

"I think — I think I understand."

"I can't stay, yet — because it's the one thing I want to do most!"

She didn't answer.

"There isn't even an excuse for me to stay to help you, because everything is quiet now. You know I've got to get away — in order to come back ——"

"Yes —" she said presently.

"Do you understand that you have given me an altogether new picture of myself — that I have to make good on that before I can come back?"

"I will wait ——"

He stepped back, suddenly ignited.

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes ——"

"And are you free ——"

She laughed and turned, but he caught her arm.

"Not free — when one has promised to wait ——"

"You make it terrible to go," he said at last, "but all the more imperative. . . . I don't know how long, but I need to see the world with these new eyes. Why, I think I can even see — the virtues in hemp ——"

"But the harp!" she whispered.

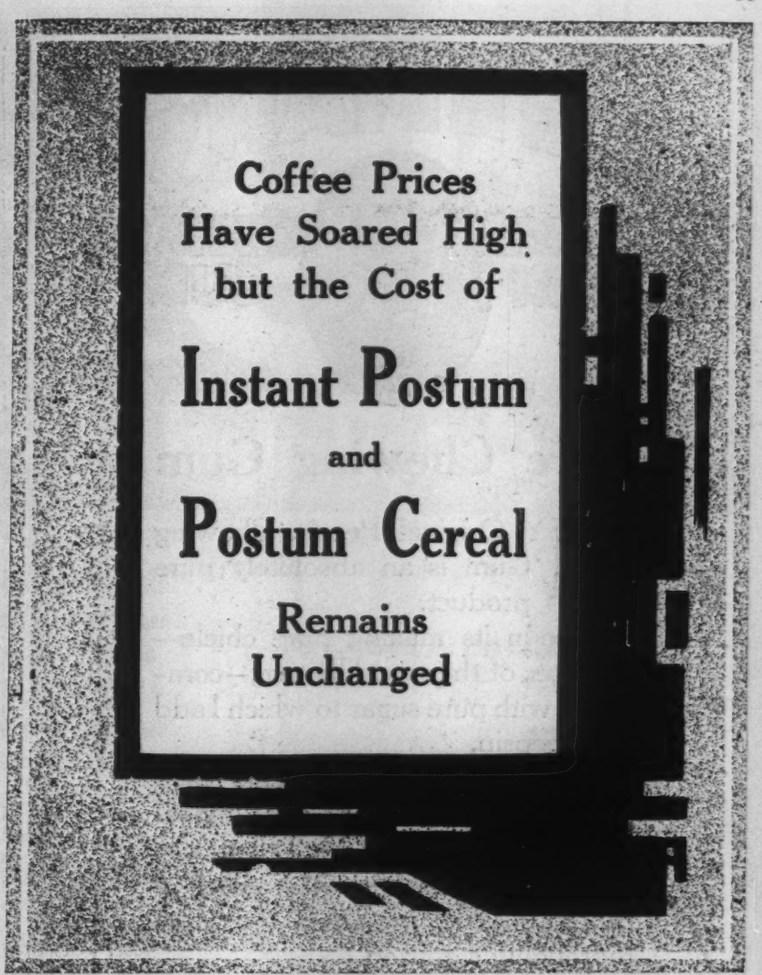
He bent toward her an instant longer. "If you were to play to me now, I'd take you and never let you — go! Good-bye. But I'm coming back! . . . Good-night."

He ran down the graveled walk, calling to Tarfan.

Coming in December

"The Bomb" — by Richard Washburn Child

"DON'T throw it!" cries the man in this story when he sees the anarchist ready to launch death at him. Just coolly like that — "Don't throw it!" That's what we in America must say to-day when hideous foreign chaos is aimed at us. It's a question of who can keep the coolest head. However, "The Bomb" is pure fiction. Be sure to read it.



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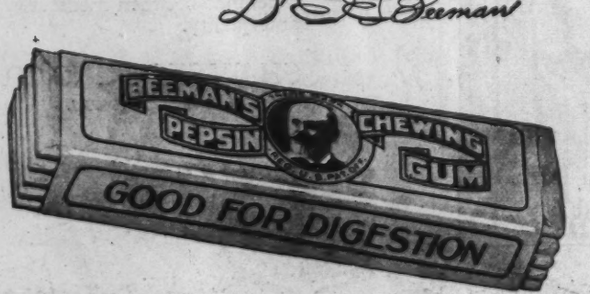
D. E. Beeman



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
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Uncle Sam Talks on Peace Brides

[*Continued from page 15*]

didn't satisfy me. I worked out the "natural guide method," which is so simple that men who know nothing about butchering learn it in eight weeks. It is really a separation rather than a cutting process. The quarters of beef, for instance, are divided into major parts and boned by following the natural separations between muscles, tissues and bones. Every ounce of meat is utilized, and what is more, many more choice cuts are obtained. At least three per cent. of the meat is saved. Beef, cut or separated and boned according to my method, was encased in burlap and placed in refrigerator cars for overseas shipment. I saved about thirty-two per cent. in storage space in that way. As late as February, 1919, an order was received from Pershing for 1,000,000 pounds of this boneless, packed, frozen beef. I had it shipped in three different kinds of packages. In one package there were steaks, including loins, tenderloins, sirloins, roundsteaks, and shoulder steaks; in another were roasts; in the third stew meat. Can't you see how much handling was saved?

New Methods for the Butcher

I wonder if the packing houses will keep on cutting up meat in my way — the army way. Why should a butcher cut and trim meat at all in his shop, wasting not only fat and bone, but his time and the time of his waiting customer? Why shouldn't he buy his meat from the packing house already cut and trimmed according to my natural guide method? If you want a three-pound steak he ought to be able to take from his ice-box the very porterhouse that you want, just as easily as the grocer takes down a package of cereal from his shelf. I suppose this is too revolutionary for a conservative industry. But the little retail butcher — why shouldn't he learn my natural guide method? It means dollars and cents to him.

Shipping leads to warehousing. The War made me the greatest warehouse expert in the world. You think that you know how to store goods? Come with me to one of the army stores. Look at these automobiles. I stand them on end and hang them on the ceiling. Please note that I save seventy per cent. by baling everything that I can. Why do I store everything on platforms a few inches from the floor? So that I can run a small truck under the platform. See, the truck has a device for lifting the goods. That enables me to trundle off a whole stack of boxes without ever touching it with the hand. You ought to use the system in your own factory stock-room.

How I was pressed and harried during all those terrible months! That poster "For God's sake, hurry up" bothered me especially when it came to supplying airplanes for the army. You will understand why when I tell you that it takes from one to two years to season the spruce of which the wing frames of a flying machine are fashioned. Two years! Why, I couldn't wait even months. I simply had to find a way of saving time. I took off my coat and went right into the laboratory. If I do say it myself I revolutionized seasoning. Adopt my kiln-drying process (I'll tell you all about it if you will write to me) and you will dry spruce in not more than forty days and possibly twenty. What is more, the seasoned stock will be better than the air-dried. Other woods can also be seasoned by my quick war process. There is no longer any good reason why a manufacturer should invest several hundred thousand dollars in lumber and wait years for it to season. Let him use his money in his business. My war kiln-drying process releases it. Oak wagon stock, for example — why wait two years to season it? I dry it with better results in one hundred days. If you are a wagon-maker you ought to look into this. Boxes for shipping heavy machinery are usually made of white pine. Is there no other wood as good for the purpose? I made a study of timber and found that no less than thirty species of trees are as good and even better than white pine. Where is the man who will profit by this investigation? Shovel handles are made of hickory as a rule. Why such an expensive wood? I discovered that seven species of wood are just as serviceable as hickory. Are the shovel makers going to ignore all this?

The Need of Haste

"For God's sake, hurry up" — I couldn't forget it. What *did* I do to hurry up? I saw to it that short-cuts were invented. It used to take ten days to cut, cook, cure, pack, and label corned beef. I had the work done in ten hours — yes, ten hours — by a new method. One of the big packing houses will keep on corning beef by that method. I could not wait to have steel powder containers welded in the old way; it took from fifteen to twenty minutes. "Do it faster," I said to the container-maker. And he did. He evolved a method of welding containers with three oxy-acetylene flames. The machine carrying the torches automatically travels along a track and welds the seam of a cylinder six feet long. Thus the work is done in three minutes instead of twenty. I don't think that big steel containers of any kind will ever be welded again by the old method in that shop.

Was it the high prices that had to be paid for labor, or was it my demand for quick deliveries that resulted in the nation-wide introduction of labor-saving and time-saving methods? I'm sure I don' know. But I wish that you could see as I saw the marvels that were accomplished. You would be prouder than ever of our American ingenuity and energy. The scientific managers of factories had made notable strides in the ten years that preceded the War, but I know that in the last two years we made more progress in conserving human effort than in the previous ten.

Excuse me while I get my spectacles. I want to read a few extracts to you from reports in the Quartermaster General's office. Ah, here's one. Listen to this from a manufacturer of clothing who had to shrink square miles of cloth for uniforms:

> "In peace time, textiles were placed between wet blankets and left over night. The Government's need of space caused us to erect tanks filled with warm water through which the materials were run."

Well, sir, that plant increased its production fifty per cent. Do you think it is likely to go back to the old system?

Here's another one:

> "We worked out a new process of machine-soldering button-backs to take the place of the old blowpipe method and increased our production three hundred per cent."

It took the War to wake that man up. There are literally thousands like him.

Let me read you this one:

> "Increased the size of the plant and purchased two large continuous dyeing machines, turning out 15,000 yards per day.

The old machines, I may say in passing, produced only one thousand yards per day. He goes on to say:

> "The goods entered one end of the machine and came out at the other end, having passed through three processes, whereas the old method involved three distinct processes."

How's that for efficiency?

I could cite hundreds of examples to show what the business man learned from the War. One large tent-manufacturing firm thanks me for having taught it to cut canvas so that two and one-half yards were saved for each tent made. What waste there must have been before I went into the manufacturing business. Some of these manufacturers must have grown fat and lazy in peace. How else can you explain this, which comes from a knit-goods maker:

> "We installed a seven-inch cap machine and had the cylinder cut with the number of needles required instead of using our large sweater machine for this purpose (manufacturing caps). By adopting this method our yarn guides traveled over less space and the machines were driven faster, doubling production."

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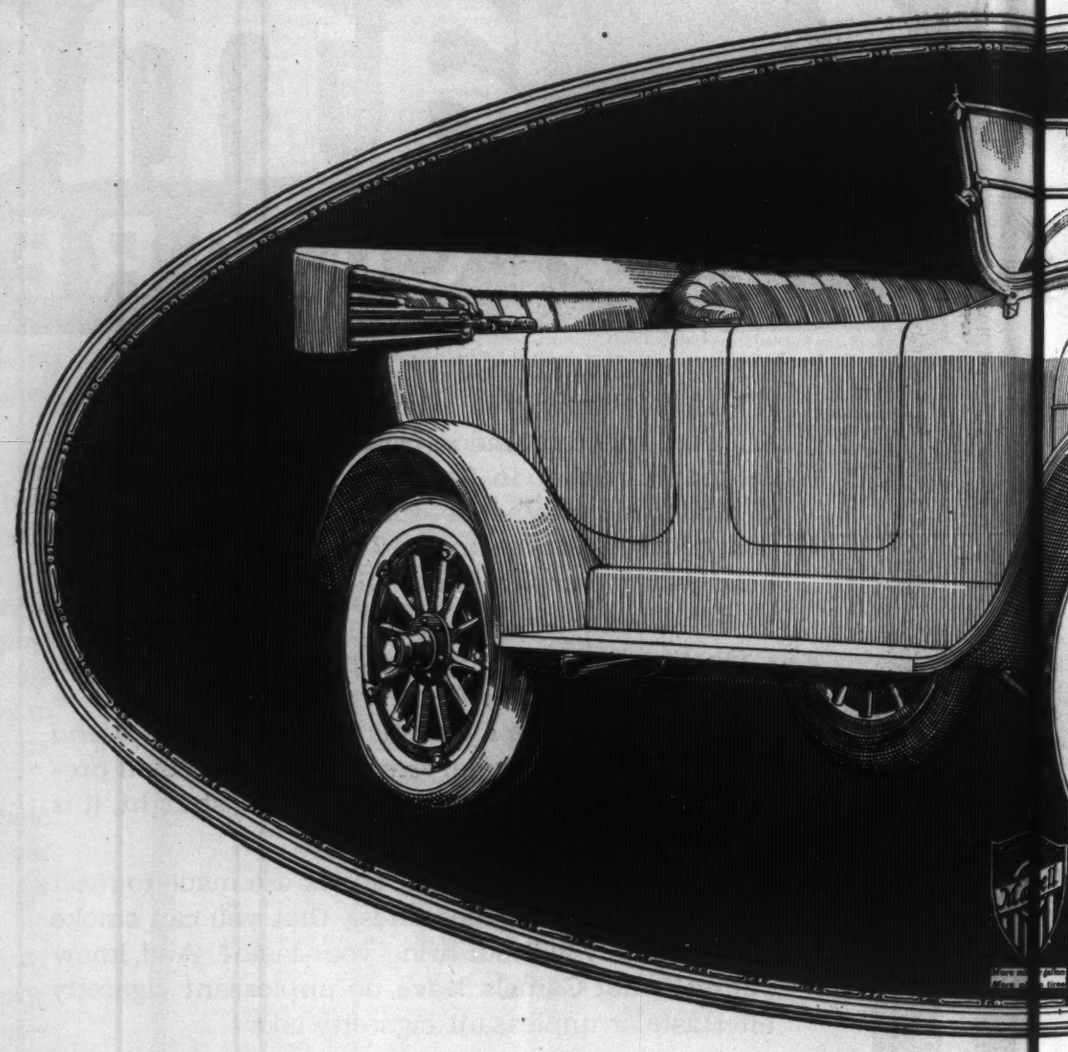

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ONE little realizes the vast number of skilled minds and skilled hands, the tremendous equipment, the thousands upon thousands of roaring furnaces, giant hammers, uncanny automatics, and the amazing sum of money it takes to build *one* Maxwell car.

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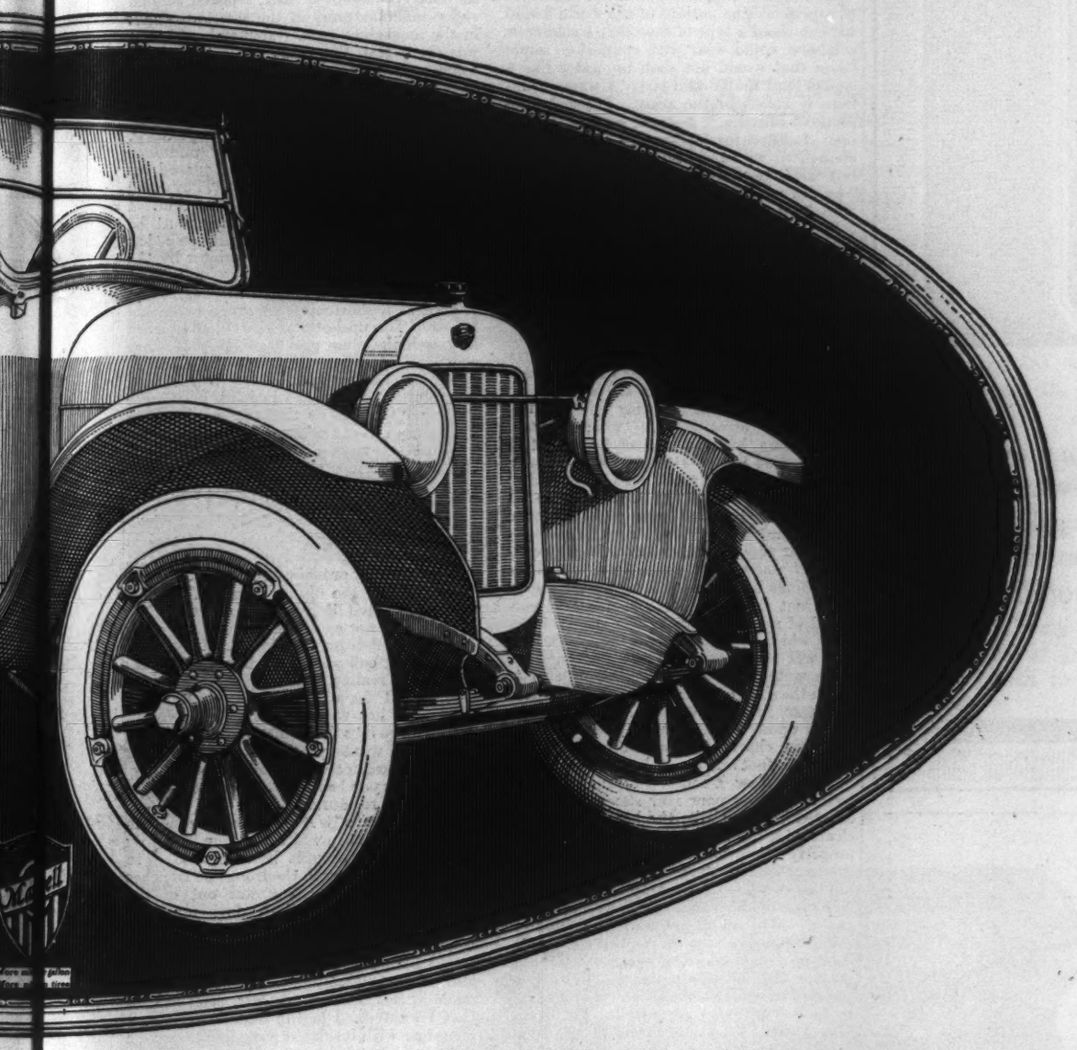
MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, Li



nd a capital of $36,000,000
our Maxwell

minute. But that persistent vigilance of never ending quality prevents a rapid rush towards "race horse manufacturing."

Therefore, there are thousands who will seek a Maxwell this year and suffer disappointment.

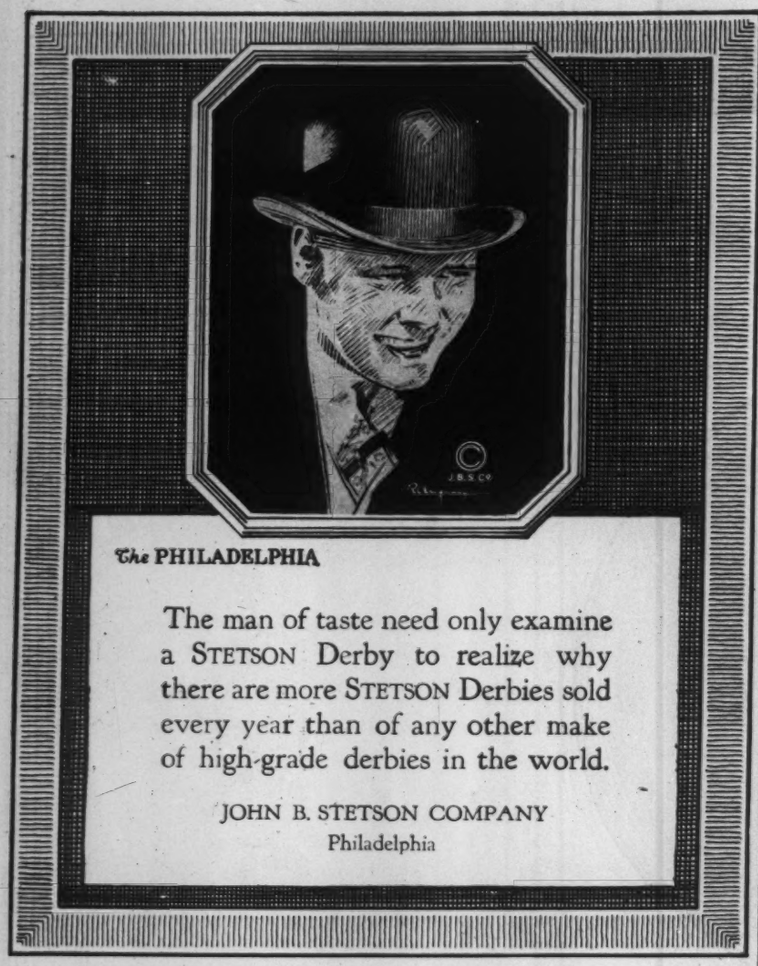
Probably enough cannot be built to satisfy much more than 60% of the demand.

To those who have been driving "one year" cars of the make-believe class, to those who have been driving a smaller car and have long cherished something better in an automobile—see the Post-War Maxwell. It possesses all the admirable traits of its 300,000 Maxwell predecessors, and it has the advantages of many things men learned about motor cars during the war.

It is a greater Maxwell; better looking, vastly improved from electric system to rear axle; and the price is still at the daringly low figure of $985, f.o.b. Detroit.

One look will make you want one. A single ride, and a Maxwell is your friend forever.

Y, Inc. - DETROIT, MICH.
Limited - WINDSOR, ONTARIO


The PHILADELPHIA
The man of taste need only examine a STETSON Derby to realize why there are more STETSON Derbies sold every year than of any other make of high-grade derbies in the world.
JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY
Philadelphia

When answering advertisments
mention McClure's

Saved $64
On a Diamond
A Nevada customer writes: "My first purchase, a $136 diamond, appraised at $200.00 . . Sold it for $185.00. Thanks for goods that are more than expected." *Full name on request.*
How to Save on Diamonds
This nearly ¾ century old, diamond banking house, rated over $1,000,000.00, lends money on high grade jewels. We have an extremely large number of diamonds to offer greatly under market prices. We send to you, absolutely free, on approval to have valued by any expert you wish. Then try to match for 60% more, that's our challenge.
Why Pay Full Prices
Saved Half on Rings
"The $89 and $75 rings received from you I could not duplicate for double your price and I could sell them for more than I paid you." A. C—, Marion, Indiana
$108.00 Extra Value
"You have a life customer in me. My $45 cluster ring is valued here at $150.00." M. H. B—, Ardmore, Okla.
Saved Me $40.00
"The $35 diamond ring is a beauty. Could not match it here for less than $75.00." A. D—, Iron Mountain, Mich.
$75 Ring Appraised at $182
"The stone I bought of you for $75 I could not duplicate for less than $182.00. I am delighted." F. L—, Hope Arkansas.
Full names on request
Send for Latest List
See Our Unpaid Loan Diamond Bargains
Send for our wonderful list and bulletins of amazing bargains. Radically different from any regular catalog. You can't realize the bargains until you see for yourself. Every jewel accurately described in detail and you have the opportunity free to verify everything. Write for these various flats of diamond bargains—sent free—no obligations. Our guaranteed loan like insurance policies—ask about them.
Jos. DeRoy & Sons, 7956 DeRoy Bldg.
Only Opposite Post Office, Pittsburgh, Pa.
References: Dun's or Bradstreet's
Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A., Marine National Bank, Pittsburgh, Pa., Union Trust Compo . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jos. DeRoy & Sons, 7956 DeRoy Bldg.
Only Op . . Office, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Gentlemen:—Please send me, absolutely free a. . prepaid, your new Bargain Bu. . of diamonds, watches and other jewelry. It is distinctly understood that I assume no obligation of any kind.
Name
Address

The man tells me that he increased his production five hundred per cent.! Why didn't he speed up before I overwhelmed him with orders for caps? There is no use in asking obvious questions like that now. He will never go back to the old way.

Shoes

You would suppose that after centuries of experience the nations of the world would have evolved a type of shoe that a soldier or a laborer could wear with comfort — something that would not soak up water like a sponge and that would last. I wanted millions of shoes for the army. I tested hundreds of samples. Not one of them suited me. I asked for leather which was heavy enough to withstand hard campaign usage, but which would not be hard on the feet. The end was that I had to discover it myself. The shoes made from it are rough on the outside and are practically water-proof. Here is a new idea in the shoe business — the direct result of the War. Why don't you make money out of it? There are millions of farmers and laborers who want just the kind of shoe that I gave the soldiers.

When I finally succeeded in getting the type of shoe that I wanted I had to worry about fitting it to the soldier's foot. Three quarters of humanity wear the wrong kind of shoe! I am not speaking now of those high-heeled atrocities on which women mince along, but the kind of footgear that sensible men buy. Doctors tell me that a good many ills are to be directly traced to fallen arches and other foot troubles. I made up my mind that if my soldiers were to march mile after mile they must be properly fitted for shoes. If you were in the army yourself you will remember that one of the first things I did was to measure the size of your foot with a simple machine that consisted of nothing more or less than a block upon which you placed your foot. Perhaps you will remember that around the edges there were gauges that were drawn in to touch the sides of your foot. Thus the exact size was recorded. Don't you recall the charts upon which I made you stand? I mean the charts that showed the sizes of the ball of the foot and the arch. And don't you remember how I made you run down an incline wearing your new shoes and how I ordered you to strike the heels against the cleats in the incline? If the shoe wasn't properly fitted you felt a pain and you told me so. Then I started all over again. Is all this work to go for nothing? Are only American soldiers to be properly fitted with shoes? Why aren't my methods adopted in every retail shoe store in the United States? As it is, a shoe salesman guesses at the kind of shoe that he thinks you ought to wear, assisted by your vanity. And it's so simple to be scientifically accurate! Mr. Retail Shoe Dealer, I ask you to install my simple fitting system in your shop for purely business reasons. Wouldn't it mean dollars and cents to you if your customers never complained of corns, bunions and fallen arches and always came back for *shoes that fit?*

The Little Savings

When I asked you to observe wheatless and meatless days and to reduce your allowance of fats and sugars neither you nor I realized that some American industries would benefit by national self-denial. I don't mean that money was put into the pockets of food-purveying corporations, but that new food industries were established. Of course you remember the barrels that were placed on street corners to receive your peach-pits. The newspapers told you that the pits were needed to make a peculiar kind of charcoal required in gas masks to absorb some of the deadly fumes that the Germans sent over. When you threw your pits into the barrels — for which I herewith heartily thank you — you earned your reward. You started a new industry. A by-product was obtained from your pits — a peachkernel oil. I have tested that oil and compared it with vegetable oils. In my opinion it's as good as the best olive oil. I'm not so sure but it will help the oleomargerine manufacturer to reduce the price of his unnecessarily abused product.

You will remember that I asked you all to eat corn-meal, rye and barley, in order to save wheat. That resulted in the introduction of new methods of milling. The product of the new milling method is cheaper and better than that of the old. And the result? You will continue to eat other cereals besides wheat because they are milled so well.

General Pershing wanted soluble coffee. I scoured the country for factories that could make it. I found just two; their entire output did not exceed fourteen hundred pounds a day. Only one company made the revolving bronze drums that must be used in one stage of the manufacturing process. Now I have that industry firmly established. By November, 1918, I was sending Pershing 42,500 pounds a day. I shouldn't be at all astonished if you were to see advertisements of half a dozen soluble coffee manufacturers in the street cars and in the magazines soon. Remember that it was the Great War that made the soluble coffee industry possible.

Summer Puddings

The boys at the Front liked plum pudding. What did I know about plum pudding? Nothing, absolutely nothing. I placed orders for pudding in the summer. They could not be filled in the summer, I was told. I pounded the table and said they must be filled. Couldn't the manufacturers see that they would be needed in the winter by the boys at the Front? It was no use. Suet cannot be handled in warm weather, and suet is used as a shortening, as every housewife knows. The upshot was that I had to learn how to make plum pudding. If you want a good recipe ask me. I substituted cocoanut cooking oil for suet. There is no reason why plum pudding can't be made in summer by anybody. I hope that the food manufacturers will take notice.

When the boys went over the top they took an emergency ration with them. They might have to stay for days in a shell-hole fighting off the enemy until relief came. I gave them what is now called a "whole dinner cake" because it consists of cooked meat and wheat sealed in tins. You can eat the cake dry or make a fine soup out of it. Don't tell me the dinner cake can't be introduced in civil life.

If you are not as sure as I am of the commercial possibilities of the whole dinner cake then let me call your attention to my new process of sealing butter in cans under a vacuum. I have kept such butter for months in hot weather without ice. Why don't you go into the canned butter business? The south wants your product and so do many tropical foreign countries.

No doubt you have seen under the heading "soups" on restaurant bills of fare the item "*Petite Marmite.*" A marmite is simply an earthenware pot in which the soup is cooked and served to keep it hot. I wanted to provide the soldiers in the front line trenches with hot food. Cooking was out of the question; the glare of the fires would be seen. It flashed on me that the marmite would solve the problem — not the small fragile French marmite but something larger and more substantial. Marmites are not made in this country, at least, not the kind that I wanted. I had in mind a five-gallon container with insulated walls like those of a fireless cooker, something that would keep boiling soup hot for ten hours. Well, sir, I had the Bureau of Standards conduct some experiments, and before the Armistice was signed I had six manufacturers making marmites — 104,000 of them. Isn't there a business idea in this? Why can't small marmites be made and sold for home use?

Where is the contractor who will adopt my rolling kitchens? Can't you see the possibilities of using my marmites in connection with them so as to feed hundreds of laborers in the field, particularly Italians and Poles who like well-cooked meals. If it pays to cook cheaply and well for factory employees — a discovery that many a large corporation has made within the last ten years — why shouldn't it also pay to cook for hewers of wood and drawers of water?

I've been told that I am a recklessly extravagant wasteful old man. Perhaps I was wasteful in the beginning. Remember that I had a manufacturing and shipping task of unprecedented magnitude to perform. There isn't a corporation in the world that ever had a problem as big as mine. I had to provide 180,000,000 cans of tomatoes, 77,000,000 pounds of dried beans, 17,000,000 field shoes and 11,000,000 marching shoes, 60,000,000 heavy woolen stockings, 342,000,000 pounds of sugar, to mention only a few of ten thousand different items. The estimated cost of the ordnance required to equip our first 5,000,000 men was between twelve and thirteen billion dollars. All the Congresses of the United States in one hundred and forty years never appropriated more than twenty-six billion dollars for all conceivable Governmental purposes, including the expenses of the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War,

The highest honor ever paid to any smoking tobacco

WHEN the International Jury at the San Francisco Exposition awarded the GRAND PRIX to Velvet, they paid it the highest honor within their gift. Never before or since has any pipe tobacco been officially recognized as the supreme product of its kind.

This award was given Velvet, by an impartial jury of the highest standing, not because of Velvet's nation-wide popularity but because of its "superior quality." The Jury's decision was based on the following well-established points:

Velvet Smoking Tobacco is a selected, naturally-matured tobacco, aged in the wood for over two years.

This natural curing is recognized as the *Superior method* of maturing pipe tobacco.

To a choice quality of leaf, brought to full maturity by *natural* methods, Velvet owes its unusual mildness, mellowness and flavor.

The makers of Velvet were gratified by the endorsement given Velvet by the Exposition Jury and take just pride in the secure place that Velvet holds in the estimation of real lovers of good pipe tobacco.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Awarded the GRAND PRIX for HIGHEST QUALITY. **15c**

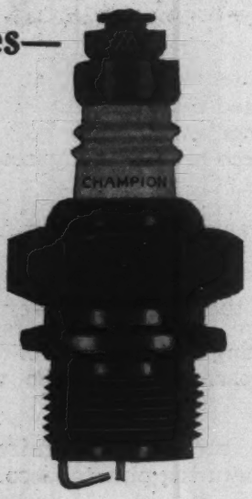
Champion Dependable Spark Plugs

Make sure this world trade-mark is on the box

Make sure the name "Champion" is on the Insulator

Avoid Substitutes—

Get the Spark Plugs these manufacturers put in your engine when they build it.



PASSENGER CARS					
Alden	Olympian	Larrabee-Deyo	Emerson-Brantingham	Aerothrust	Matthews
American	Overland	Luverne	Farm Horse	Arrow	Miller
Auburn	Pan	Marwin	Flour City	Automatic	Municipal
Beggs	Phoenix	Master	Fordson	Baker	Murray & Tregurtha
Bell	Regal	Meteor	Frick	Beaver	Muskegon
Briscoe	Roamer	Monitor	Gray	Brennen	New Way
Climber	Stephens	Napoleon	Hession	C. H. & E.	Northwestern
Columbia	Sayers	Nelson & LeMoon	Illinois	Caille	Novo
Crow-Elkhart	Studebaker	Noble	Keck-Gonnerman	Challenge	Owen
Cunningham	Stutz	O. K.	Lapeer	Climax	Peninsular
Dixie Flyer	Templar	Oneida	Lauson	Cushman	Red Wing
Dorris	Tulsa	Oshkosh	Linn	Domestic	Reliance
Douglas	Velie	Parker	Midwest	Doman	Root & Vandervoort
Elcar	White	Rainier	Minneapolis	Elco	Sanderson
Elgin	Willys-Knight	Republic	Moline-Universal	Elgin Gas	Schramm
Ford	Winton	Riddle	Monarch	Erd	Scheffield
Glide	COMMERCIAL CARS	S & S	National	Evinrude	Sterling
Grant	Acason	Schacht	Parrett	Fairbanks-Morse	Termaat & Monohan
Hanson	All-American	Seagrave	Pawling & Harnischfeger	Falls	Unilectric
Harroun	American	Selden	Peoria	Fate	Universal
Hollier	Apex	Service	Pioneer	Fay & Bowen	Van Blerck
Jackson	Atterbury	Signal	Plowman	Fuller & Johnson	Waterloo
Jones	Autocar	Standard	R & P	Gade	Waukesha
Jordan	Bessemer	Superior	Star	Golden, Belknap & Swartz	Western
King	Better-Bilt	Schwartz	Square Turn	Hawley	Witte
Kline Kar	Bourne-Magnetic	Tiffin	Tracklayer	Hinkley	Wolverine
Lexington	Buckeye	Traffic	Topp Stewart	Holland	MOTORCYCLES
McFarlan	Clyde	Transport	Turner	Ideal	Cyclemotor
Malbohm	Collier	Triangle	Simplicity	Kermath	Excelsior
Maxwell	Columbia	United States	Twin City	Kewanee	Harley-Davidson
Mercer	Commerce	Universal	Velie	Koban	Henderson
Metz	Concord	Walker-Johnson	Wallis Cub	Lathrop	Schickel
Monroe	Corbit	Western	Waterloo Boy	LeRoi	Thor
Moon	Dart	White	Wisconsin	Loane-Trask	
Moore	Day-Elder	Wichita		Macheck	
Norwalk		Wilson		Massey-Harris	

TRACTORS	
Allis-Chalmers	Hart-Parr
All-Work	Huber
Avery	Huber-Light Four
Aultman-Taylor	Huber-Super Six
Austin	Hume
Autohorse	Ihc
Bailor	Indiana
Bates Steel Mule	Jumbo
Beeman Garden	Kelley-Springfield
Buckeye-Traction Ditcher	Kimball
Chase	Larrabee-Deyo
Cleveland	Luverne
Dill	Marwin
Dunning & Erich	Master
Eagle	Meteor
Emerson-Brantingham	Monitor
Farm Horse	Napoleon
Flour City	Nelson & LeMoon
Fordson	Noble
Frick	O. K.
Gray	Oneida
Hession	Oshkosh
Illinois	Parker
Keck-Gonnerman	Rainier
Lapeer	Republic
Lauson	Riddle
Linn	S & S
Midwest	Schacht
Minneapolis	Seagrave
Moline-Universal	Selden
Monarch	Service
National	Signal
Parrett	Standard
Pawling & Harnischfeger	Superior
Peoria	Schwartz
Pioneer	Tiffin
Plowman	Traffic
R & P	Transport
Star	Triangle
Square Turn	United States
Tracklayer	Universal
Topp Stewart	Walker-Johnson
Turner	Western
Simplicity	White
Twin City	Wichita
Velie	Wilson
Wallis Cub	Winther
Waterloo Boy	Wolverine
Wisconsin	

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

These phonograph needles are for ALL steel needle records and are most economical!

EVERYONE who owns a phonograph is interested in these remarkable needles. They are designed for use on ALL MAKES of steel needle records they play many times, are more convenient, doing away with the necessity of changing the needle after playing each record, and are most economical. Sonora Needles *increase the life of your records.*

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY **Sonora** CLEAR AS A BELL

Semi-Permanent Silvered **NEEDLES**

Above is shown a New York crowd looking at a Sonora needle display. Fig. A shows a steel needle which has played *one* record. Note enlarged worn point. Fig. B shows Sonora Needle which has played over 50 records. Point, though shortened, *is still perfect!*

Three Grades: Loud—Medium—Soft. 30c per card of 5. 40c in Canada

FREE! Send for free sample needle today!

Sonora Phonograph Sales Company, Inc.
George E. Brightson, *President*

279 Broadway, *Dept. L*, New York City *Toronto Branch:* Ryrie Building

CAUTION! Beware of similarly constructed needles of inferior quality

the cost of the Army and Navy, the whole Post Office system, the Customs, the Internal Revenue, the Treasury activities, the control of Immigration, the administration of justice, the River and Harbor improvements, public works of every kind, and the salary of every Government Official from the President down. The period from the birth of Christ to the signing of the Armistice aggregates 1,018,000,000 minutes. The total cost of the ordnance effort for our first 5,000,000 men represented an expenditure of about one dollar every five seconds from the Nativity to the signing of the Armistice.

Waste? Of course there was waste in the beginning. "For God's sake, hurry up"—that slogan is responsible for some of it. But there wasn't much waste when you consider the billions that I borrowed from you in return for Liberty Bonds. To obtain army ordnance alone I drew up 18,000 contracts and 17,000 amendments to them. Every conceivable contingency was covered. Why don't you study my contract forms and use them in your own business? Why not profit by my experience?

Who Gets Your Clippings?

When it comes to downright economy I am a paragon of thrift. If you are a dealer in clothing and you have large numbers of suits made for you on contract may I ask what becomes of the clippings? Does the contractor keep them? If he does he is profiting at your expense. At first I would turn over to a clothing manufacturer so many thousand bolts of cloth and order him to make uniforms out of them. I didn't bother about the clippings. Then it occurred to me that fabrics of all kinds were costing me more and more. I made up my mind that the clippings belonged to me. So, I had them all shipped to a central station. There the mixed goods were decarbonized, and the wool was recarded and made up into uniforms. Do you know that I saved $5,500,000 in this way? I don't expect you to save millions by claiming your clippings. But don't you think that you may be able to save a few thousands?

See what I did with the cotton linters used in the manufacture of death-dealing explosives. They are to be converted into book, magazine and low grade writing paper. I control approximately three million tons or twelve billion bales of linters purchased for the purpose of making munitions. I bought the linters for $4.67 a hundred pounds or at an aggregate sum of $280,200,000. Whereupon my Bureau of Standards conducted experiments to discover a method of utilizing this accumulated lint. I'll save millions in linters alone.

Even such trifles as shipping tags gave me a chance to practise my principles of economy. The best shipping tags are made of linen. I needed linen for the wings of my airplanes. Manufacturers of handkerchiefs, household linen, and fine writing paper also needed linen. Linen, even when there is an abundance of it, is expensive. Why couldn't I use something else, particularly for a shipping tag? At last, I found it. If you use a large number of tags follow my example. Have them made out of rope fiber and save money as I did. Your tag will be tough and far less expensive than the old.

And so the story of thrift, is repeated over and over again. Ask my Bureau of Standards about it if you are interested. Glycerine is used in chewing tobacco. I wanted glycerine to make explosives. A substitute was found for glycerine. I hope that the tobacconists will use it. Mattresses for the army—there were manufacturers enough to make them, but they could not buy the material with which mattresses are stuffed. At last I discovered what I wanted—a moss which grows in Florida and which can be treated by a special process to make a very acceptable filler. Who will be the first to reduce the high cost of sleeping by coming to Washington and learning how I made good mattresses cheaply? Here, for somebody, is a business chance that has grown out of the War.

If you think that only the army contractors made money you are still thinking in the lazy "before the War" terms. There are hundreds of chances of succeeding in business, if you would only study my war work. Write to me about your business. I'll show you how to succeed. There is nothing I can't tell you about weighing scales, about automobile headlights, about the manufacture of ink, about the making of paste without the use of wheat flour, about marine glues, about fire retarding paints, about motor-truck wheels, about automobile tires and about fire hose—about everything that you will find in the fattest mail-order catalogue.

Well, I must be going now. I have some business over in the Department of Agriculture. But let me say this, before I go:

As I look back at the tremendous effort that I put forth to win the War, the new methods that were developed in speeding up production, I can't help thinking that I really conducted a great educational course in manufacturing. Thousands of men who were small factory proprietors or clerks in shops learned from corporation managers, who became officers in Army Ordnance or in the Quartermaster General's Corps, how real industrial efficiency is attained. Only the great corporations knew the meaning of efficiency before the War. It must have been a liberal education to hundreds of young men to learn from an officer who in civil life was the head of a great mail-order house how to apply his methods to Government problems and how the executives of huge electrical manufacturing companies who accepted army commissions worked out my problems. Those young men will go back to civil life with a new conception of manufacturing and with the meaning of careful planning and execution drilled into them.

You read in the newspapers of the superhuman efforts that I was putting forth to ship food, men and supplies overseas. Didn't I commandeer factories? Didn't I ration the whole country? You know some of these phases of war as well as I do—the difficulties of obtaining raw materials, the demoralization of the labor market, the depletion of the ranks of skilled labor by the draft, the transportation troubles, the fuel shortage, the cold weather of 1918; but I doubt if you realize what a quickening there has been in industrial processes, what a profound change has taken place in our economic life.

No, we will never go back to the old ways. "That's how it was done before the War," you will say of some antiquated procedure a few years hence! From the raising of the army to the shipping of a piece of chewing gum everything is different. The manufacturers who worked for me know how I changed their methods. But some didn't work for me. What about them? Will they learn through letting me teach them by visiting me in Washington and questioning me? If not, they must go to the scrap heap.

Is this the way out? Good day.

Mr. Kaempffert's last "Uncle Sam" article brought him over six hundred letters from our readers, every one of which he answered. If you want to know what Uncle Sam did during the War to improve your particular business, write to Mr. Kaempffert in our care, and he will let you know immediately. The information packed in this article is astounding. It will make every American proud.

Seven schoolhouses catch fire each day. Each year the lives of over 200,000 school children are imperilled by fires during school hours, and the school progress of 450,000 children is seriously affected. Doesn't this show that the prevailing ideas of preventing such fires are radically wrong?

SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT FIRE CHIEF JOHNNY BURNS HEALTH OFFICER CHIEF OF POLICE

What if he does carry matches in his pocket?

ALL these officials pledged to make his life better and safer! Each man an expert in his line! All conscientiously trying to do their duty!

Who deserves the blame if the boy is killed when the schoolhouse burns?

Out of this whole array of officials it is the fire chief who cares most whether the schools, hospitals, and asylums are safe from fire danger.

But how seldom do the rest turn to the fire chief for advice for making these public institutions safe.

The fire chief knows there are hundreds of city employees in public buildings, dozens of helpless patients in hospitals, thousands of school children, all in constant danger from fire.

Consider schools, for instance. In spite of forbidding boys to carry matches, in spite of endless rules and regulations and all kinds of inspections about 2500 school fires occurred last year.

When your school or your hospital or your orphanage lies in smoking ruins, with victims lying injured or dead, you will see things as the fire chief sees them now.

Your fire chief would have told you, had you taken the trouble to ask, that there is one sure method of preventing the tragedy—the Automatic Sprinkler System.

With the Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System there is a watchman at all points, always ready for the emergency. When the fire starts the water starts!

On guard in the hospital laundry, in the hazardous kitchen of the orphanage, in the dangerous basement of the school, there is a never failing sprinkler head ready to open up at the first sign of fire.

Until you have this equipment in schools and institutional buildings, don't feel that you have met your full responsibility.

Don't wait till after the fire to fix the responsibility. Fix it today on your own shoulders and have what constitutes real safety for the boy.

With a one cent post card you may save lives. Who knows? Should you hesitate to send for a free booklet that tells just what to do?

Read—"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"

If you feel too indifferent to send for this free booklet telling what to do, what right have you to blame others when a horrible calamity occurs in your town? Think of your schools and write today, now, for this intensely interesting booklet. Address General Fire Extinguisher Company, 286 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

When the fire starts the water starts

Chesterfield CIGARETTES

Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos-blended

You bet—"*they satisfy*"

"SATISFY" is an old word in the dictionary but an entirely *new* thing in cigarette enjoyment.

Know what a drink of cold water does to your thirst? Well, that's what Chesterfields do for your smoke-hunger. They *satisfy*.

It's all in the blend—fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos combined by a secret formula *that cannot be copied*.

Today, ask your dealer for "those cigarettes that satisfy."

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Moisture-proof package keeps them firm and fresh, whatever the weather.

Long Days in Captivity

[*Continued from page 24*]

weeks ago from this very prison, only to be caught again a day or two before, when, having obtained civilian clothes, he had made so bold as to walk about the streets of a small village in broad daylight. The German military police had noticed that he was a stranger and had stopped him to demand his passport. He had been immediately seized and returned here minus his uniform, which had been discarded upon his procuring civilian clothes. The latter had been confiscated with his return to captivity and the British uniform in which he now appeared had been substituted.

He was as stealthy as a cat in his movements and manner. I did not for a moment put beyond him his self-alleged exploits. He told us that since his escape the sentries had become doubly watchful. He had climbed up over the roof at night and so got away. Another man had attempted an escape by climbing the barbed wire fence, but he had been discovered in the act. The sentry had run up to him and while he was disengaging himself from the wire in order to climb down again had shot him in the leg. He had not been given proper medical attention. They had allowed him to bleed to death. The sentries now had instructions to shoot on sight any one appearing outside of quarters after dark.

After he had left, we asked our orderly about him. We learned that he had told us the truth about his escaping. The orderly also corroborated the story of the other unfortunate man who had been shot while climbing the fence. Previous to this episode, Tillinghast and I had been discussing ways and means of escape. This little tale of cold-blooded murder somewhat dampened our ardor.

After a while, we decided we would go outside to look over the estates that went with these magnificent apartments, where our Hun hosts had bade us make ourselves comfortable — if we could. We found the boundaries rather definitely defined. The drive swept straight back from the entrance gates, where the caretaker's lodge frowned upon them, past the wing in which we had been established, then on some fifty yards to the stables. Here it turned ninety degrees to the right and continued another thirty yards, bounded on one side by a brick wall some eight feet high, surmounted by wire entanglements, and on the other by the large main building.

We walked, for exercise, from one end of the driveway to the other.

The Hun Commandant of our camp made an inspection this particular morning. He was a big brute, both as to height and girth, with an arrogant, haughty bearing. There were many Tommies and French prisoners about who took no notice of him as he passed. Tillinghast and I had stopped walking and were standing one side talking to each other, to watch him pass by. He saw us as he approached and recognized that we were officers. As he went by he turned toward us and saluted. We were so surprised that neither of us made a move to return his greeting. The Tommies had not saluted him, why should we? He strode on, saying nothing, but we could see that he was inwardly raging.

When he had disappeared around the corner of the building, we went into our room. We had not been there five minutes before a nervous-looking Tommy came in. He was an interpreter, he said, who had been sent by the Commandant to summon us to appear before him at once. Tillinghast and I looked at each other.

"So long, old boy!" I said to him. "I guess it's to be shot at sunrise for ours!"

We followed the interpreter with certain misgivings, I must confess. He was waiting for us around the corner. He stood, feet planted wide apart, hands clasped behind him and chin sunk upon his breast — a most ominous attitude. We came before him with all the indifference we could muster and waited for him to open hostilities. He turned his angry red face and watery blue eyes upon us for an instant, then whirled around upon the interpreter to hurl a flood of German at the poor little fellow. The latter stood there very nervously gathering it all in for a re-deal to us.

"'E says, sir," he began, when the barrage had finally lifted, "'e says you must return 'is salute, sir, when 'e takes the trouble to give you one. 'E says 'e don't care about the privates not salutin', sir, but the officers should know better. 'E says not to let it 'appen again, sir."

I felt very much like laughing in the Hun's face, but I was aware all the time of a very close scrutiny on his part, to see how we should take his harangue; so I murmured some fool reply to the effect that we had not been aware that we were being saluted. I suppose the interpreter smoothed it over somewhat when he passed it on. At any rate, we were forthwith dismissed, our hides still intact.

The noon meal that the Huns served us was too vile to eat. It was sauerkraut soup. Try as I would, I could not swallow more than a spoonful or two of it. It was as sour as vinegar.

Shortly after lunch, I had a very interesting experience. We were sitting about the room, talking and comparing notes, when the interpreter came in with the news that a German officer outside wished to interview me. I followed my guide and both of us were escorted by a Hun sentry out along the roadway we had come in by last night. He was waiting under a tree at the side of the road — an intelligence officer, no doubt. He was waiting for me to be ushered into his presence, to pump me dry of all the information I might have.

He greeted me cordially, in his most patronizing manner, and in perfect English.

"So you are from the —— Squadron, are you?" He named the American Camel squadron of which Tillinghast was a member. I did not belong to it, but I let him continue in his belief. He named several other men from the same squadron, asking me if I knew them. I did know very nearly the whole personnel of the two American Camel squadrons, so was able to answer that I did know them. They had been captured before me, apparently, and had all passed through this camp. He had an idea that there might be other American squadrons either forming or already formed. He wished, if possible, to make certain upon this point, but I did not give him any satisfaction. Very abruptly, after about five minutes of this sort of grilling, he changed the subject.

"How are you getting along?" he asked. "Do you get plenty of food?"

"There's plenty of it, if you can call it food," I replied.

"Yes, I know it's bad," he admitted, "but you know we haven't very much for ourselves. I should like to have you come to my house for tea some afternoon. I shall send for you soon. Meanwhile, you will be transferred to the other camp across the road, where you will be more comfortable."

I knew very well just how much he was concerned with my welfare; but I thanked him for his invitation. I had no objections whatever to taking tea with him. Anything would be better than the fare I was getting. He said good-bye to me then, promising to see me soon.

"Believe me," I told the boys, "that Hun is going to pay in good solid food for every word he gets out of me, and I'm going to have my mouth so full all the time that he won't understand me when I do talk."

I was summoned again half an hour later. This time I was told to pack up and move. The Hun officer had made arrangements to have me sent to the other camp. I picked up my basket of belongings, said good-bye to the boys and followed the guard out once more through the gate and down the road.

We crossed the road, entering the other camp through a small house that was being used as headquarters.

I found myself in a courtyard, paved with cobblestones, perhaps a hundred feet square. The side on my right and the one facing me were bounded by an "L" shaped, two-story brick building — a factory building, evidently, by the tall, black smokestack opposite me. There was an opening at the corner of the "L" where a sentry patrolled. The left-hand side of the court was closed by the cookhouse with its shorter chimney, connected by about fifteen feet of brick wall eight feet high, to a low, two-story brick building. Along this side another sentry patrolled, to guard the little bit of wall between buildings, and the main gate that was in the corner, where an alley-way between

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the low building and the house by which I had entered, gave access to the street.

In the center of the yard, four long wooden tables formed a square. There were benches that were occupied by a number of British prisoners.

Aside from the two guards, there were no Germans in sight. Everyone I could see wore a British uniform. They all wore corporal's or sergeant's chevrons.

I stood there for two or three minutes, looking over the scene; then I walked up to the man nearest me, told him I had only just arrived and asked where I was supposed to go. He offered to conduct me. I followed to a flight of steps that ran up to a door in the second story of the building.

It opened into a large, dark, low-ceilinged loft. Everywhere rolls of bedding lay about on the dust-covered floor. There were only some dozen or so men in sight. I was told that here I was to have a bed just like those I saw around me. My guide did not know just where the sergeant in charge was at the moment, but if I reported to him before dark, he would attend to securing for me my sack of hay to sleep on.

I learned from my new friend that this was primarily a camp for non-commissioned officers but that at present, in addition to some two or three hundred of these, there were a dozen Royal Air Force officers who, like myself, were awaiting transportation to Germany.

I was greeted now by several of the officers who had seen me enter. They came forward to meet the newcomer and learn the latest news from the Front. They plied me with questions until they found that they could tell me more about what they wished to know than I could tell them.

I had not been here very many minutes before Captain Halloran of the —— Squadron approached. I had last seen him about a month ago, when I had been the guest of Tommy and Paul for dinner at that squadron. His was a most remarkable record. Having lost both feet in the early days of the War, he had refused to be invalided out of the army. Instead he had transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, since changed to the Royal Air Force, where he had been able to use wooden feet, with perfect ease, upon the rudder bar of his plane. At the time of his capture he was a Flight Commander in his squadron.

It was indeed good to see a familiar face. We had a good long chat about the doings of various men of the squadron since I had last seen them, and talked over the wonderful evening, when Chicago Harvey's jazz band had all but syncopated the roof off the mess.

After thus recalling old times, Halloran suddenly came back to the present with the information that there were two American flying officers in camp besides myself. They had made an escape a short time ago, had been recaptured and now were serving two weeks in solitary confinement on a bread-and-water diet in the little cell over the guard-room. They were allowed to come down into the courtyard at intervals during the day for ten or fifteen minutes at a time. They never dared stay longer because they were obliged to pass through the guard room both coming and going. So the guard was able to keep track of their movements. The Huns had been very strict at first, had watched them carefully to see that they got only bread and water. Lately they had become more lax. They had been permitted to carry back to their cell what food they could pick up from their friends. They still had about a week to serve. Their names were Lieutenant Mandell and Second Lieutenant Donaldson. I was anxious to meet them and talk over their attempted escape.

THERE was a commotion outside now, and a calling out of commands.

"The men coming back from work," Halloran explained in answer to my questioning glance toward the door. "They'll have roll-call in a few minutes. Everybody must be outside."

As he spoke he arose and started toward the door. All the others in the room started in that direction, too. The officers were only obliged to gather in a group at the foot of the stairs, to be counted by Halloran. But the men, or the non-commissioned officers rather, must form two deep in line around three sides of the yard, while various ones in charge checked up on the number and reported to the Hun officials. Then all were dismissed to occupy themselves as they chose.

In ten minutes the courtyard was dotted all over by dozens of tiny campfires. Around each one, several men were grouped, busily feeding the flames, setting on pots of water to boil and darting hither and thither in a bustling activity of preparation. Near me they were putting on a huge potful of rice. Another group was cooking fresh lima beans, that they must have either bought, begged, or stolen while at work outside the camp. One group was frying bacon. Oh, what a delicious odor! I looked on in awe and wonder.

My fellow officers were beginning to prepare the officers' mess. I learned that although none of us was as yet receiving food packages, some of the sergeants had donated their surplus ones to us.

We had two fires, around which we gathered in groups of six. We heated cans of beans and stew for our dinner and boiled some water for tea. When the cans were warmed we took them inside and sat down to the best meal I had had in ages. White bread was on hand in abundance. There was a can of strawberry jam, and the tea was steaming hot. We had sugar and canned milk to put in it; it was truly delicious.

SOON darkness came, to settle down upon the empty courtyard.

Everyone was in his quarters now. There were fifty or more men in this immediate section. Then back there as an opening in the wall that connected with another room just as large, where as many men again were tucked away. Men lay all over the room on their mattresses, now spread out for the night, smoking and chatting until it should be time to go to sleep.

I found a place for my bed on an elevated platform-like bit of flooring, that reminded me very much of the battened down hatchway of a ship. This spot was near the opening connecting the two rooms, and what I considered more important, was near one of the few windows on the courtyard side of the building. There were no openings in the other side whatever, all the windows having been boarded up tight, to guard against any attempts to escape. So here I spread my mattress and lay down to rest.

My thoughts were always of Mandell and Donaldson, who had escaped. I wondered how they had done it. How had they been caught? Would they consider it worth while to make another attempt? I determined to talk to them when they were allowed to come down-stairs in the morning.

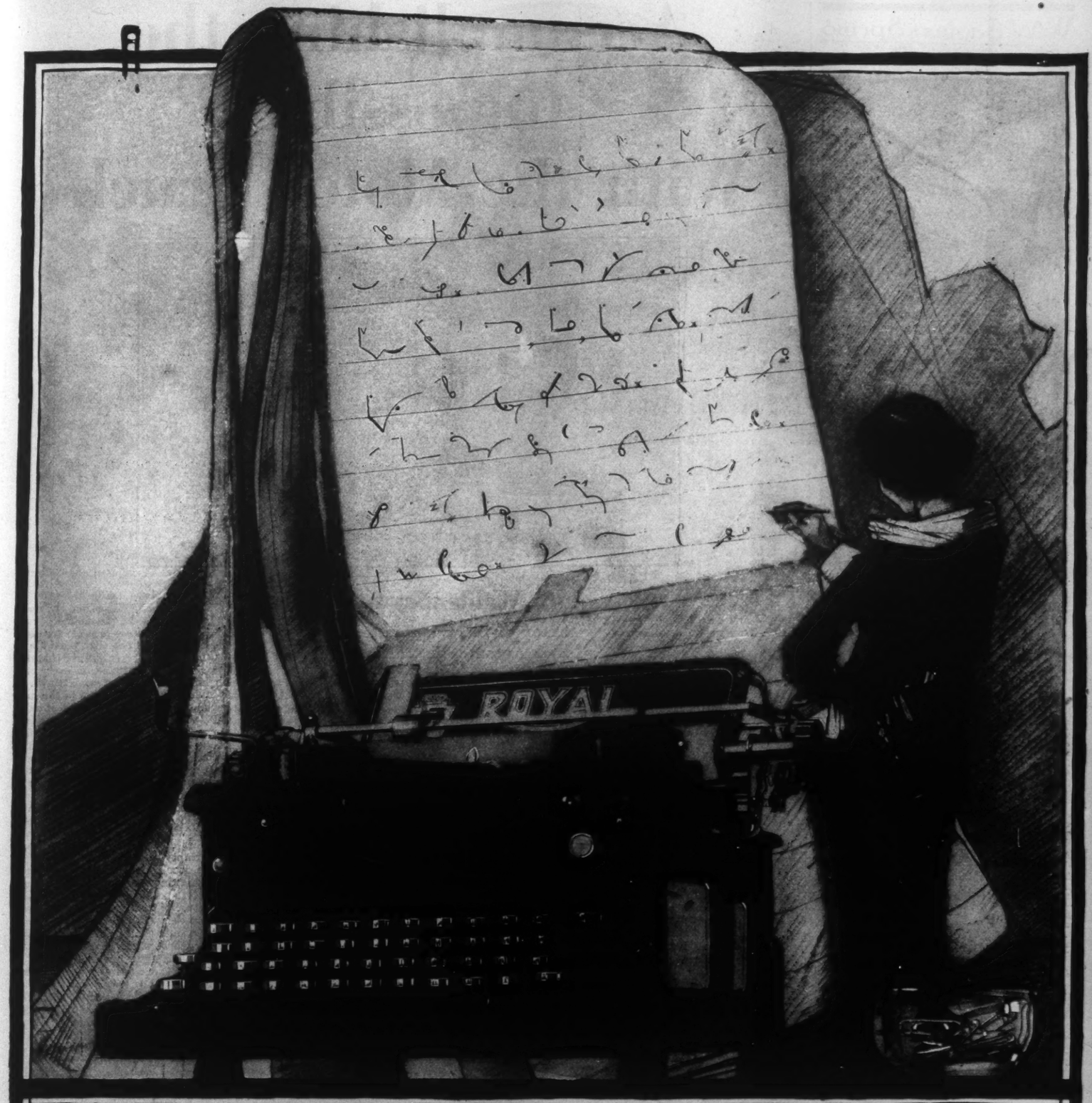
Except for a shave that I had next day, Tuesday, the 24th, was extremely uneventful. It was a cloudy, overcast day, drizzly most of the time, which compelled us to remain indoors. After breakfast the rain let up for a short time. It was then that I borrowed a safety razor and a piece of real soap. Taking with me my tiny, two-inches-in-diameter mirror, I went outside to the wash trough to mow down the stubble on my chin. It was a long-drawn-out operation in more senses than one. I carefully refrained from harvesting the crop upon my upper lip. It had by this time been under cultivation for a good four weeks. When it was all over I felt decidedly better.

During the day I met Donaldson, but I spoke only a word with him; for at the time he was due back in his cell and was obliged to hurry off before I could ask any questions. Our three meals were prepared from the stock of canned goods on hand.

That night it was ages before I was able to sleep. After the lights went out, Halloran and another of the officers kept us all awake telling stories. At first it was quite entertaining. One would tell a tale loud enough for us all to hear; then, no sooner had he finished than the other would begin. Each story called forth a burst of mirthful applause that spurred the performers on to greater efforts. At the end of half an hour they were still going strong, but the applause was beginning to weaken, as some of us felt we had had enough. Still they went on for perhaps another half hour. By then there was only an occasional titter. There was no stopping them though, as yet. Each had an inexhaustible store of humor and each was determined to have the last word. I don't know who won out, but finally amid calls of "Shut up!" "Go to sleep!" "We want quiet!" they subsided.

I was wide awake. I could not sleep for hours, it seemed. At last I got up and went outside to the foot of the steps. The sentry was there. He would not let me go any farther, so back up the stairs I trudged. The walk must have helped some; I felt calmer when I lay down again. Soon after, I had forgotten all my troubles in sleep.

[*To be continued*]



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Accomplishing the Impossible With the Motor Truck

by **Waldemar Kaempffert**
Editor of the Popular Science Monthly and Automobile Editor of McClure's

THE *Great Eastern* was a colossus both as a steamer and as a failure. Indeed she was such a colossus that for fifty years no company dared to build a vessel that was longer, or dared, rather, to incur the financial risks that seemed bound in a huge hull. But the *Great Eastern* failed not because she was big but because American ports were unprepared for her. She lay at her wharf for weeks waiting for a cargo big enough to fill her capacious hold, and each day lost in waiting cost hundreds of dollars. By the time she was ready to sail there was scant opportunity of making a profit on ferrying freight across the Atlantic.

If a great ship is to make money she must be kept moving; she must carry freight and not idle away precious hours at her wharf. So it is with a motor-truck. It must not waste time in standing still; for time wasted is money wasted.

"It can't be done," said the shipping companies after the *Great Eastern* was ignominiously sold as junk to be broken up. They didn't know why, most of them. And so it is with the motor-truck.

But it can be done, as the shipping companies found when they provided the system for collecting and loading cargoes, and as business men discovered when they discarded their horse ideas of transportation. A ship waits a few days in port and steams off again; a motor-truck stops for a few minutes to load or unload and rumbles on. The time that used to be lost in standing still has been reduced to a negligible quantity.

And now let's see how "it can't be done" gave place to "it can be done."

A great company whose name is as familiar as that of Henry Ford owns a chain of grocery stores in the United States. Some one in the company asked: "Why not supply these stores with their stocks from the company's local warehouses by motor-truck instead of by horses? The answer was supplied by fleets of motor-trucks. No one realized the necessity of keeping the trucks moving. Special loading and unloading systems were not provided. The trucks were a dismal failure. It took two hours to load five tons of groceries. Each load comprised one hundred to three hundred packages, and each package had to be carried individually to the truck. Two hours lost out of a ten-hour day and each hour worth three dollars to the company! No wonder that the president said "it can't be done."

But motor-trucks could be made to pay. It had been proved. What was the reason for this failure? A study of the problem proved that the time lost in loading must be reduced. That company is still using motor-trucks—using them profitably. It had eight hundred stores when the motor-truck registered its failure; it now has three-thousand nine hundred.

That change was brought about by the adoption of the semi-trailer. A semi-trailer is a wagon body which has two wheels at its rear end and no wheels at all at its front end. It is coupled to a short, bodiless motor-truck which, is nothing but an engine on wheels. At the largest of its warehouses the company uses thirty-seven semi-trailers in connection with twenty tractors. A motor-truck or tractor rattles up to the warehouse. Its empty semi-trailer is uncoupled to give place to a fully loaded semi-trailer. To effect the change the motor waits just eight minutes.

The same time-saving result is attained with what are known as demountable bodies. In Baltimore there is a department store which studied the motor-truck as a transportation system before it made its investment. It decided that it must have demountable bodies to cut down expensi e loading time It spent 315 000 for thirt demountable bodies. $7 000 for fourteen hoists, and $2,000 to adapt its store a. d warehouse to the motor-trucks—8 5,000 in all, just to make it as easy as possible to load and unload. The thirty demountable bodies were carried by eighteen five-ton electric trucks. It took one and one-half hours to load a truck without a demountable body and only ten minutes with a demountable body and an overhead hoist. A loaded body was always ready for a truck when it returned empty. The adoption of the demountable bodies and the overhead hoists has resulted in a saving of $22,000 a year, because the trucks could make twice as many trips as they did before the demountable body system was installed.

ALL this is well enough, says the "it can't be done" man, when loads are carried from a warehouse to a store. But what of the dealer who has to deliver dozens of parcels from each vehicle? What of the time lost in standing beside the curbstone?

That was precisely the problem that confronted a Brooklyn bread-baking company. Hundreds of small grocery stores had to be supplied each day with bread. A motor-truck maker came to the rescue with a body design that made it possible to save seconds. It was a design that embodied a side-door. The driver unloaded from the front of the body as well as from the rear, working toward the middle. Valuable minutes were saved for each truck — minutes that piled up to hours when it is considered that the side-door was found on every one of that baking company's sixty-five trucks.

Time-saving is so vital a factor in the successful operation of motor-trucks that it pays to install elaborate and expensive conveying apparatus. One of New York's largest wholesale grocery companies built spiral chutes to save time in reaching the shipping room. Throw a package into a chute on the sixth floor, and it reaches the shipping room in a few seconds. In Pittsburgh is a department store that has its delivery room in a subbasement. How are the trucks on the street loaded? By two escalators, one traveling up and the other down. Loaded hampers are carried up, empty hampers down.

The side-door is perhaps the simplest device for adapting a truck to the work that it is intended to perform with the least possible expenditure of costly time. In the same class, but more elaborate in character, belong hoists and similar machines. In the days when motor-trucks were very new it used to take two men fifteen minutes to shovel a five-ton load of sand out of a truck body. Fifteen minutes! Too long — far too long. The power-driven hoist operated from the truck's own engine was introduced. An equivalent load of sand is now dumped in less than a minute. Over and over again the same story could be told — for coal, gravel, any bulk freight.

It used to take over half an hour to load a five-ton truck with sand from the ground with shovels. Now the same load is deposited in the truck in two minutes. How? By the simple expedient of letting the material run into the body from an overhead hopper like so much water through a funnel.

These adaptations of the motor-truck seem obvious enough, once they have been actually adopted. Last winter I served as one of three judges in a motor-truck efficiency contest which had been conducted for the purpose of discovering what it costs to operate trucks of various capacities. Hundreds of firms entered their vehicles. The records were illuminating. It was apparent that the great lesson of keeping the truck in motion had not been learned. Perhaps that explains why the horse still plods along on our city streets, a living costly proof that the spirit of "it can't be done" still sways too many small dealers and merchants who ought to be using gasoline and electricity instead of oats and hay to supply the power for driving their delivery vehicles.

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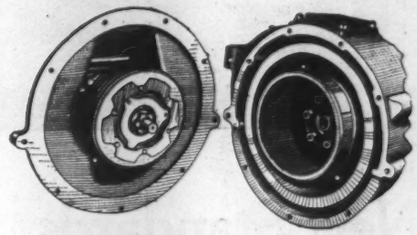

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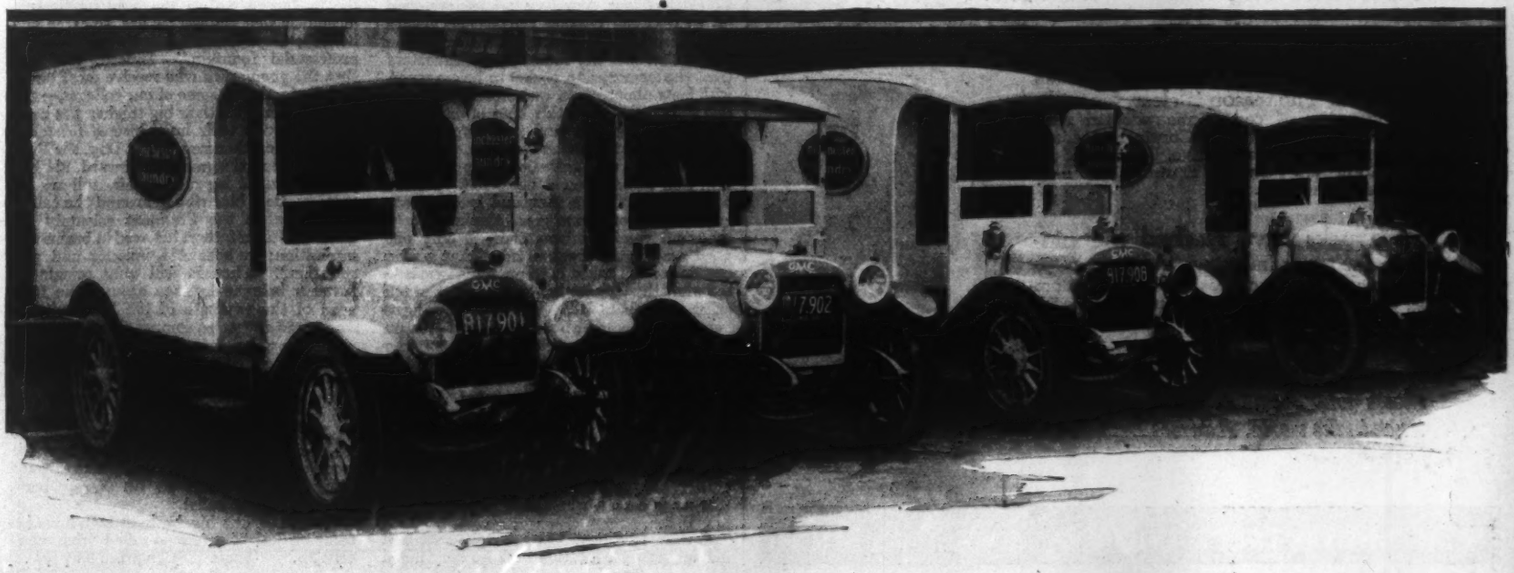

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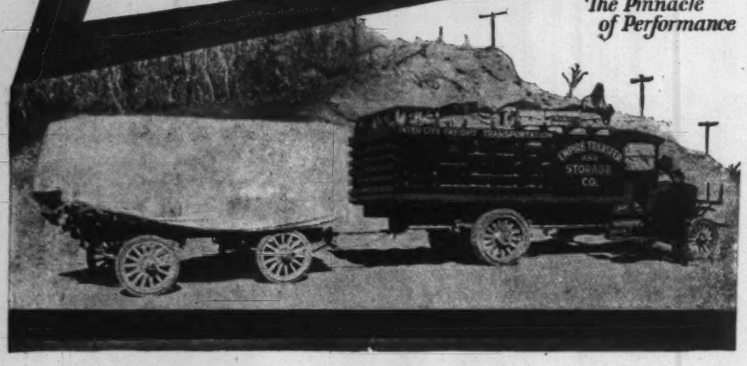

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What Is the Matter With Our Schools?

[*Continued from page 25*]

forest cleared, the grasses subdued, the railways builded, the towns and cities founded, and everything had to be done within the lifetime of one generation, the second best method was far better than having nothing at all. With all his experience, the educator, Matthew Arnold, overlooked the fact that those Americans whose message he most prized, and whose character and contribution he never tired of celebrating, were produced in large part by the very institution which he attacked.

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At Christmas Time

Your friends can buy
anything you can give
them—
except your photograph.

There's a Photographer in Your Town.

(And he's not as busy now as he will be in December.)

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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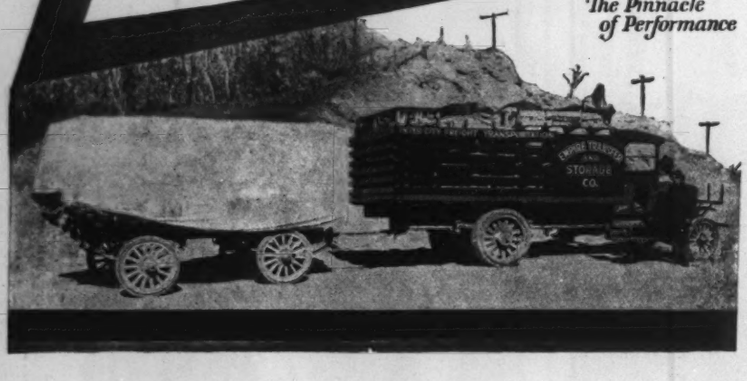

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One Acme, in long distance transfer service, has covered nearly 30,000 miles without losing a day, with repairs of only $6.95. Another Acme in hauling work, on country roads, has covered 16,700 miles in over two years, with repairs of less than $1.00 per month.

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The industry recognizes the Acme as one of the best built trucks in the world. The reason is clear, for without consideration of cost, Acme adopted such proved units of construction as Continental Motor, Timken Bearings, Axles and Drive, Borg and Beck Clutch, Cotta Jaw Clutch Transmission, Heat Treated Steel Frame, etc.

Acme Trucks have reached the pinnacle in the truck industry. At least 50% more Acmes are being sold each year than the preceding year. Built in 1, 1½, 2, 3½ and 5 ton models. Bodies built in Acme factories.

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ACME THE TRUCK OF PROVED UNITS

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Write for "Pointers to Profits". It shows why Acme is the best built truck in the world. Address Dept. 111

ACME MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, CADILLAC, MICH.

What Is the Matter With Our Schools?

[*Continued from page 25*]

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(And he's not as busy now as he will be in December.)

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Every Dollar Goes for Service

The people of this country demand of the Bell System the best possible telephone service. The one endeavor of the company, its only reason for existence, is to give the best possible service.

Every dollar the Bell System receives goes to provide telephone service.

Its entire receipts are expended on operation, upkeep and development. More than half goes directly to labor. The remainder is expended for materials, for the maintenance of plant and equipment, for the interest on money borrowed, for dividends on the investments of tens of thousands of shareholders, and for the payment of taxes assessed by public authorities. In its last analysis all telephone money goes for wages; wages for labor and wages for the necessary capital which investors have put to work in the Bell System.

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No treatments are required. You apply it yourself, easily, quickly and surely.

We urge you to make a trial test. It will cost you nothing.

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Cut out the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. Mail it to us, and we will send you free a trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S and one of our special combs. Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

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Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

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Please send me your *free* trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

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Street..... Town.....
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The Parting of the Ways

[*Continued from page 11*]

States, Germany is the only country which did not borrow extensively abroad. The money markets of the world were, of course, practically closed to Germany. France has been "bled white." Though by no means helpless, she has suffered the great... depletion of men, of money, and of materials. The loss in the wrec of the Russian financial system also fell particularly heavy upon the French nationals, because of the large Russian loans previously floated in Paris and closely held by the French people. The storm clouds are black above Italy. Belgium is even yet practically at a standstill industrially, and she awaits reparation at the hands of Germany. The dismemberment of the Austrian Empire has wrought havoc with her financial institutions, and the Vienna *bourse* has lost control of what remains of the trade with the Near East.

In due time, the vast and well nigh exhaustless natural resources of Russia will take care of her problem. England can draw upon the wealth of her colonies. France and Italy will draw upon Africa. Germany is planning to meet her debt by a direct levy upon the wealth of the nation.

Japan's eyes are turned toward both Manchuria and sea power. By taking a leaf from the history of Great Britain, though without the aid of Britain's coal supply, the Mikado's empire is attempting to become a maritime nation, basing her ability to compete upon cheap labor combined with efficient methods, both at home and in her merchant marine. Therein lies her internal danger, for while Great Britain built up her foreign trade partially at the expense of her low wages, she sowed the wind in so doing, and, unless we misread the signs, she is about to reap the whirlwind. Japan would do well to be warned by the British example.

While Great Britain will undoubtedly pull through, she is, as to labor, in a much more dangerous position at the present time than her leaders will admit, and if she is to maintain her place in the industrial world there must come a change in her industrial methods. This change must come directly in the underlying principle on which the British unionist works, for, unlike his American brother, the British laborer has limited his output per day, on the fallacious theory that this would furnish work for a greater number of his fellows. In America, on the other hand, there has been very little, if any, important limitation in output attributable to a labor policy of repressed production.

Now as to the American position in the maritime world, it is to be recorded that we are in process of accomplishing the remarkable feat of more than tripling our merchant marine within thirty months. When the Shipping Board began to function, back in the dark days of 1917, all the nation had to show for our previous years of effort toward building up a merchant marine was a total of 1,641 vessels representing a gross tonnage of 3,729,436 — chiefly coastwise, for our oversea-tonnage was negligible.

Since the present Shipping Board was organized there has already been actually added to our merchant fleet a total of 1,065 seagoing vessels of 3,977,323 estimated gross tons, with 1,004 of 3,614,249 estimated gross tons under construction and 313 of 1,485,000 estimated gross tons provided for; a grand total of 2,382 vessels of 9,076,572 estimated gross tons, to be completed by July, 1920. Including our original merchant marine of 3,729,436 gross tons, America should have within the coming year a total of nearly 13,000,000 gross tons of shipping.

In comparison with the American achievement in shipping and shipbuilding, Great Britain, the leading shipbuilding and shipowning nation of the world, had at the close of the War only 15,814,000 gross tons under her merchant flag, which figure probably overstates the tonnage available at that time for use, due to the fact that many vessels were pressed into service, and kept in service during the War which would normally have been written off as losses.

Upon our entrance into the War, America had only a few widely scattered shipyards. Although running full time on rush work for the navy, these employed not more than 50,000 men. At the signing of the Armistice we had 198 shipyards with 1,083 launching ways — more than double the number in all the rest of the world. In these shipyards was an army of more than 350,000 men.

Two years ago the British had practical control of the shipbuilding market of the world. To-day, after twenty-four months of shipyard construction, the United States has cut down the British lead not only in tonnage construction, but in the cost for that construction, with the result that America can now build her vessels at a cost of approximately $160.00 per deadweight ton as against practically the same cost in effective British yards.

In the past the British controlled the seas largely because they controlled the shipbuilding plants, the coaling stations and the merchant marine insurance of the world. A British ship built in British yards, under British insurance, carried British coal from the channel ports to coaling stations scattered over the five oceans and the seven seas, bringing back raw materials and good products from every part of the world to be made up in British factories, and, after Great Britain herself was supplied with necessities, to be re-exported again in British ships, under British marine insurance.

Conditions now have changed not only in regard to the construction of the ships themselves, but also in regard to ship fuel, and within the very near future they will change in regard to marine insurance itself, for it is the announced policy of the United States Shipping Board that American ships shall be insured whenever possible in companies owned and officered by American citizens.

Japan, through her cheap labor, has just begun an attempt to compete in ship construction. She not only lacks coal, however, but she also lacks the necessary steel for very extensive operations along this line, unless she succeeds in effecting some especially favorable arrangement which will permit her to exploit the iron resources of China and other parts of Asia.

AGAIN, American oil has taken the place of British coal, and ships oil-bunkered at San Francisco, at New Orleans or at New York, with oil from the oil-fields of California, Oklahoma, Texas and Tampico, sail outbound from America to make a round trip without being forced to touch at British coaling stations for supplies, except in exceptionally long voyages.

Here we effect directly the exclusive elements of British maritime supremacy. With America participating in the business of classifications, ratings, inspections and insurance rates, which rates have for a hundred years worked to the benefit of Great Britain, and with the heavy reduction of the British coal export trade, the British have lost their special advantages upon the seas. In addition to this, the strikes in the British pits and the increase in British collier wage scales have already increased the cost of British channel coal beyond all precedent, and the end of this increase is not yet, for the British Parliament has just passed a bill instituting a 7-hour day in the mines, and with a further reduction to six hours per day effective in 1921. The British production of coal for export was before the War 77,000,000 tons per year. To-day it is only 27,000,000 tons, a reduction of approximately two-thirds.

Another matter of prime importance is the matter of marine wages. Two years ago the United States, under the Seamen's Act, was paying her seamen on the basis of $75.00 a month, and because her seamen were the highest paid in the world, her ship operation was the most expensive. Britain was then able both to build and to operate her tonnage at a lower cost basis than that which obtained under the American flag. These conditions also have been changed. When Samuel Gompers and Henry M. Robinson went into the International Labor Conferences as representatives of the peace commission, they faced the problem of placing American shipping upon the same operating cost basis as that under foreign flags.

It being undesirable that American standards should be reduced, they bent their efforts toward equalizing wages internationally, and succeeded in that attempt, for the British ship operators raised their wage scales to £14 10s. — practically a parity with American wages, and immediately the French, Spanish, Italian, Norwegian, and Swedish seamen demanded and obtained like concessions.

PREVENTS ACCUMULATION OF CARBON

YOU can keep your motor snappy and full of "pep" by *preventing* the accumulation of carbon. Don't wait until your engine is choked and caked with it. Use Johnson's Carbon Remover every 500 miles, then the carbon is removed while it is soft and powdery, eliminating the frequent grinding of valves and *keeping* the motor *always* clean. No experience or labor required—you can easily do it yourself in ten minutes—and the cost is trifling.

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It is the easiest, cleanest, safest and most satisfactory remedy for carbon. It will save you from $3.00 to $5.00 over any other method without laying up your car. A dose of Johnson's Carbon Remover—the engine laxative—will stop that knock—quiet the motor, and give the maximum power with the minimum amount of fuel.

Johnson's Radiator Cement

will stop leaks immediately without laying up the car—no mechanical experience required. It contains nothing which can clog or coat the cooling system and is absolutely harmless in every respect. It isn't a make-shift—it's a permanent repair. It will ordinarily seal a leak in from two to ten minutes. A half pint is sufficient for a Ford or other small radiator.

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Here is a preparation with which you can make your gray, dusty top and side curtains look like new. Johnson's Black-Lac is unequalled for blackening fenders, rims, hoods, lamps—and in fact, all worn metal parts. Prevents rust and keeps your car in a high state of repair.

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Best by test for grinding all kinds of valves. Contains no glass, emery or grit. Made in two grades—the coarse for roughening and the fine for finishing. Put up in lithographed Duplex cans containing 2 ozs. each of the fine and coarse. Use Johnson's Valve Grinding Compound for all kinds of surfacing and polishing.

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This is the ideal repair for tubes, casings and rubber goods of all kinds. No time, labor or heat required. A Patch can be applied in three minutes and it's so simple a child can use it. Gives equally good results on a pin hole, puncture or on a large blowout. Conveniently put up in strips.

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ESTABLISHED 1882

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How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.
B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.
C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Do You Remember

The Old Corn Doctor?

He stood on the street in the olden days and offered a "magic corn cure."

It was harsh and it caused soreness, but it did not end the corn. Nearly everybody had corns in those days.

That same method, harsh and inefficient, is offered you in countless forms today.

Grandmother's Way

Another method, older still, was to pare and pad a corn. That was Grandmother's way.

Folks did not know the danger, for they did not know of germs.

But they knew its uselessness. The corns remained. Paring brought but brief relief. Pads made the foot unsightly.

Ten-year-old corns by the millions existed in those days.

Then Came Blue-jay

Then scientific men in the Bauer & Black laboratories invented the Blue-jay plaster. It was based on research, on knowledge, on many a clinical test.

People began to use it. They found that a jiffy applied it. They found it snug and comfortable.

They found that the pain stopped instantly, and it never came back. They found that the corn completely disappeared and usually in 48 hours. Only one corn in ten needed a second application.

These users told others, and now millions use Blue-jay. They apply it as soon as a corn appears. Now at least one-half the people never suffer corns.

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All America fears competition with the cheap labor of the Far East, and, to a greater or less extent, the same thing holds true between the American-born worker on our eastern seaboard and the immigrant recently arrived from Europe.

In the same way that we fear cheap labor, so do the peoples of Europe fear the system of organized factory production established in America — the system which already bids fair to give us control of the seas with our fabricated ships, which has given us the best railroad rolling stock in the world, and which is accountable for our preeminence in the steel and automobile industries.

IT is unthinkable also that the living standards of the more progressive nations in the world should be reduced in order that their manufacturers may compete with those employing cheap labor. It is impossible, however, in the long run, that the peoples of the Orient, when they understand world conditions, will long continue to be satisfied with their present standards. When a greater equality of living conditions and wage scales have been established, then to a great extent the economic pressure between nations which leads to war shall have been relieved.

The whole world will benefit from universal improvement in wage standards. The American manufacturer will be relieved from an unfair competition with the employer of cheap labor. The living standards of the American workman will be bettered because of the removal of this competition, while backward peoples will themselves be benefited by being brought closer to our standards.

It is to this end that the International Labor Conferences have been working, and there is not an employer of labor, nor an employee of any factory in the United States, that should not give wholehearted support to their plans, and find, at least a selfish, if no other, reason for so doing.

It is improbable, for instance, that the Japanese sailor will long be willing to be the one underpaid mariner in the world, and the maritime trade competition of the Pacific must within a very few years adjust itself on the basis of a revised wage scale for the marines of Japan.

With these facts in view, and remembering that we possess unlimited natural resources, a great balance of trade in our favor, and more than our share of the gold reserve of the world, it is immediately evident that the great outstanding banking figures of the United States possess the power, and should be prepared to favor any plan which will properly maintain order throughout the world while that world is being placed upon a sound financial and industrial basis.

Such a basis must be obtained not only for the benefit of foreign countries, but for our own. At the present time our ships operate with high freight rates, and these rates are absolutely necessary *because our ships return in ballast, since there are now no inbound cargoes with which they can be filled*, — cargoes which could be used to lower the outbound cost.

The loss in imports into the United States has been tremendous. Before the War broke out in 1914, we received, for instance, 343,010,721 pounds of wool of all classes from Great Britain; in 1918 this had dropped to 299,865 pounds. The import of hides was reduced nine-tenths. The import of tea fell off from over 11,500,000 pounds in 1915 to less than 500,000 pounds in 1918. Our imports from France fell off in like manner. Before 1914 we received over 3,000,000 pounds of India rubber from France; in 1918 only approximately 500,000 pounds. The import of French olive oil fell off two-thirds. And where formerly we obtained 2,500,000 goat skins annually, we now receive less than 200,000. From Italy in 1917 we received 275,982 silk fabrics; we are now receiving only 39,000. This means in a word a decrease in the exports of these countries — exports which would have paid in goods for a part of the materials which we sold to them and for which they must make payment.

There is a material difference in the attitude of mind with which various financial interests in the United States approach the Paris peace. There is the difference between the great and the near-great. Your near-great banker and your second-grade financier, not looking deeply into the problem, see in the League of Nations a great collection agency through which we can collect the world debt due us. This is not the real reason controlling the attitude of the great figures of broad vision and penetrating insight.

The Davisons and the Vanderlips, with such men as Reynolds of Chicago, are looking not for a collection agency, but for a stabilizing machine which will enable America to lend a helping hand to Europe, not alone through short-term loans which must soon be returned, both principal and interest, but through long extensions of credit. Only such credit can tide the affected countries over the long weary period that must elapse before a tortured Europe can regather its shattered fortunes and take up again a strong and self-sufficient position in the economic world. To these men it is plain that America must not — dare not — place itself in the position of a foreclosing usurer, but must make itself truly helpful, not merely through charity, which is necessarily restricted in amount and limited in kind, but through a wise and businesslike extension of whatever credit may be required to insure the financial integrity of European institutions.

They point out that the American merchant of to-morrow must learn that it is not alone what he sells, but what he buys abroad, that will in the end prove profitable. We cannot continually export goods unless we import enough to balance the account; otherwise the rates of exchange must mount so high that they will wipe out all legitimate business and render all exports a ruinous loss. If the man abroad cannot pay either in gold or in goods for our surplus production, what then becomes of that surplus? Are we to cut down production of food while Europe starves; close our factories, and discharge our men?

It will not do for us to loan moneys and extend credits only to the foreign governments themselves, and so add to the taxes of their peoples, but we must go beyond that and our nationals must extend a helping hand to the foreign business man directly. His rail and communication lines must be rebuilt; he must be aided to get at his own natural resources. In fact, we must not only loan, but we must directly invest our money abroad, not merely because of the profit which we will obtain from each separate investment, but in order that our money, our materials and our foods can be put to work to help earn the very tax moneys which must be collected abroad in order that the debts of these nations may be paid, — this is required for the protection which the rebuilding of foreign industry will give to organized society, as well as to restore the normal rate of foreign exchange and to reestablish an even balance of trade.

UNLESS we aid Europe to get back on her feet and to complete her own reorganization, there will be no chance for us to escape unscathed the trouble which comes from her unrest. Bolshevism and anarchy are contagious, and the oceans can be no barrier against them. Should hunger, want, distress and starvation in Europe continue, and should we ourselves escape from infection, it would be only to face another danger, the danger which would exist from our own prosperity and the jealousies of that prosperity which would inevitably arise abroad. We would be forced to defend our possessions, our riches and our resources, and would be forced to arm ourselves so to do. The citizens of Rome were not strong enough to defend her wealth, and Rome fell; the Grecians were not strong enough to protect their trade, and Greece fell.

It is for like reasons that one of the men closest to the President during the Peace Conference said upon his return: "We can either do our part in world reconstruction, or we must carry forever the expense of the greatest navy in the world, the greatest aerial service, the greatest submarine fleet, and all the other burdens of a nation under arms, and with this gigantic military and naval establishment, be prepared to defend ourselves, both from Bolshevistic tendencies within and against inimical military combinations from without. Eventually, no one nation can stand against the world. We must either be the friend or the economic enemy of the nations.

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Something for Nothing

[*Continued from page 22*]

Samuel Oldridge came hurtling into the room, closely followed by the village constable, Walt Irving. Directly behind him was a muscular-looking fellow, in civilian clothes. Young Chris Oldridge, with a joyous gleam of vengeful triumph in his eyes, hovered in the rear, and only entered when the other three men had formed a line of defense between him and his enemy.

"Well, what's the meaning of this?" cried Jurian. "What do you want here?"

"Oh, you don't know! You're the innocent lamb, you are!" bawled young Oldridge. "You haven't done anything, of course!"

"You shut up!" commanded the senior Oldridge.

But young Oldridge did not subside. He flittered nimbly around his safe position near the door, and prodded Jurian with ironic words, the import of which was not clear to the dazed occupant of the room.

"You get out o' here, the whole lot of you!" came suddenly from Jurian.

"Oh, he doesn't want us to stay, pop!" cackled young Oldridge, gaily. "I shouldn't think he would, eh, Irving?"

"Keep still, will you?" growled the constable, as though not over-fond of having his efforts directed by the Oldridges, yet somewhat in awe of them. Then, to Jurian, he said civilly enough, "I'm afraid you'll have to let us search your room, Mr. Jurian. Mr. Oldridge here makes a serious charge against you. I've got a search warrant here, and I advise you not to make any trouble."

"But what the devil is it all about?" shouted Jurian, thoroughly aroused. "What am I charged with?"

"You don't know that the safe in the Oldridge store was blown open last night — or this morning, rather?" said the constable, gazing into Jurian's eyes sharply.

"Oldridge's safe!" gasped Jurian. "Then that was what I heard — !"

"Oho! that was what *he* heard!" yelled young Oldridge, sarcastically. "Oh, you'll get yours, Jurian! You've got to the end of your rope, you dirty robber, you!"

JURIAN, clad only in his pajamas, glared at young Oldridge, his breath coming fast. There was something about the leering, vindictive and sensual face of the youth which maddened him beyond reasoning. Before he could get second thought, Jurian had broken through the defensive line, and had the son of the Foxlake magnate by the throat.

"I can't stand it any more!" gritted out the young fellow, as he fastened an iron grip on the provoker, and rammed him against the door with a smash which brought the blood streaming from Christopher's nostrils. At the same time he drew back his right arm.

What happened then was lucky for young Mr. Oldridge, and even luckier for Jurian. A moment afterward young Oldridge's head would have certainly disappeared through the thin panels of the door. But Jurian's right arm was caught from behind in the powerful grip of the constable, and at the same time two sinewy arms of the constable's assistant encircled Jurian's chest, and a hand pulled irresistibly downward on that arm of Jurian's which held Oldridge fast.

Jurian braced himself for the struggle. He threw all his strength into his legs and arms, and almost succeeded in throwing both his captors off their feet. But the fight was too unequal. A few minutes afterward, panting and half naked, Jurian was handcuffed and sitting on the edge of the bed, looking dismally at the floor.

"If that ain't enough, we'll tie his legs!" gasped the constable.

Irving, the constable, without evidence of hard-feelings toward the captive, looked at Jurian with admiration for the tussle he had given them. Then he shook his head.

"You shouldn't fight against a proper search, when we've got a warrant, Mr. Jurian," drawled the constable. "It makes it go all the harder for you. I've got to charge you with assaulting Mr. Oldridge — "

"With intent to kill!" roared Oldridge senior, looking up from where his son was lying half-unconscious, and still bleeding from the nose. "With intent to kill — don't forget that, Irving!"

"Oh, I ain't sure there was no such intent as all that, Mr. Oldridge," was the judicial answer. The constable clearly did not enjoy being treated like a lackey by the rich man. To Jurian he said in a low tone, "Will you sit there and be quiet or have I got to truss you up with a rope?"

"No, I'll give in," replied Jurian. "I don't understand what it's all about, but you can search all you please."

"That's the way to talk," was the response. "You ought to have said that first."

And so Jurian was forced to watch, helpless, while the three men — young Oldridge was sitting on the floor propped up against the wall, very white of face — ransacked his effects.

"Hello, what's this? This looks like it!" cried the constable's assistant suddenly, from the closet. There was a loud metallic clank as something heavy was thrown from the closet into the room. Jurian looked at the object, mechanically, and then stared hard.

It was a black bag, worn brownish on the edges from use.

The constable and Sam Oldridge pounced upon the bag simultaneously. Then a yell of delight came from the elder Oldridge, which brought young Oldridge weakly to his feet.

"Well, by jingo — a pretty nifty set of tools, I must say!" cried the constable. "Look at them cutters, Jones! Them would cut ord'nary sheet-steel like cheese! And that jimmy would force a coal-car off'n the track, I bet! And — for the love of God, Jones, go easy on that bottle! That looks like nitro-glycerine! An I you threw that bag down like you did! How come you by these things, Mr. Jurian? You don't look the part, by jings if you do!"

"Where did that bag come from?" asked Jurian, dizzily. "Upon my word, I never saw that bag before."

"Oh, tell that to the marines," retorted the constable, perhaps a bit disgusted that the gentleman burglar should resort to such a silly denial in the face of the evidence.

The deprecating glance he received from the constable brought home to Jurian in a flash the ugly predicament he was in.

"You don't have to say nothing that would tend to 'criminate you," said the constable. Jurian made no reply, and the constable continued, "You gather up that truck, Jones. Is anybody in the lockup? One tramp? Well, turn the hobo loose, because there's only one room there that is fit to hold this feller. He squirmed like a regular Houdini, and I guess we'll put those new patent bracelets on him when we get over there."

The constable permitted Jurian to dress and was even gracious enough to grant his wish that an automobile be called to take them the short distance to the lockup.

So Jurian took advantage of the good-nature of the constable to say to him, "Now, Mr. Irving, you think I'm a cracksman, and there's no use in talking about that point now. But just humor me this far, won't you? Make believe, if you want to, that I'm really innocent, and tell me what's the first thing to do. I've never been arrested before. Just believe me when I say that, for the fun of it. Should I send for a lawyer? Is that the best thing?"

Irving glanced at the young fellow quizzically. He didn't know what to make of such a line of talk. But he answered, "I guess you couldn't do better than get a lawyer, quick. Lawyers can do a lot. They're up to all kinds of tricks."

"Then send for Armand LaBonne right away, will you please?"

For more than an hour Jurian paced the small tight room in which he was locked, bewildered, aching, despondent. The black bag which constituted such seemingly damning evidence against him — how had it come in his room? Black bag! He had been talking about a black bag recently — but had forgotten . . . no, it was surely Dorothy who had spoken of it . . . something about Miss Hesketh — Jurian's head ached dully, and he sat down on the plain wooden bench and waited for LaBonne.

When the lawyer arrived there was a look in his eyes which was far from raising Jurian's courage The constable hovered around while the lawyer and client were talking, but once, when the policeman was out of earshot, LaBonne said, confidentially, "This certainly is extraordinary, Mr. Jurian. You'll be quite safe in telling me everything. In fact — you must, if I'm —"

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"Your Heart Is Calling Mine"
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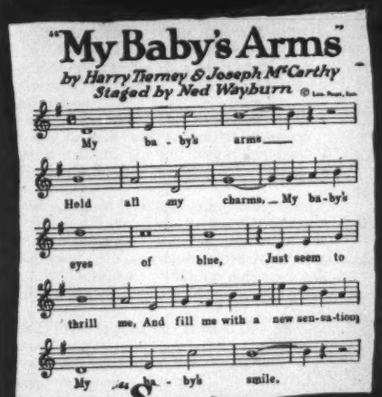
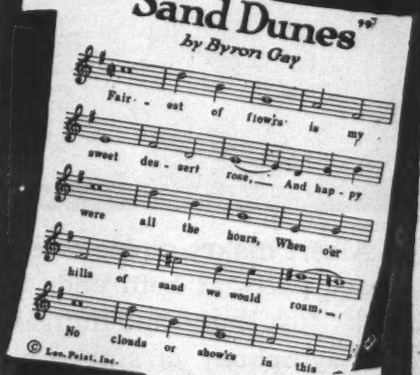

"My Baby's Arms"
by Harry Tierney & Joseph McCarthy
Staged by Ned Wayburn
My ba - by's arms
Hold all my charms, My ba-by's
eyes of blue, Just seem to
thrill me, And fill me with a new sen-sa-tion
My ba - by's smile.


"Sand Dunes"
by Byron Gay
Fair - est of flow'rs is my
sweet des - ert rose, And hap - py
were all the hours, When our
hills of sand we would roam,
No clouds or show'rs in this
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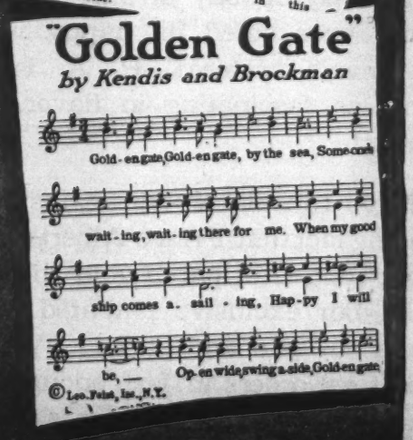
"Golden Gate"
by Kendis and Brockman
Gold - en gate, Gold-en gate, by the sea, Some-one
wait - ing, wait - ing there for me. When my good
ship comes a - sail - ing, Hap-py I will
be, Op-en wide, swing a-side, Gold-en gate
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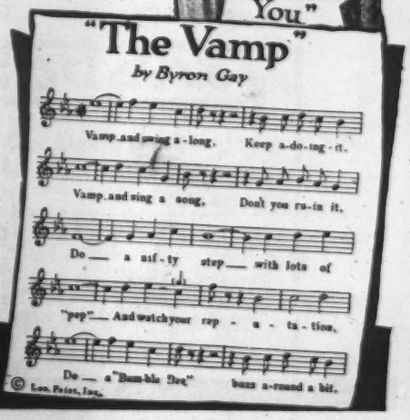
"The Vamp"
by Byron Gay
Vamp and swing a - long. Keep a-do - ing - it.
Vamp and sing a song, Don't you ru-in it.
Do — a sif - ty step — with lots of
"pep" — And watch your rep - u - ta - tion.
Do — a "Bumble Bee" buzz a-round a bit.
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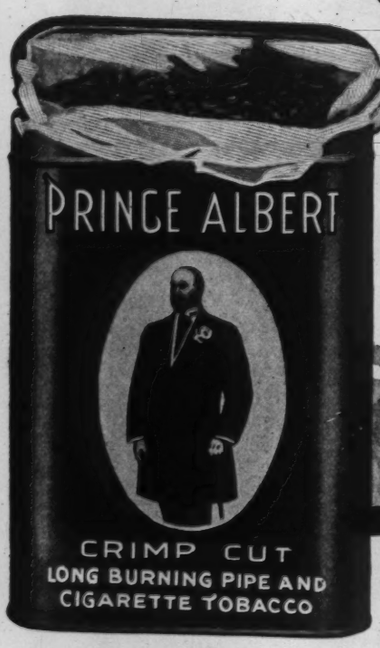

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"Absolutely, Mr. LaBonne," interrupted the young fellow, "I never saw that black bag before. I haven't the slightest idea of how it came in my room."

"Between you and me, I wouldn't trust those Oldridges far," continued the lawyer. "Strikes me they played too big a part in the morning's affair. But first of all, I'd better go over to your store and see Miss Blair. She may know something about it. There's no use dodging the fact, Mr. Jurian, that the Oldridges are going to make this a serious affair, no matter how innocent you may be."

The last words of the lawyer gave one final dull kick to Jurian's fading spirits. "No matter how innocent you may be." The cautious phrasing of the attorney indicated that he himself might entertain some private, if not professional doubts of the merit of his case.

Lawyer LaBonne was several minutes too late in getting to the store. Already the constable, accompanied by the two Oldridges, had been there.

Dorothy Blair had come down-stairs into the store earlier than usual this morning. Neither she nor her father had heard the noise and scurrying of the early morning, because their bedrooms were at the rear.

The entrance of Samuel Oldridge and his son, accompanied by the constable, was an overwhelming surprise to Miss Blair. The Oldridges had never set foot within the Hesketh Store since the day of Christopher's rough treatment under the spigot of the molasses-barrel. They came forward quietly, near to where Dorothy was working, and the senior Oldridge began, almost courteously:

"Morning, Dorothy! Like to speak with you a minute."

At the same time, the constable set the black bag he was carrying on the counter.

For an instant, the girl forgot her fear of the Oldridges, in her amazement at sight of the black bag.

"Did you find it?" she cried, delightedly. "Oh, where did you find the bag?" She ran forward to take it. But the constable put out his arm. "You mustn't touch it, Miss Blair," he warned. "We've come to ask you about it."

DOROTHY looked at the men in surprise, and then she observed that three pairs of eyes were fixed upon her.

"Yes, we want to know about this bag," went on Samuel Oldridge, in an unusually bland manner. "You've seen it before?"

There seemed no good reason for not telling. "Why, of course," she went on. "It was left in my care. But it has been missing for several days. Where did you get it, Mr. Irving?"

"Where did you get the bag in the first place, Miss Blair? That's what we'd like to know."

"Yes, you'd better tell the whole truth," added the elder Oldridge, threateningly.

The menacing tone of Samuel Oldridge closed Dorothy's lips at once. "I don't think I care to tell you," she answered immediately. But the constable came to the rescue, saying, adroitly, "I think you'd better tell us all about it, Miss Blair. The truth never hurt anybody, and your refusal to tell might cause some friend of yours a good deal of trouble."

"But — but what's the matter? What's the trouble?" asked the girl helplessly, appealing to Irving.

"I'll tell you the minute you want to tell me everything you know about the bag," was the reply.

Dorothy looked about, from one man to the other, feeling sick and panicky. But the essential justness of Irving's remark, that the truth was the best policy, appealed to her. So, after a pause, she said breathlessly, "Well, I will tell you. The bag was given me to keep by Miss Hesketh, before she died." The girl got that far, and then noticed that the steel ring was missing from its place. "You — you haven't opened it, have you?" she gasped. "You have no right to open the bag. It belongs to Mr. Jurian. I forbid you —"

"Ho, that's a good one!" cried young Oldridge, in exultation.

"Shut up!" roared the father. But his piggish little eyes, deep-set under his shaggy eye-brows, glowed with delight.

"She says it's Mr. Jurian's, Irving. You heard her, didn't you? Then you lied, didn't you, miss, when you said Miss Hesketh gave it to you to keep?"

"I did not lie — and you're a brute to say it," retorted the girl, hot with indignation. "Miss Hesketh did ask me to keep it. She — she was keeping it for Mr. Jurian — but he didn't know — that is — oh, I sha'n't tell you another word —!" sobbed the girl.

The constable went to her and patted her on the shoulder, at the same time shaking his head meaningly at the Oldridges. "Now, please don't cry, Miss Blair," he said. "You know I'm simply doing my duty. Now, just tell me this: did Miss Hesketh find that bag with Mr. Jurian when she — er — picked him up on the road that day?"

Dorothy Blair lifted her moist eyes to the constable appealingly and murmured, "Please, won't you tell me what's in the bag? I have never known. I'm — I'm sure it must be all right. Won't you just tell me —"

Irving, a fellow of some tenderness, didn't like this part of his job at all. But he knew that his town position was in the power of Samuel Oldridge to award or take away. So he pressed, as gently as possible:

"Did she find the bag with Mr. Jurian?" There was no answer. Instead, the girl suddenly asked, frightened, "Where is Mr. Jurian? Has anything happened?"

"I can't tell you unless you answer my question."

"Yes, it was," came the weak answer. "Now, now, Mr. Irving, tell me — what is the matter? Has anything happened?"

With a shrill squeal of triumph, Samuel Oldridge swooped down upon the bag and tore it open. "Well, I guess that finishes that young whipper-snapper! Looky here, miss," he went on, "I'll show you what's in the bag. Burglar's tools, see! Didn't know your friend was a burglar, did you? Ha! I guess this settles his career for him!"

"It's not true!" cried the girl, wildly. "It's not true! You wouldn't dare to say that when Mr. Jurian comes."

"When Mr. Jurian comes," echoed young Oldridge with a sneer. "He's in jail, that's where he is. He'll do all his talking through the bars."

"Is — he?" gasped Dorothy Blair, turning to the constable.

Irving answered, weakly, "Well, Miss Blair, not exactly in jail, no, miss. But — well, we've had to hold him in the lockup for an examination before Judge Harris. I —"

The constable stopped short and held out his arms quickly. For the girl, worn out by the grilling, had staggered toward him and toppled over in a swoon.

"You better take the bag over to Judge Harris's now, Mr. Oldridge," said the constable. "I'll look out for Miss Dorothy. I don't think we treated her quite right." The Oldridges went out quietly. They met Joe and Grace coming in, and the youth, knowing nothing of what had happened, gave them a sour look and passed inside.

Immediately following Joe and Grace came LaBonne the lawyer. LaBonne discovered a bristling scene when he entered. Joe McKenzie, scenting what had happened before his arrival, and seeing Dorothy Blair unconscious in the arms of the constable, had torn off his coat and started back after the Oldridges, to administer corporal punishment without a moment's delay. Grace McKenzie was clinging to the young man and begging him not to do anything rash.

Before this welter of trouble, Attorney LaBonne stood perplexed. Then he proceeded to quiet Joe McKenzie and to learn from Dorothy, as soon as she recovered consciousness, what had been going on. As she told her story, the attorney shook his head deprecatingly. "By George, Miss Blair," he said, "this begins to look more serious. If you hadn't told them that the bag was found with Jurian — you couldn't know the effect of that information, of course — don't feel too badly about it — it would have come out anyway, no doubt. . ."

But the girl, sensing that she had furnished the last link to the circumstantial evidence, was moaning, "What have I done? Oh, what have I done to Frederick?"

LaBonne took the girl's hands in his and looked into her eyes. "Nothing is going to be gained by going on like that Miss Blair. You know that Mr. Jurian has a store here which must be carried on. You'll serve his interests best by bracing up and getting to work right away."

From that moment Dorothy got hold of herself.

Soon afterward, LaBonne was again with Jurian, in the brick cell. With the straightforwardness of a sincere lawyer, he lost no time in posing the question:

"Where were you, Mr. Jurian, when you heard that explosion this morning?"

"In my room. I had been working over some business matters?"

"Is there any way you could prove that you were in your room? I don't suppose there's anybody who could testify to that?"

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"Why, I was with—" he began, and then he choked his utterance off abruptly. "No, no," he added, stumblingly. "What am I saying? No, I was alone, of course."

The keen eyes of the French-Canadian lawyer observed that it was not the truth. Jurian realized the ruin it would mean to Miss Kernon's reputation if it developed that she was in his room at that hour.

"Come, come, Mr. Jurian, I won't touch your case unless you tell me who was with you. Was it a woman?" guessed the lawyer, accurately.

"I was alone," insisted Jurian.

"You're leaving yourself in bad, when you take that attitude," said the lawyer, angry at last. "You'd better realize that, innocent or not, the circumstances look ugly."

Dorothy sent Joe and Grace home to a warm dinner that day. "I really want to be alone a little while," explained the girl.

The McKenzies had been gone from the store only a few minutes when young Oldridge entered.

"What do you want?" asked the girl.

"Wait a minute, Dorothy," begged the young fellow. "I've got a letter for you. I say, Dorothy, I think you ought to treat me a little better. I'd be mighty nice to you if you'd let me."

The girl was not listening. Her eyes were scanning the lines, signed by Hazel Kernon:

"My dear Miss Blair:

"I'm so upset about what has happened to our poor Frederick. Of course, you are, too. Won't you come to see me at once in Room 7 at the hotel? Please return your answer by the bearer. Hazel Kernon."

A great sob of joy came into Dorothy's throat. Miss Kernon was here—in Foxlake! It seemed too good to be true. Miss Kernon was rich, she was used to the ways of the world, and she liked Jurian.

"Tell Miss Kernon I will come just as soon as I can," was the girl's answer. When her partners came in, Dorothy was already at the door. She stopped long enough to say, "I've good news, Joe! Miss Kernon is here. She will help Frederick."

"I don't call that good news," muttered Joe, shaking his head. "That girl ain't here to help nobody but herself, Gracie."

Miss Kernon received Dorothy with outstretched hands and distressed eyes.

"It's dreadful, Miss Blair," she began. "Something must be done at once. I've seen the justice, and he'll take a bond for Fred's appearance to-morrow morning, and I've wired for funds."

"Oh, that's so fine of you," began Dorothy.

"But it looks very, very bad," went on the city girl. "We know that Fred couldn't do anything like what he is charged with, but the circumstances—that bag—and the fact that only yesterday, I think, he was over at East Marion trying to borrow money from a banker—and didn't get it—oh, my dear! If somebody only hadn't told that that black bag was found with Fred when Miss Hesketh picked him up on the roadside!"

"Oh, God help me, it was I that told!" cried Dorothy.

"There, there, child," said Hazel. "Of course you didn't know. Still, it's true that Fred may have to suffer for that slip of yours. Unless—unless—"

"Unless, unless—" echoed the other woman, miserably, but eagerly.

[*To be concluded*]

"Well, money will do a great deal," went on Hazel Kernon. "I do believe that if Fred were alone, penniless, nothing could save him now from prison. But I can get the greatest legal talent in New York—"

"And you will?" gasped Dorothy, seizing the city girl's hands tightly.

"Miss Blair," she went on quickly, "I love Fred Jurian. I didn't know it till—I don't know when, not long ago. I can't be happy without him. Child, I don't want to make you miserable. But you must forget Fred Jurian. I'll do anything for you—I'll give you advantages you never would have—never with him, as he is now—but I can't give him up. Can't you understand that that is the reason I am going to put all my money at his disposal—to save him from disaster? It's to save him for myself. Think, child, which you want to do."

"Oh, you can't mean you wouldn't save him unless—I give him up, Miss Kernon."

"He has hurt me," was the reply, and the eyes of the city woman glowed with fire. "I—I hated him—last night. I have hated him lately. I could—I could have killed him—once—when he—he—never mind . . . I can hate Fred Jurian! I can love him, too. You—you have incriminated him! You told something which may send him to prison. Will you let me save him?"

The blood left Dorothy Blair's face. Her lips were blue, and her voice sounded far-off and strange, to her own ears, as she replied:

"Save him, Miss Kernon. I—I will give him up. I promise you. I—I promise you. Only save him. . . ."

Influencing Arthur — *Continued from page 17*

alone. Of course it was Genevieve who was to blame. She was a frivolous, light-minded girl. She was a bad influence for Arthur.

Yet, when it came time for the "crowd" to disperse and Arthur told her good night, Missy deemed it only consistent with dignity to maintain extreme reserve.

"Oh, fudge, Missy! Don't be so standoffish!" Arthur was very appealing when he looked at you like that. But Missy made herself say firmly:

"You put me in an awkward position, Arthur."

"Oh, come out of it!" laughed Arthur.

Missy sighed in her heart. She feared Arthur was utterly unregenerate. Especially when, as he turned to Genevieve—who was tugging at his arm—he gave the Reverend MacGill's missionary an open wink.

She herself expected to be taken home by the O'Neills, but to her surprise she found her father waiting in the church vestibule.

They walked homeward through the swirling flakes in silence. She trudged along beside him, while her thoughts flew far afield.

"Who was the boy who threw the paper-wad?"

Involuntarily Missy's hold on his arm loosened. Then father had seen. That was bad. It was very bad for Arthur's reputation. Poor Arthur!

"Threw the paper-wad?" she asked back evasively.

"Yes, the red-headed boy. Wasn't it that Summers fellow?"

Evasion was no longer possible. Anyway, it might be best to try to explain—to set poor Arthur right. So she replied:

"Yes, it was Arthur—but it wasn't *his* fault, exactly."

"Not *his* fault? Whose in thunder was it?"

Missy hesitated. She didn't like talking scandal of any one directly—and, besides, there were likable traits in Genevieve.

"Well," she said, "it's just that Arthur is under a kind of wrong influence—if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know that influences count for a good deal," answered father in the serious way she loved in him. "Just what kind of influence is undermining this Arthur fellow?"

"Well, he runs around with frivolous people, who lead him on to do things he wouldn't dream of doing alone. It isn't his fault if he's kind of—kind of dissipated."

A little confusedly she rushed on: "He ought to have uplifting influences in his life—Arthur's at heart an awfully nice boy. That's why I wanted mother to let me go walking with him. Don't you think that—maybe—if she understood—she might let me?"

But father ruthlessly squashed her hopes.

"I should say not! You say he's dissipated and then in the same breath ask me—for God's sake!"

"Maybe, he isn't so dissipated, father," she began quaveringly.

"I don't care a whoop whether he is or not," said father heartlessly. "What I want is for you to get it into your head, once for all, that you're to have *nothing* to do with this fellow or any other boy!"

Father's voice, usually so kind, had a doomsday quality. It reverberated in the depths of Missy's being.

She said her good nights quickly and got off up-stairs to her room. As she undressed she could hear the dim, far-away sound of her parents' voices. The sound irritated her. Not only did they begrudge her a good time and white-fox furs, but they wouldn't let her try to be a good influence to the world!

For awhile she lay quiet but she felt so unlike sleep that, finally, she crept out of bed, and went over to the window. It had stopped snowing and everything shone palely in ghostly white. And, as her soul stretched out to the beauty and grandeur and mystery of it all, there came over her a feeling of indefinable ecstasy, a vague, keen yearning to be really good in every way. Good to her Lord, to her father and mother and Aunt Nettie and little brother, to the Reverend MacGill with his fascinating smile and good works, and to Arthur, too, of course. There must be *some* way of helping Arthur.

Then, half pondering, half praying:

"How can I help Arthur, dear Lord? Please help me find some way. Maybe he *is* dissipated. Maybe he smokes cigarettes! Why does he fall for light-mindedness? I don't think it would be *very* wrong if I talked to him just a little—do you?"

Gradually it came over her that she was chilly; she dragged a comforter from her bed and resumed her kneeling posture by the window. Then she discovered she was going off to sleep, so she jumped back into bed. A great change had come over her spirit; no longer was there bitterness or ugly rebellion. Smiling softly, she slept.

The next morning brought confusion to the Merriam household, for father was catching the 8:37 to Macon City on a business trip, mother was in bed with one of her headaches, and Missy had a sore throat. This last calamity was attributed to Missy's being out in the snow-storm the night before. But Missy knew there was another contributory cause.

"I didn't want her to go to church in the first place," mother lamented.

"Well, she won't go any more," said father darkly. Missy's heart sank.

How could she hope to exert a proper religious influence if she didn't attend services herself?

"I think you'd better stay home to-day," he continued. "It's still pretty blustery."

So Missy found herself spending the day comparatively alone in a preternaturally quiet house; Marguerite, the hired girl, doing the laundry down in the basement.

She was idling at the front-parlor window when she saw Pieker's delivery wagon stop at the gate. She hurried back to the kitchen and let Arthur in. Mischievous-eyed, he grinned at her as he emptied his basket.

"Well," he bantered, "did you pray for my sins last night?"

"You shouldn't make fun of things like that," she said rebukingly.

Arthur chortled.

"Gee, Missy, but you're sure a scream when you get pious!" Then he sobered and, casually—a little too casually, inquired: "Say, I s'pose you're going again to-night?"

Missy regretfully shook her head. "No, I've got a sore throat." Arthur looked regretful, too.

"That's too bad. I was thinking, maybe—"

He shuffled from one foot to the other in a way that to Missy clearly finished his speech's hiatus: He'd been contemplating taking *her* home to-night! What a shame she couldn't grasp at this chance for service! But she oughtn't to let go of it altogether. She puckered her brows meditatively.

"I'm not going to church, but I've got some history references to look up at the library to-night."

Arthur brightened. The library appealed to him as a rendezvous more than church, anyway.

"About what time will you be through at the library?" asked Arthur, still casual.

"Oh, about eight-thirty," said Missy.

"Well, maybe," opined Arthur, "I'll see you there."

"That would be nice," said Missy, tingling.

She continued to tingle after he had jauntily departed with his basket and clattered away in his delivery wagon. She had a "date" with Arthur. Then, resolutely she squashed her thrills; she must remember that this meeting was for a Christian cause. The motive was what made it all right for her to disobey.

Then, another difficulty presented itself to her mind. Mother had set her foot down on evening visits to the library—mother seemed to think girls went there evenings chiefly to meet boys! Missy pondered long.

The result was that, after supper, at which mother had appeared, pale and heavy-eyed, Missy said tentatively:

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see what the lessons are for to-morrow? My throat's better. And I've *got* to keep up my lessons, mother!"

"Very well, then," agreed mother.

As Missy sped toward the Library, conflicting emotions swirled within her. The intense blackness of tree-shadows laying across the intense whiteness of the snow struck her in two places at once — imaginatively in the brain and fearsomely in the stomach. Nor is a guilty conscience a reassuring companion. Her trip, however fundamentally virtuous — and with whatever subtly interwoven elements of pleasure at its end — was certainly not an agreeable one.

In the brightly lighted library her fears faded away. But, as the hands on the big clock moved toward half-past eight, apprehensions began to rise again. What if Arthur should fail to come?

Just as fear was beginning to turn to panic, Arthur sauntered in, nonchalantly. While Missy palpitated, he looked over at her, smiled, and made an interrogative movement with his eyebrows. As she moved toward the door, whither Arthur was also sauntering, she felt that every eye in the library must be observing.

Arthur wore his air of assurance gracefully. Admiration from the fair sex was no new thing to him. And Missy knew this. Perhaps that was one reason she'd been so modestly pleased that he had wished to bestow his gallantries upon her.

She felt herself the heroine of a thrilling situation, though their conversation was of very ordinary things; the weather — Missy's sore throat (sweet solicitude from Arthur) — gossip of the "crowd" — the weather's probabilities to-morrow.

The wind whipped chillingly about Missy's short-skirted legs, for they were strolling slowly — the correct way to walk when one has a "date." Missy's teeth were chattering and her legs seemed wooden. Anyway, despite physical discomforts, there was a certain deliciousness in the situation, even though she found it difficult to turn the talk into the spiritual trend she had proposed. Finally Arthur himself mentioned the paper-wad episode.

"You shouldn't be so worldly, Arthur," she said in a voice of gentle reproof.

"How am I worldly?" he pursued, in a tone of one not entirely unpleased.

"Why — throwing wads in church."

"Oh, I see," said Arthur, his tone dropping a little. "I suppose it was a silly thing to do," he added with a touch of stiffness.

"It was a profane kind of thing," she said.

"If I'm such a sinner, I don't see why you have anything to do with me."

"It's because I like you. You don't think it's a pleasure to me to find fault with you, do you, Arthur?" she asked, gravely.

"Then why find fault?" he asked.

"But if the faults are *there*?"

"Let's forget about 'em, then," he answered with cheerful logic. "Everybody can't be good like *you*, you know."

Missy felt nonplussed, though subtly pleased, in a way. Arthur *did* admire her, perhaps in time she could be a good influence to him. But at a loss just how to answer his personal allusion, she glanced backward. In the distance she saw a tall man.

"I don't s'pose you'll be going to the library again to-morrow night?" suggested Arthur presently.

"Why, I don't know — why?"

"Oh, I was just thinking that if you had to, I might drop around again."

"Maybe I *will* have to — I don't know just yet," she murmured, confused.

"Well, I'll just drop by, anyway," he said. "Maybe you'll be there."

"Yes, maybe."

Another pause. Trying to think of something to say, she glanced over her shoulder; then clutched at Arthur's arm.

"See that man back there — following us! He looks something like father!"

As she spoke she unconsciously quickened her pace; Arthur consciously quickened his.

"Oh!" cried Missy under her breath. "It *is* father! I'll cut across this vacant lot and get in at the kitchen door! You'd better run, Arthur — he might kill you!"

Arthur didn't want to be killed. "So long, then — let me know how things come out!" — and he disappeared fleetly.

Missy couldn't make such quick progress; the vacant lot had been a cornfield, and the stubby ground was frozen into hard, sharp ridges. She stumbled, felt her shoes filling with snow, stumbled on, fell down. She scrambled to her feet and hurried on.

At the kitchen-door she paused a moment to regain her breath. There was a light in the kitchen and she could hear mother doing something in the pantry. She sniffed at the air and called cheerily:

"Been popping corn?"

"Yes," came mother's voice, rather stiffly. "Seems to me you've been a long time finding out about those lessons!"

Not offering to debate that question, Missy hurried up the back-stairs.

Presently, in her night-dress, she felt safer. But she decided she'd better crawl into bed. She lay there, listening. Later she heard a cab stop in front of the house, the slam of the front-door and the sound of father's voice. *That* hadn't been he after all!

Just as she wa sdozing off, she was roused by some one's entering the room, bending over her.

It was father!

"I've brought you a little present from town." He was lighting the gas. "Here!"

Her blinking eyes saw him place a big flat box on the bed. She fumbled at the cords, then — dear heaven! There, snow-white and alluring, reposed a set of white-fox furs!

"S-sh!" he admonished, smiling. "Mother doesn't know about them yet."

"Oh, father!" She couldn't say any more. And the father thought he understood the emotions, which underlay her fervent good night kiss.

As soon as he was gone, she climbed out of bed to kneel in repentant humility.

"Dear Lord," she prayed, "please forgive me for deceiving my dear father and mother."

Then, feeling better, she climbed back into bed, the furs on her pillow.

But she could not sleep. That was natural — so much had happened. Everything had been seeming to go against her and here, all of a sudden, everything had turned out her way. She had her white-fox furs, much prettier than Genevieve Hicks's. And she'd had a serious little talk with Arthur — Oh, she wished she might wear the furs to the library to-morrow night!

A sudden thought brought her up sharp: she couldn't meet him to-morrow night after all — for she never wanted to deceive dear father again. Yet it wouldn't be fair to Arthur to let him go there and wait in vain. And she ought to let him know, too, that that man wasn't father, after all. She *ought* to tell him she couldn't keep the "date." . . .

She kept up her disturbed ponderings until the house grew dark and still. Then she crept out of bed and dressed in the dark. She put on her cloak and hat. After a second's hesitation she added the white-fox furs. Then, holding her breath, she stole down the back-stairs and out the kitchen door.

The night seemed more fearsomely spectral than ever, but she sped through the white silence resolutely. She was glad Arthur's boarding-house was only two blocks away. Finally she stood beneath Arthur's window and softly gave "the crowd's" whistle. Waited — whistled again. At last Arthur's tousled head peered out.

"I just wanted to let you know I can't come to the library, after all, Arthur! I'll explain all about it when I get a chance. And that wasn't father — it turned out all right. No, no! Don't say anything! Maybe I'll be in the kitchen to-morrow. Good night!"

Then she turned and scurried like a scared rabbit through the white silence.

As she ran she wondered whether Arthur had got a really good view of the furs in the moonlight; resolved to urge him to go to church next Sunday night even if *she* couldn't; told herself she mustn't *entirely* relinquish her hold on him — for his sake. . . .

So full were her thoughts that she forgot to be much afraid. And the Lord must have been with her, for she reached the kitchen-door in safety and regained her own room without detection. In bed once again, a great, soft, holy peace seemed to enfold her. Everything was right — with father and mother and God and Arthur — everybody.

At the very time she was going off into smiling slumber — one hand nestling in the white-fox furs on her pillow — her father was making half-apologetic explanations to her mother: everything had seemed to come down on the child in a lump — commands against walking and against boys and everything. He couldn't help feeling for the youngster. So he thought he'd bring her the white-fox furs.

And Mrs. Merriam, who could understand a father's indulgent heart even though she wasn't capable of "understanding" a daughter's, didn't have it in her to spoil his pleasure by expounding that wanting furs and wanting beaux were really one and the same evil.

Mother: Keep a jar of Musterole handy

Sometimes, in the night, Pain comes to your house. Then is the time, most of all, when you rely on good old Musterole. No fuss, no bother, no worry—no messing about with plasters or waiting for water to heat.

Quickly you go to the Musterole jar. A bit of that clean white ointment on little Bobbie's chest, and lightly you rub it in. A gentle tingle of skin puts Doctor Nature to work, and soon a healing warmth reaches the congested spot. Then comes a soothing coolness, and Bobbie drowses off to sleep.

For coughs, congestions, bronchitis and croup, Musterole is uncommonly effective. It is good, too, to drive away the pains of rheumatism, lumbago and neuralgia.

Musterole relieves — *without discomfort.*

It is better than a mustard plaster, with all the virtues of the old-time plaster but none of its disadvantages.

Musterole does not blister. And it is easy to apply. Just rub it on. Rub it on—for little Bobbie's cold—for Sister's bronchitis—for Grandma's pains in chest or back. It's an old-fashioned remedy in a new-fashioned form.

Keep a jar handy.

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More Roosevelt Conversations

[*Continued from page 30*]

that relationship will stir up. You don't owe me a thing on account of it.'

"Warren did not seem to like this, but it was the truth and there was no reason why it should be sugar-coated for him. However," (this with a laugh) "he did not oppose the appointment.

"Time has proven that I was right. Mr. Wilson has proved it by his selection of Pershing, first for Mexico, and now to command the armies in France. Sims, of the navy, another man I was accused of favoring, Mr. Wilson has also chosen for important work, fairly good proof that my judgment of these men when they were juniors was sound."

"But he has not approved of Wood," I suggested.

"No, he has not. He has used Wood very badly and very unfairly. I might say he has also been very foolish in the way he has handled Wood. If he wanted to side-track him, he could have done it by sending him to Hawaii or the Philippines and leaving him there. But he did not have the courage to do this; he adopted half-way measures, and as a result, Wood has been like a sore thumb to him — always in the way, and doing things so well that the public won't allow Mr. Wilson to forget him.

"Wood is a good soldier, and a splendid organizer. So is Pershing. Pershing, in addition, is something of a courtier. Wood is not. Wood has been plain and outspoken and he's suffered for it.

"Wood is a big man who can look on a problem from every angle. He makes few mistakes, but he's big enough, when he makes one, to admit the error, and he always has patience with the other fellow's opinion.

"I am very fond of Wood, and I know he is of me, but in my years in the presidency, Wood never took any advantage of our intimacy or in the slightest degree presumed on our friendship. If anything, he leaned backward in this respect."

Roosevelt Is Alive — *Continued from page 30*

guardians because of it; young men, looking out on the turmoil of national life, thrill with it and leap into battle, hearing Roosevelt call; statesmen, perplexed, appeal to it, and feel a wind sweep away the fog.

Roosevelt is not dead! Roosevelt lives as he never lived before!

A great man does his greatest work after the world calls him dead. While the body is on him he is subject to the limitations of the body, and the bitterness and suspicions and misunderstandings of human intercourse; subject to his own human failings, his own human prejudices, angers, impulses, desires. It is only as he slips off the flesh and bones of him that he sets free that angel-with-a-sword which is the fighting spirit of man.

What was earthly in Theodore Roosevelt lies on that quiet hill in Oyster Bay. The spirit is free. We miss the sound of the great voice, calling to arms, and we may think that he is not here and say that in so dark a time he should not have deserted us even though Death called. He works in other ways than he used to work, that is all. He does not need to act through political parties or national conventions, through campaigns or stump speeches or newspapers or mass-meetings or the machinery of public office. He works in the hearts of men. He advises, he urges, he challenges, he denounces; he excoriates the weak and gives courage to the strong. To millions, he is a backbone. He moulds the lives of men and women who never think of him from one year's-end to the other.

The American people are setting about to build a monument to Theodore Roosevelt — not to honor him, for he needs no such honor, but to set in their midst a physical symbol of that spirit which, unseen and unheard, is laboring to-day and will continue to labor for those things to which Theodore Roos velt gave his life; a symbol which shall remind them from one generation to another of courage and justice and gentleness and vigilance, and faith well-kept and strength spent in good causes; a token of a nation's understanding that a great man died among us only to live and work more freely and more abundantly.

That monument must not be the gift of ten men or of ten thousand; it should in a sense not be a gift at all, inasmuch as every one of the millions of the American people to whom it will belong should have some part in the building of it Theodore Roosevelt is a national possession. His monument should have in it some of the labor and the sweat of every man, woman and child in the United States. Some will give a thousand dollars; some will give five or two or one; all should give something, if only twenty-five cents or ten cents or five, to have some part in the creation of that symbol which shall remind the generations to come that Theodore Roosevelt is still in their midst ready to lead them in any good cause.

The Roosevelt Memorial Association has been formed by the men and women who were close personal friends of Colonel Roosevelt, and these friends now ask the millions who were his devoted followers to join the Association and cooperate with them in honoring the memory of the great American. They ask the American people, furthermore, to give their dollars or their pennies, according to their power, to a memorial fund to erect a monument to Theodore Roosevelt in Washington; to acquire, develop and maintain a memorial park in Oyster Bay; and to establish a foundation for the teaching of Roosevelt's ideals of straight Americanism. The national headquarters of the Association, of which William Boyce Thompson is President, are at One Madison Avenue, New York City, and contributions may be sent there or to the local headquarters established in each of the forty-eight states. Every contributor automatically becomes a life-member of the Association. The week of October 20th has been set aside for memorial observances of various kinds. On October 27th, the birthday of Colonel Roosevelt, the Association will hold special celebrations throughout the country.

Not to honor a man that is dead, but to create a visible symbol of a spirit, living and working to-day in the minds and hearts of men, the Roosevelt Memorial Association calls on the American people to join its membership and to contribute to the memorial fund for Theodore Roosevelt.

The Wonders of High Explosives

[*Continued from page 21*]

Company, and last but greatest of all, the E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company, Inc.

At the call of the Chief of Ordnance these manufacturers and organizers rushed to completion at isolated locations, miles from any town (for reasons of safety), a dozen powder cities in various parts of America, real cities with vast manufacturing facilities and accommodations for thousands of workers. The speed with which these powder cities were built is about unbelievable, nothing like it has ever been accomplished or dreamed of since Aladdin rubbed his magic lamp.

Take the smokeless powder works and city known as Old Hickory, built about eighteen miles from Nashville, Tennessee, in a bend of the Cumberland River. This was the biggest plant of its kind in the world; it covered seven square miles. At full capacity it would have turned out a million pounds of smokeless powder a day. Here was a greater

Born in the West Indies, Empress Josephine was a Creole, as were her children Eugene and Hortense. The Creoles are of pure French and Spanish descent. A distinguishing mark of their pure blood is their wonderful hair.

Creole Crowned Heads

THE royal crowns that some historic Creoles wore were not so lovely as the crown of glorious hair which is the natural heritage of nearly all Creoles. They give their hair special attention and for generations La Creole Hair Dressing has been favorite among them. La Creole prevents gray hair, preserving the youthful color and beauty even past life's twilight.

Color Brought Back Without Dye

La Creole *treatment* will bring back to its former color hair that has become gray, gray-streaked or faded. Refinement approves its use because La Creole contains no dye. It promotes the vigorous healthy condition of hair and scalp which nature intended, and two to five weeks treatment will bring back any shade—lightest brown to deepest black whatever the natural color was. After that an occasional application will preserve the healthy color permanently.

La Creole must not be confused with dyes—of course it gives no dyed appearance, it cannot stain the scalp and there is nothing to wash or rub off. La Creole makes hair soft, wavy, lustrous. Eliminates dandruff. Absolutely guaranteed to bring back the hair's color—or money refunded.

Send coupon for booklet, "La Creole Hair Beautiful." Shows style of hair dressing best suited to each type of face.

At Drug Stores and Toilet Counters. Price $1.00

If your dealer can't supply you, send his name and address. We will see that you are supplied.

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CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

It is then that your hair's natural beauty and waviness is brought out to its best advantage. This daintily perfumed hair cleanser has been the favorite for many years because it immediately dissolves and removes all dandruff, dirt and excess oil and leaves the hair so fluffy it seems much heavier than it is. The very first shampoo removes most of the dandruff, and after each succeeding shampoo you find the flakes smaller and fewer until they disappear.

For Sale at All Druggists

No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used or works so thoroughly. Just dissolve a teaspoonful of Canthrox in a cup of hot water and you have enough shampoo liquid to entirely saturate all your hair instead of just the top of the head, as is frequently the case. For this reason Canthrox is the one shampoo that loosens and carries away all the impurities.

Free Trial Offer To prove that Canthrox is the most pleasant, the most simple, in all ways the most effective hair wash, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address on receipt of postage to cover mailing expense.

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Freeman's
FACE POWDER

ON the careful woman's dressing table, *premier* among toilet requisites, is Freeman's Face Powder.

She knows the priceless worth of her flawless complexion and that Freeman's Face Powder will protect its dainty loveliness.

She herself delights in its fragrant daintiness and has discovered that Freeman's Face Powder meets every requirement of perfect quality.

It clings closely to the skin and won't rub off. In all the usual tints. At all toilet counters 50 cts. plus 2 cts. war tax. Miniature box by mail 4 cts. plus 1 ct. war tax.

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Dept. 11F. Cincinnati, O.

industrial achievement than the Panama Canal; more meals were served at Old Hickory to the workers in a single month than were served at Panama in six, and the expenditures for construction during ten months were two and a half times the maximum rate of expenditures for any year on the Panama Canal. This vast assembly of factory and other buildings, joined by a network of railways, was completed in less than ten months on ground that had been quiet farmland less than a year before. This work was done by the du Ponts and was of inestimable value to the United States and the Allies.

Consider what was contained in this magic city. Not only everything necessary for the manufacture of smokeless powder in huge quantities, but everything necessary for the accommodation of 30,000 workers and their families. Thousands of homes and all that goes with homes, schools for the children, churches, hospitals, hotels, eating-houses, amusement places, and all kinds of shops. A complete system of modern roads and bridges, a great reservoir and filtration plant, miles of sewers and a sewage disposal plant. A fully equipped fire department and police department, a telephone system, an electric lighting system, and every other feature of an up-to-date city.

All this as a temporary accessory to the making of a single item — smokeless powder — at a single plant in a program of military preparedness that contained thousands of other plants, tens of thousands of other military necessities.

The main power plant at Old Hickory with its nine immense chimneys (15 feet in diameter and 200 feet high) burned 5,000 tons of coal a day and had a greater steam-producing capacity than any boiler plant in the world, a capacity of 70,000,000 pounds of high-pressure steam every twenty-four hours. That amount of steam would generate more electricity than is used in New York City.

The coal needed every day for these boilers (about 100 carloads) was discharged from drop-bottom cars into pits under the tracks, then carried by mechanical conveyors to furnaces beneath the boilers, without ever being touched by hand.

The water supply plant at Old Hickory was more elaborate than that of many large cities, delivering one hundred million gallons of water a day. The sewage disposal plant had a capacity of 2,000,000 gallons a day. The refrigerating plant was the largest in the world; if it had been used in making ice to its full capacity, it would have produced ice enough to supply a city of a million population. The filter plant had a capacity of 65,000,000 gallons a day.

It is an embarrassment of wonders.

There were built at Old Hickory, 33 miles of boardwalks, 55 miles of water lines, 61 miles of sewers, 44 miles of tram tracks, 54 miles of board gauge tracks.

In the powder plant proper there were over a thousand buildings and in the fall of 1918 about 85,000 workers were regularly on the pay-roll so that the feeding of this industrial army was a serious matter. The plant's Commissary Division employed 100 cooks, and at the height of activity during August, 1918, there were served to the workers, 1,125,945 meals.

In one instance as a "construction stunt," just to show what they could do, the engineers decided to rush to completion in record time a six-room bungalow with all modern conveniences; open plumbing, electric lights, bathroom, etc., and they finished the job in nine hours, using forty-three carpenters, eight carpenters' helpers, four foremen of carpenters, three plumbers, two plumbers' helpers, fourteen common laborers, two tinners, one electrician and his helper, and one painter.

In another case (I quote from an official report) "a two-story block apartment building, containing six houses, begun at 7:30 in the morning, when excavation was started for the foundation, was ready for occupancy 29½ hours later. This building required 175,974 feet of lumber, 90 doors, 88 windows, 11,666 bricks and ten cubic yards of concrete.

All this for a single powder plant — and there were many others, smaller, but still big; notably one at Nitro, Virginia, another magic city with a capacity of 625,000 pounds of smokeless powder a day. Also there were bag loading plants at Woodbury, New Jersey, Tullytown, Pennsylvania, and Seven Pines, Virginia. And there were a dozen shell-loading plants scattered over New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Delaware and Virginia. And there were numberless plants and factories all over the country for the production of high explosives and the many ingredients required for these.

In all not less than 400,000 workers, men and women, in various parts of the country gave their time and strength day and night (usually the plants were operated with three shifts) and risked their lives in a perilous calling to the end that American soldiers might have abundant and excellent ammunition for the guns.

And they had it, as Germany knows!

Among powder workers were thousands of American women and girls drawn not only from the factory class, but from all classes. There were sprightly chorus-girls, trim stenographers, serious-minded school teachers, servant girls, college women, all kinds of women — a dramatic reader from New York, a cook who had worked in one family for twenty-five years, a society woman who had never worked in her life, all at the same bench.

In the late summer of 1918 there was a serious shortage of labor at a certain loading plant in New Jersey, after the burning one night of a powder magazine when tons of powder went up in a great white torch, so bright that a man I know was able to read a newspaper ten miles away. That sort of thing discourages powder workers, but a young woman from Washington saved the situation; she said that if there were not men enough to do this work, the women would do it, and she would get the women. Which she did. She went to Trenton and campaigned among social leaders, knowing that their example would influence thousands.

"Are you ladies going to let this powder plant fail?" she demanded. "It will fail unless you do something about it, and if it fails, your sons, brothers, husbands, over in France, will be crippled in their effort to conquer Germany."

The result was that a hundred of these ladies, belonging to the best families in Trenton, signed up as workers in this loading plant, and for weeks they toiled with the mill girls, side by side, handling the tricky brown and yellow stuff that is ever ready to leap into flaming death.

"Women workers in our powder plants were braver than men," an expert told me. "Take fulminate of mercury, used in shell fuses, one of the most terrible explosives, far more dangerous than dynamite or TNT. This stuff is so sensitive to jar that we transport it wet with water in the form of greyish or bluish mud. When it is dry its dangerousness and sensitiveness are greatly increased, and it is then that the women handled it. At first they were nervous, but we taught them to be careful and soon they showed no more shrinking than if they were handling so much flour or sugar. They seemed to feel that they were actually on the battle line — which they were!"

He told me the story of Mrs. Elizabeth B. Ritter, a handsome woman of thirty, who was caught in an explosion at a loading plant and whose features were sadly marred. Hearing that some of the girls had been thrown into a panic by this accident, Mrs. Ritter sent them a letter from her bed of pain at the Perth Amboy Hospital. After thanking her friends for some flowers, she said:

"DEAR GIRLS: The mission on which we are all joined is a solemn one. If I am not mistaken our duty is as great as that of the men and boys at the Front. What would you think if they were to run from battle at the first sound of the guns? They see thousands of their comrades carried off, dead and wounded, but they still go on. . . . They cannot fight without the help of the women and girls at home, and I hope that you will go on quietly and do your share of the work. When the time comes that I am well and strong enough I shall most certainly be seen again within the gates of the Oliver Loading Company."

There is the dauntless spirit of American women!

This letter was posted on the bulletin-board where all might read it and be inspired, as hundreds were, by its message of faith and patriotism. *I suggest the name of Elizabeth B. Ritter for the D. S. M.*

It is interesting to note that the very danger of powder-making resulted in a certain measure of safety for the workers. Uncle Sam insisted upon extraordinary precautions against fire, friction, dust; and required immaculate cleanliness. also that certain kinds of shoes be worn without metal in them, shoes with wooden pegged soles or felt soles or rubber soles.

Nevertheless the swift fiends of destruction were always watching, waiting — as on that pleasant Friday evening, October 4, 1918, at Morgan, New Jersey. What a night that was in this greatest loading plant in America, the T. A. Gillespie Loading Company, probably

the greatest loading plant in the world. There were 310,000 shells of all calibers from the famous seventy-fives up to the great nine-inch monsters for our heavy artillery that carry twenty miles or so, ranged along on their bases, like huge steel bottles, packed close together, acres of them. Acres of loaded death ready for shipment to France!

Besides this there were 187 tons of TNT in one-hundred-pound boxes waiting to be melted in great steam-heated kettles! And 4,225 tons of nitrate of ammonia to be mixed with the TNT for the making of amatol, a new explosive that England had developed. Up to this night it was not believed that nitrate of ammonia in bulk would explode — the chunky stuff which looks something like sugar was shoveled about like lime — no particular danger; but after October 6th, 1918, this opinion was modified.

There was also a trifling matter of 370 tons of smokeless powder on the plant, not to mention hundreds of tons of miscellaneous death-material in magazines half buried in the ground beyond the woods, small magazines, fifty or sixty of them with very light sides and roofs made to blow off like tea-kettle lids, if anything happened.

At 7:30 P. M. Northern New Jersey was finishing its supper. All was well. An airplane observer, looking down on the Morgan plant, would have seen this vast loading establishment blazing with electric lights — three miles long and one and one-half miles wide inside the wire fences — humming with the activities of the night shift, hundreds of men, but no women — the women worked only in the day, which was fortunate for them.

At the executive staff house the general superintendent and three officials were sipping their black coffee, when, suddenly ——

Something happened to a kettle of yellow mush, 1,500 pounds of liquid TNT that was simmering under a pressure of hot steam in the 6-1 unit. Some think the heat was too great. Some hint mysteriously at a fulminate of mercury blasting cap dropped into the mixture by a German spy — the officials scout this theory. The only ones who might know what happened will never tell, for they are dead — over sixty men who were working near the kettle. Tenderly cared for is the collective grave of these industrial soldiers, who died literally on the firing line — for their country.

Northern New Jersey shivered on its foundations. The blast shattered hundreds of windows in lower Manhattan, twenty-five miles away. The sound was heard at Islip, L. I., fifty miles distant. Explosions came in quick succession, like a drum roll of cannon, interspersed with muffled, deep rending booms, as of bursting boilers, that ripped open huge craters in the earth — there were fifty of these craters. A mountain of red flames shot up to the sky and illumined enormous volumes of black smoke where high-flung shells were bursting ceaselessly, where débris was floating in the air — heavy planks, innumerable fragments of iron that rained down over this region for two days and nights. The shocks kept up until Monday morning.

This was one of the great explosions of history.

"*What happened at Morgan was equivalent to a barrage of ten thousand shells an hour concentrated on a one-mile front,*" declared an expert.

"*I traveled all over the battle-front in France, and I never saw such destruction,*" testified an army officer.

All through these hours of peril a hundred officials and workers of the Company together with Ordnance officers, dashed about the works in automobiles or on foot, bombarded by flying shells as if they were in battle, fighting the fire or restraining its spread from building to building. The purchasing agent organized a battlefield telephone service and remained at the wires for hours that Friday night, summoning help from neighboring towns. Firemen came, soldiers and marines came, but all efforts were in vain (except that they saved the magazines) because the water supply failed, owing to the shattering of the water mains. By Monday morning the plant was destroyed, the result of nine months' labor was wiped out, the loading facilities of the United States were crippled.

It was one of the reverses of war, a battle that went wrong; but it brought out the splendid rallying power of America, the same staying spirit that showed itself in France. Within forty-eight hours the Gillespie Company had placed orders amounting to five million dollars for materials to be used in reconstruction, and before the ruins were cold, before it was safe to enter the smouldering area, these materials were being delivered on the ground. I may add that the Company, for patriotic reasons, refused $250,000 that the Government offered them for their services in rebuilding this plant. *They preferred to do the work for nothing!*

I might set forth indefinitely the wonders of high explosives and the courageous exploits of Americans who made them and used them, but explosives, after all, are only one feature in the story of America's war achievements. There are still to be presented the wonders of tanks and tractors, of poison gas, trench warfare, captive balloons, a dozen other fascinating things.

I must mention an incident here that shows the efficiency of American Boy Scouts.

In August, 1917, all was going well with the rifle output of America when, suddenly, the charts of the great Eddystone Rifle Plant (largest in the world) showed a sudden falling off in production; it was discovered that, while there was an abundant supply of metal parts, there was a shortage of walnut for the rifle stocks. And the rifle without its stock is a poor thing. It was suggested that some other kind of wood be used for stocks and a great quantity of birch was actually procured for this purpose; but experts declared that no wood could take the place of walnut, which is unequaled not only for rifle stocks but for airplane propellers, by reason of its lightness and strength and because it possesses a natural oil that protects it against the weather and keeps it from cracking and warping. *We must have walnut!*

Here was an extraordinary situation, the whole rifle production and airplane production of the United States — and that meant the whole effort of America to win the War — was held up for the lack of some walnut trees.

It now transpired that for years far-seeing German agents had been traveling over the United States buying up walnut trees. And paying high prices for them! Millions of feet of walnut had been quietly collected and shipped to our enemies for use against us. American walnut for German rifle stocks! American walnut for German airplane propellers! To kill American soldiers!

So serious was the situation that the President himself took action, and, happily inspired, called upon the Boy Scouts of America to give assistance. Which they did with admirable zeal, scouring the land for walnut trees "to lick the Kaiser," and finding thousands of them in unexpected places. A fine one, by the way, was discovered in the grounds of the White House. In every state patriotic citizens joined in the effort to provide walnut. Walnut for our rifles! Merchants offered walnut counters from their shops. Millionaires were ready to cut down stately walnut groves. Housewives were eager to ship their walnut furniture, and soon, thanks to this general awakening, enough of the precious wood was forthcoming, not only for the needs of our rifle plants and airplane factories, but to supply similar needs of our allies.

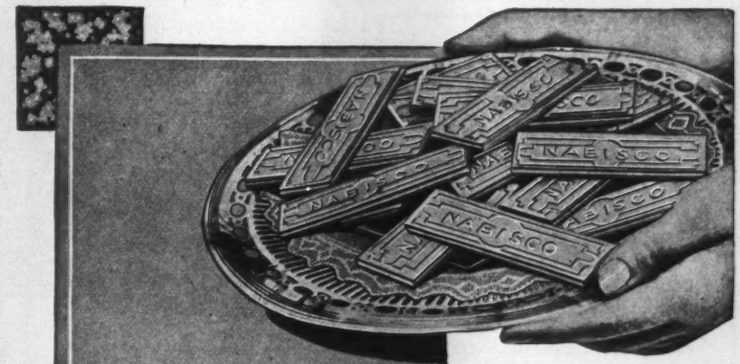
Speaking of rifles, which we were turning out in immense quantities when the fighting ceased (twice as fast as England and five times as fast as France), I should add that with each one of these weapons there was supplied an outfit of tools and accessories, a bandoleer, a screw driver, an oiler and thong case, a gun sling, a cleaning rod, a breech cover and a breech stick, without mentioning the "tin hat" and the bayonet, all of which were turned out in millions in various American factories, the number of bandoleers supplied, for example, being 54,421,600! Such figures stun the imagination.

When the Armistice was signed, America had placed on the firing line 3,500 cannon of all calibers with ammunition to suit in inconceivable quantities. For days at a stretch during great artillery engagements, these cannon hurled hot steel at the enemy at the rate of 6,000 tons every twenty-four hours! They fired seven million shots against the Germans. Also, behind our lines, spread along over France, way back to the base ports and ready to be rushed forward, were 4,500,000 rounds of shrapnel and high-explosive shells and two billion rounds of small arms and machine gun amunition!

Made in America!

One concern alone, the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, furnished to the United States and the Allies a total of 3,319 guns of all sizes from the smallest field pieces up to 14-inch cannon, together with mounting and accessories, not to mention 55,000,000 pounds of partially completed guns and gun forging, and other things including twenty submarines and thirty torpedo-boat destroyers.

That was one concern! And there were 8,000 war munition factories in various parts of the United States with 2,000,000 men and women, operating under Ordnance supervision, toiling night and day for victory.



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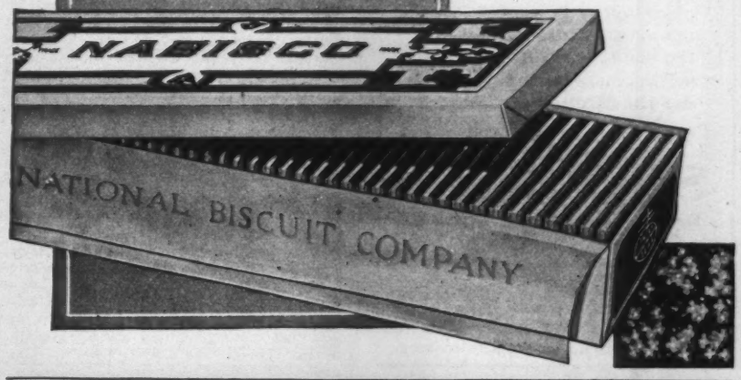

"Every Man – NOW – should find his own place!"

Ira Shook, (photo shown here) Flint, Mich., found his place. He says; **$375.65** is one days sales—more than **$269.00** profit.

NOW **is a time of opportunity.** Time to start something for yourself. Write me. Get facts about an honorable business which has made me independent and will do the same for you. You can start right in your own city—in your own home. **You will make money from the start.** You won't be scrambling and crowding for a job. You won't be pushing others out of a place. You will have made your place. KELLOG says—I am

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to get the facts. **Send for my big free book** "How to Make Money in the Crispette Business." Complete information and story of how I built my business. Read it and then come to Springfield.

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Address .....

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SOME fifteen years ago, a certain conservative investor wrote us, inquiring for "literature describing sound securities, yielding a good rate of interest." Since that date his investments through this House have amounted to tens of thousands of dollars, and he writes us, "my initial inquiry was a very fortunate thing, a source of profit and satisfaction to me for years and years."

This case is indeed a typical one. Such has been the uniform experience of Straus clients—satisfaction because of the soundness of the securities we have selected and recommended to them, of unvarying prompt payment of principal or interest in cash, and of the willing and thorough service we give to every customer.

May we serve you in a similar way? A letter, a post card, a telephone call, or a personal visit to our nearest office will give you full information on *Straus Service* and the sound first mortgage 6% serial bonds safeguarded under the *Straus Plan*. Ask for

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We believe that it will be interesting and to the advantage of investors to make such a comparison.

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When Stocks Go Down

How to Protect Your Savings and Your Nerves

by **Paul Tomlinson**

WHETHER prices will go lower before the market regains its equilibrium remains to be seen, but it is certain that stocks are in a much stronger position than they were a few weeks ago. Many weakly held margin accounts have been wiped out, the stock market loan account has been greatly reduced, and there is no longer the furious bidding up of specialties that characterized the market a short while ago."

This is an extract from an article which appeared on the financial page of one of the New York newspapers the latter part of August. It is optimistic in tone, for the market at that time seemed to be in more healthy condition than it had been recently. There had been severe declines, but apparently the worst was over. Things would be better for one reason because "many weakly held margin accounts have been wiped out." When stocks are bought on "margin" the broker borrows money from the banks to pay the balance of the cost over and above his customer's deposit. Because these weakly held margin accounts had been wiped out the brokers did not need so much money and could pay back the money borrowed from the banks. The market, therefore, had something in reserve. Another rise could be started, and continued for some time before the money available to finance it was exhausted. The stage was set for another advance, and, provided the news was good, stocks would probably go up.

Many people fail to realize that the internal condition of the stock market is sometimes a more potent factor in the rise or fall of security prices than anything else. During the midsummer slump, for instance, it was said that one explanation was the inability of the "pools" to borrow the necessary money to finance their stocks. As a result they were forced to sell their holdings,—to sell in larger volume than the market could absorb, with a resultant swift decline in prices. The stock market is very sensitive and a sudden break in the quotation for one stock may start others going down until the whole list is affected. This is to show how internal conditions could drive a stock down, even though the issuing company might be unusually prosperous and its prospects bright. So it often happens that people who buy on margin, who buy the stock of a company which looks like a "sure thing" suddenly find their margin gone and themselves considerably poorer. It is a hard game to beat. And it looks so easy.

Many margin speculators had deposited Liberty Bonds instead of cash, and lost their bonds. "Stop loss orders" aided in the decline. Suppose you bought a stock at par and it went to 110. You have ten points profit, but you think it will go higher. Therefore you do not sell, but in order to protect yourself instruct your broker to sell, say at 103, in case it should go down. You could sell at that price and still make three points profit. Apparently you are perfectly safe. But the difficulty is this: a stop loss order to sell at 103 means that the minute the stock touches 103 the order is to be executed "at the market", in other words, at whatever price is then offered. It is conceivable, and it has happened, that the actual selling price might be six or eight points lower than the quotation you had set. Stocks can go down very fast when they get started.

This is not meant to discourage the purchase of stocks. Merely to attempt to give those who purchase on margin an inkling of some of the risks they run, risks over which they have no control. If stocks are purchased outright, and the stocks are good, a decline in prices such as has been described, need cause no real concern. The internal situation of the stock market will affect valuable holdings only temporarily, for in the long run, of course, it is the intrinsic worth of the security which counts.

WHEN severe and sudden declines in prices occur there are always nervous holders who sell and suffer loss. Some people seem fated to buy at the top and sell at the bottom. That is their own fault. If a stock is good enough to buy in the first place it is worth holding, unless there is more reason for its decline than a movement in sympathy with the rest of the market. Investors often get discouraged and sell, tired of waiting for their securities to get back to the levels at which they were purchased. The old saying, however, that "patience is a virtue" usually holds good, and is often worth money.

What does all this mean? First of all, that if you do not want to run big risks with your money you should leave speculation severely alone. In the second place, if violent fluctuations in stock prices cause you concern, do not buy common stocks. Just as better chances for making money can be obtained by purchasing common stocks, so the chances of losing it are in proportion. If you will take the trouble to notice you will find that when prices are going rapidly down, common stocks go fastest, preferred stocks will not suffer nearly so much, and bonds may be scarcely affected. In the case of the United States Steel Corporation, for instance, the common stock has recently (at this writing) gone down some ten points, the preferred about two, and the bonds are practically undisturbed. There is a strong lesson in this.

A banker told me the other day that he had never bought a share of stock in his life. His business is to buy and sell stocks and bonds and yet for his own account only bonds would satisfy him. He went too far, perhaps, but his principle is good. If you are investing, buy for safety—of principal and income. This statement cannot be made too often or emphasized too strongly. An investment in high grade securities is insurance against want in your old age. It is not always possible to escape loss, but it is a matter of common prudence to employ every safeguard against it.

It is said that a stock broker's clients change every four years. That is his clients who speculate. In other words, a speculator's money lasts on an average of just four years. He may win at first, but that very fact may prove his undoing. Beginner's luck is proverbial, but in the long run the chances are all against the man who tries to get something for nothing. If you are on the spot, have made a study of the market for years, and have the money to begin with, you may win, but it can't be done at long range or by the novice. Not consistently anyway. After all, what is the use in lying awake nights worrying, when there are scores of good investments to be had, investments that will pay a steady income, that may fluctuate in price with the general trend of the market, but need not alarm you on that account.

The man who tries to get rich over night may have a pleasant evening, but the chances are that the following morning may not be so agreeable. The Federal Reserve Board has been emphasizing the slogan "work and save." It is the one solution for our difficulties. More pay and less work is not the ambition of the labor unions alone. In greater or less degree everybody seems to have an idea that this delightful possibility is in some way coming to pass. But money is only worth what it will buy. The less goods produced, the fewer things there are to buy, the sharper the competition for them, and the greater their cost to you. The cost of living is not going down because laws are passed or resolutions adopted. Work more and save more is our remedy, and unless we adopt this slogan as our personal motto we cannot complain because conditions are bad. Nor can we complain if our personal financial condition is bad, if it is due to speculation.

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of fteen cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

McClure's Financial Booklet

Eighth Edition

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How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
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Booklet will be sent for fifteen cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure's Financial and Insurance Department, 25 W. 44th St., New York.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance; also information on standard investment securities. This service is absolutely free to McClure readers. The Financial and Insurance Department cannot undertake to give any Stock Market prophecies, nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure's Financial and Insurance Department, 25 West 44th Street, New York.

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BY putting your idle money at this time into the high-grade securities of established and dependable businesses, you will aid in building up industry, assist in furthering national prosperity, as well as secure good returns for your money.

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Correspondent Offices in more than 50 cities.

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Cities Service Co. in addition to being one of the world's largest producers of oil, controls and operates 84 public utility properties in the United States and Canada.

This diversity in business as well as location provides unusual safeguards for the investor.

Preferred Stock Dividend Requirements were earned five times over in 1918.

Statement of earnings are sent to stockholders each month, keeping them in close touch with the company's progress.

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Bond Department
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Prepare by mail in spare time for this attractive profession in which there are great opportunities for both men and women. Send at once for free book, "How to Become a Banker," by EDGAR G. ALCORN, President. American School of Banking, 6 McLene Bldg., Columbus, O.

Work and save. When you have saved you will want to invest a part of your earnings if you are ambitious. You will naturally want to invest in something that will be profitable and safe, and plenty of stocks and bonds meet these requirements. Buy your securities outright, and buy the best you can get. If you are afraid of suffering a case of "nerves" when stocks go down, buy bonds or preferred stocks. Protect your savings with every possible safeguard, and the ever present fluctuation of security prices need cause you no concern.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Insurance and Banking by Mail

1.—Messrs. Kidder, Peabody & Co., 115 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass., and 17 Wall St., New York City, will send upon request a special circular on some new investment issues. Send for Circular M.C.

2.—Buying securities on the instalment plan, receiving full benefit of all dividends, interest, etc., while paying the balance in twenty monthly instalments, is fully explained in a booklet being distributed by Dunham & Co., 43 Exchange Place., New York. Ask for Booklet 7-CC.

3.—S. W. Straus & Co. have issued a new "Investment Guide" describing a widely diversified variety of first mortgage serial 6% bonds safeguarded under the *Straus Plan* in $1000 and $500 denominations. This circular, together with the "Questionnaire for Investors," will be sent without charge to any one writing S. W. Straus & Co., 150 Broadway, New York City, or Straus Building, Chicago. Ask for Circular R-904.

4.—H. M. Byllesby & Co., Inc., 111 Broadway, New York, 202 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill., will send, upon request, a booklet describing their new oil property. Send for booklet MC-1, "A Study of Shaffer Oil & Refining Co. And the Position It Occupies in the Petroleum Industry."

5.—The Doherty News, published by Henry L. Doherty & Company, operators and fiscal agents of Cities Service Company, is published monthly and gives the latest information regarding oil statistics and production figures in the United States. It also contains valuable information regarding public utilities and a general review of the investment situation.

6.—A. B. Leach & Co., Inc., of 62 Cedar Street, New York, will send to those interested data which can be used for comparison of bonds now held with one of the best bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Ask for Blank No. MC-53.

7.—Short time, carefully safeguarded investment netting an unusually high return. Peabody, Houghteling & Co. Established 1865. 10 S. LaSalle Street, Chicago.

8.—"Opportunity in Bonds" will be the leading article in "Bond Topics" this month. There will also be an excellent article by Samuel Insull on what the Middle West Utilities Co. has done during the war. "Bond Topics" will be sent on request by writing to A. H. Bickmore, 111 Broadway, New York City.

9.—Bankers Mortgage Co., Des Moines, Ia., will send booklet 118, dealing with Iowa First Farm Mortgages and Tax Free Municipal Bonds.

10.—"Acceptance" is the title of a comprehensive and thorough booklet which will be of great value to business houses dealing in acceptances. Both foreign and domestic acceptances are dealt with in this booklet. It will be sent upon request by the National City Co., New York.

11.—John Muir & Co., odd lot and liberty bond specialists, 61 Broadway, New York, have recently made several changes in their partial-payment-plan terms which are explained in the new edition of their booklet, "The Partial Payment Plan," which is free on request.

12.—Judson G. Wall and Company, 10 Wall Street, New York City, will be glad to send upon request a circular describing a new issue of Overland Tire Stock. Send for Circular MC-1.

13.—"Six Per Cent. and Safety" is the title of a booklet giving some very interesting facts about that old and tried institution. The Calvert Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Md., which has paid 6% continuously for a quarter of a century.

14.—Farson, Son & Co., 115 Broadway, New York City, will send upon request an interesting circular regarding the Cadet Hosiery Company, 8% Preferred Stock. Send for Circular C-T.

15.—Gerard & Company, 35 Wall Street, New York City, will send upon request some

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and are prepared, at any time, to buy or sell large or small lots

We have prepared a circular on investment securities which we shall be glad to send you on request

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is an exceptionally attractive investment. This Company under unified management, is responsible for supplying upwards of 2,200,000 people with daily necessities.

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Stock is listed on the New York Curb, and shares purchased *now* should prove a most favorable investment for a big dividend yield in the future.

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A Monthly Income from $555

The investment of about $555 in six select $100 bonds will buy an income payable every month.

The bonds are nationally known—Amer. Tel. & Tel., conv. 6s, C.C.C. & St. Louis new 6s, Seaboard Air Line 6s, Southern Pacific—San Fran. Term. 4s, Virginian Ry. 1st 5s, Orange County Pub. Ser. 1st 6s.

The yield on this investment is 6.43%.

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6% NET

For 40 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718. Certificates of $25 and up also for saving investor.

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The wise investor selects securities of a corporation showing rapid, healthy growth

Customers of the Middle West Utilities Company increased 24,714 in the last fiscal year; the first six months of 1919 the gain was 100% greater than 1918 while the net earnings for the first four months 1919 gained 103% over the same period 1918.

We offer bonds and notes of this company and its controlled properties to yield

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FIRST FARM MORTGAGES

36 Years—No Losses

For 36 years investors from all sections have purchased our First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Bonds without the loss of a dollar.

Six Per Cent Net

The rate is 6%, collected and remitted without expense to the investor. We confine our loans to the most desirable sections and make personal inspection of the security in every case, before a loan is placed. Send for descriptive pamphlet "T" and current offerings in amounts to suit.

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interesting booklets dealing with new offerings of securities.

16.—Francis & Company, 1 Wall Street New York City, will be pleased to send upon request some interesting circulars describing a variety of new investments.

17. — Slattery & Co., of 40 Exchange Place. New York City, are distributing the current number of their fortnightly publication, "Investment Opportunities." The security and profitable opportunities of investing in some of the leading industrials, rails, coppers, and oils are discussed. Ask for 9-A.

18.—"We're Right on the Ground," by E. J. Landers & Co., of Grand Forks, N. D., covers Farm Mortgages from the Northwest. Free.

19.—Perkins & Co., Lawrence, Kan., will send free a list of farm mortgages. Send for list 718.

20.—"Investment Advantages of Preferred Stocks carrying Common Stock Bonuses" is the title of an interesting booklet issued by I. D. Noll & Company, 170 Broadway, which explains the substantial profits which in many instances have accrued to those purchasing preferred stocks with common stock bonuses; a number of cases being cited where common stock originally given out as a bonus has eventually become worth a great deal of money.

Upon request from readers, McClure's Financia lDepartment will arrange with any of the above named firms to furnish promptly the booklets mentioned in this column. In sending request to McClure's for booklets, please order them by number.

What Is the Matter With Our Schools?

[*Continued from page 54*]

hard-headed practical men are alarmed because a few college professors have become exponents of every known fad from Bolshevism to Polygamy. Men of large experience believe that the social remedies proposed are often more dangerous than the social diseases to be combated. Strangely enough, cast-off theories that have been exploded a hundred times in the business world have been revived and are again being exploited in class-rooms, as brand-new discoveries in the little college world. Doubtless, much of this apprehension is not well founded. One diseased apple bough does not damn the whole orchard. The fact that two or three university professors in the East, and several in the West are defending Bolshevism as the most promising social experiment ever tried, and are advocating industrial revolution, and seek to ferment a class war, does not mean that the overwhelming majority of educators are not clear-headed and sound in their thinking.

Out of all these facts has come the sudden realization that every boy and girl has the right to education, with reference to earning their own livelihood. Not one boy in twenty, and probably not one in fifty, wants to be a lawyer, or a teacher, a physician, a clergyman, or an editor. Most boys love tools, and animals — and they want to feed the State, or equip the State, or support the State. Their happiness is in self-expression, and their strongest gift is not the gift of speaking or of writing — it is the gift of doing. At thirty they become bitter, because they were not allowed at fourteen or fifteen years of age to enter a machine-shop and become experts in iron or steel or type-setting, or the loom, or the engine. Their love of work, and out-of-door industry, will remain a life-long passion. Manual labor is the university they love. Their best years are the plastic years, from fourteen to twenty, when the intellect is quick to perceive and the memory is strong to retain. Their general knowledge they can obtain later on by reading, conversation, observation and mingling with men. There are many causes of poverty and commercial failure, including bad heredity, quarrelsomeness, dishonesty in the appointed work, lying, drunkenness but ignorance is the chief cause.

It is probable that nine-tenths of our children and youths, should leave the general class-rooms at about fourteen years of age and enter machine shops and manual training-schools. This would not only do much to abolish poverty and put a stop to truancy, but it would do more to promote industry, efficiency and thus make all boys self-sufficing toward their own home and their own family.

Selected Investment Securities

We especially recommend TO NET 6¾%

the direct obligation maturing serially of a thoroughly established concern, manufacturing a demonstrated necessity, and with 25 years of successful history.

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Capital $2,000,000

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112 W. Adams Street 521 W. Walnut Street 512 Fifth Avenue

THE 14 POINTS FOR INVESTORS

FOURTEEN valuable suggestions for the seasoned investor or the one with little investment experience.

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The security of your funds is of vital importance. To secure a fair return on your investment together with reasonable safety, consult us or send for our fortnightly publication

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An inquiry for 9-A will bring this publication, with booklet, explaining

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"Ask Me! Ask Me!"

[Continued from page 19]

out, though; and I got outside early, and waited.

"I don't suppose it was quite the decent thing; but you don't know how good you looked! So sort of self-reliant and sure and keen and generally dandy and decisive and sort of home-folks; it made me crazy to talk to a regular girl again.

"Pretty soon you came out, just as peppy and joyous as ever, and I wanted to stop you and tell you how much I'd like to know you; but, of course, I didn't. But what I'm writing for is this: I know you get a bunch of mash-notes and that sort every day, and probably heave 'em out the window; and if I knew a single person in this God-forsaken town who could introduce me to you, I wouldn't take the risk of offending you; but since I don't, I wondered if you would let me walk into your office, or some place where you could look me over, and size me up; and if you didn't like what you saw, you could close the incident.

"I'm not trying to flatter you. It's just that I'm in a tight hole, and I've rather lost my nerve; and I can't afford that. And I have a hunch that if I could unburden myself to you, you might be willing to put a little ginger into me.

"I've never seen your column, or whatever it is you write; but I'm going to watch it every day for your answer, and I hope it won't be a throw-down. And anyhow, it did me good ju t to see you; you look as though you were on top of the world!

"Yours most respectfully,
"THOMAS WAKEFIELD GORDON."

"Thomas Gordon, you are a most engaging rascal!" said Miss McRae, laughing. "Specialties! What a funny business!" And she had the curiosity, most remarkable in a movie-editor who should at that moment have been witnessing the first showing of Mary Pickthorpe's latest release, to look in the telephone-directory for Thomas Wakefield Gordon, Specialties. However, it was not listed.

"Probably just starting in business, and that's why he's in a tight fix," she reflected. "Poor kid! It's certainly hard to get started at anything." She thought back over the three years after she had had to give up her college, when she had struggled with pot-hooks and tabulating-keys, trying to get a good place at a decent salary.

"'Very respectfully,'" she murmured. "Tommy, you nice, dear, respectful thing, I wonder if you'd wri e that way if you once saw my column? I'd like to let you know why I do it. . . . " On a sudden impulse she inserted a sheet of white paper into her machine, and wrote rapidly.

"MY DEAR MR. GORDON:

"Your letter interested me a good deal, as letters about ourselves are apt to do.

"I want to thank you for not speaking to me — no less than for wanting to! But please, please don't read my column. It isn't really *me*. And I'm going to change it as soon as I can. I write it mostly for the rest of the world who aren't so — well, particular as they might be; and it is my living. But please don't think that I :m like that, too.

"I'm sorry I cannot grant your request, because I am obliged to refuse everybody. If I met one, I should have to grant all the same privilege, and my office would be full from morning until night." ("Sounds conceited," she thought, "but it's true.") "It would be a very stupid girl, however, who could read into your letter anything but sincerity and honesty; and, as you know, I am paid to answer inquiries. I am the Ask Me! girl, and I'm always ready to write to you, if you care to write me again.

"Yours most sincerely,
"RAE MCRAE."

Ringing for a call-boy, she folded this epistle hurriedly into an envelope; and when the "boy," who was aged at least fifty-two, shambled in, she ordered him to take it right away to Room 1642, Standard Building, Gordon Specialty Company.

The "boy" arrived finally at the Standard Building, and ascended to the sixteenth floor. Here he proceeded without haste to Room 1642.

Entering this secluded sanctum, he was startled to perceive that nobody presided over the swing-gate of the outer office. He therefore pushed timidly through to the second and only other room in the suite, and discovered it to be occupied by a young and scowling gentleman who sat with his feet propped up on a shiny desk, and contemplated his finger nails with disfavor, although they were immaculately clean.

Coughing apologetically, our envoy deposited his letter on the extreme edge of the desk, whence it promptly skated to the floor, and departed. As the door closed after him, the sole monarch of this deserted glen managed to rescue the fallen missive; and he tore it open without enthusiasm. He saw that it came from the *Whoop* offices, and might, in view of his tone in his letter to Miss McRae, have been expected to evince some pleasure; but his countenance did not lighten, and he did not even begin to read for some moments. Miss McRae had been a day behind in her calculations. That same morning Thomas Wakefield Gordon had for the first time read her column; and he was a bitterly disillusioned young man.

He was singularly personable, in a sturdy, wholesome way, and he had meant every word he had written her; had thought of her, indeed, as a rose in a bramble-hedge, and all the other similes which occur readily. But her writing! Ye gods! He had merely made a fool of himself over a nice-looking but impossible young snip who was hard as nails, and vulgar as the stuff she wrote of. Let us forgive him; beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, and when a young man has made an ass of himself he is apt to view even grand opera with a jaundiced eye. Rae was vulgar; the movies were worse; and his idiotic succumbing to an insane impulse was worst of all. He began to read the letter gloomily.

Before he had finished, an impulse of some sort made him take his feet off the desk. Then he read it twice more, and with each reading his spirits soared. Her letter restored with a stroke his wounded self-esteem, gave him back his dreams of her, and promised him future communication. Oh, what a dandy, wholesome sort she was! A gentlewoman, who understood things so well that she took no hint of offense at his clumsiness! In spite of her refusal, he did not despair of eventually meeting her; and with a girl like that to listen to one, the Sahara itself would be a blooming rose, or whatever the poet calls it! He took his typewriter in hand, and wrote a letter which ran to seventeen pages; and he addressed it to Miss McRae.

Tommy Gordon had a college record, a widowed mother with a fair income, and a spurring ambition to achieve a fairer income for himself. This, he conceived, would be speedily accomplished by immersing himself in Big Business. Immersed up to his neck was Tommy; and the waters were about to close forever over his aspiring and perspiring brow. Of a kindly Fate he would at this moment have asked nothing more than a chance to slave among the lowliest, if by so doing he could save himself the humiliation of returning to his mother, having lost all she had lent him, and acknowledging failure. If he could manage, by luck, labor or inspiration, to wrest victory from defeat, he would think about Big Business again; and he would think things about it which would not go through the mails.

A good deal of this went to Miss McRae in Tommy's letter; and he also told her more definitely just what sort of wrench had been thrown into his little buzz-saw. A good deal of the likeableness of Tommy went into that letter too; likeableness, and breeding, and a boyish cry for comfort. Any girl, reading Tommy's letter, would have liked to scold him a little, and cheer him a good deal, and show him the way out of his troubles.

Tommy sealed his letter, and dropped it down a mysterious chute, and, vastly cheered, went back to his hotel. Miss McRae, on her part, went to her comfortable boarding-house, and looked at herself in her mirror once more. Her reflections, in the intervals between dabbing cold cream on her smooth

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skin and rubbing it in with a circular motion upward, were that, after all, New York was a long, long way off; also, that a mere salary did not give you exactly all you wanted in life.

The next day found Tommy once more restless in his office, with but two ideas in his well-shaped and much-rumpled head; one, to induce the B. W. D. Corporation to grant him an interview, and the other to keep a sharp look-out for a doddering Mercury, bearing winged missives from the offices of the *Whoop*. Over in the *Whoop* building, Miss McRae went with commendable singleness of purpose through the morning's mail until she opened a letter bearing the neat engraving of Tommy Gordon's specialties. This she read with a large leisure, and finally she put it away in a private drawer before attacking the balance of her mail. She wrote her replies without her usual flare, and was almost finished before the noon edition came up, wet from the presses, and with it Miss Murray, ready, as always, to eat.

"What's the matter?" that lady inquired, perceiving the usually rampant McRae sitting still and gazing out of the windows at an unusually inartistic fire-escape. "Hungry?"

"Nothing 'special,'" said Miss McRae, emerging from her abstraction with a start. "Just a letter I got."

"Oh! Personal, or pro'essional?"

"Well, I hardly know. Just a youngster who got into a mess, and had to talk to somebody about it; and he picked me." She did not allude to the incident of the picture palace. "He says he's been back from France six months, and was starting up in business for himself, and he got stung."

"Sure; most of 'em do. Aren't you coming to lunch?"

"Not just now, Hat. I want to answer this letter first. You run along."

"Why, you poor prune! I never saw you so interested in a note that you passed up your lunch to answer it."

"I know; but if you'd read it, Hat! The poor kid's sitting this minute over in the Standard Building, wondering if he'll go broke and beat it home to Mama, or hold out a little longer for some old bird with whiskers to come to his rescue. I'm going to see if I can't give him some sort of boost."

"Why, you poor prune, again! He certainly must write a touching letter. Let's see it."

Miss McRae hesitated a moment, and then took the sheets from her drawer and gave them to her friend.

"Specialties! He certainly is specific! Whatever is it?"

"Hurry up, if you've got to read it," said Miss McRae, stiffly.

Miss Murray hid a smile, skimmed the first page, and handed the letter back to its owner with a snort.

"Haven't time to go over the whole thing; what's his harrow, anyhow? Sounds sort of decent, though. Nice. Young. Straight."

"You noticed it, too? That's why I want to answer him right off. Why, it seems he got some money together when he came out of the army, and went into partnership with a doughboy in his company, who claimed he'd been a chemist before the War, and had invented a patent mixture for razorless shaving. He made up about a thousand bottles of the stuff ——"

"For heaven's sake, Rae! What are you talking about? Razorless shaving? Why, you're crazy!"

"I am not! And neither was he. Why, Hat, if somebody could only invent an ointment that would abolish the razor, he'd make his fortune eighty times over! And he claims this doughboy has done it all right. Says at first it was too weak, and wouldn't do the business; and then he got it too strong, and it took all the skin off his face along with the beard; but finally he got it just right, and he tried it on his fox-terrier and it turned him into a Mexican hairless in less than five minutes, so he knows it'll work on any old hard-shell bristle ever grown. And he got interested in what the doughboy said, and tried some of it, and it was fine! Dissolves the hair, you see, without killing the root, and you wipe it off, and that's all! So he went into partnership with this Bud Ricketts when they were discharged from the army; and the Government was selling its potash-plants on the Coast cheap, and he took an option on one for a month for thirty thousand dollars, and raised twenty thousand from his mother — all she had, I gather — and counted on interesting outside capital in the scheme to get the rest."

"Well, if his stuff is any good, he'll do it all right," said Hattie, carelessly. "Sounds like a cinch."

"But nobody believes it!" cried Rae, excitedly. "He can't get anybody to listen to him! They say every chemist in the country has tried it before, knowing what a fortune it would be, and none of 'em has ever made an effective formula that won't deteriorate! And his option expires to-morrow, and somebody else is after the plant, and he's scared to take it up and sink his mother's money on such a prospect! They've put three or four thousand into ingredients and bottles and things, and if he quits it'll leave him broke."

"Gee, what a blow!" said Hat. "But it isn't going to keep me from my eats. If you're going to stay and console this poor fish for his troubles, I'm leaving. Hope you think of something before dinner." And she departed heartlessly.

Miss McRae put her tawny head into her hands, and thought and thought and thought. Presently she inserted a sheet of white paper into her machine and wrote rapidly.

"My dear Mr. Gordon:

"Your letter is here, and I'm awfully sorry about it all. I don't know what a girl can do to help in a matter like this; but, since you've done me the honor to 'Ask Me!' I'll give you what advice I can.

"You can always quit. Anybody can do that when things go wrong. Or you can stick it out. If you do your best, and then go broke, you won't be much worse off than you are now, really, will you? You could always sell your factory, you know.

"You've got to sell that stuff. I haven't a notion how you should go about it, but I do know that it can be done. Our advertising manager says that you can sell anything if you go at it right. And did you ever hear of anybody making a great success by doing the easy thing?

"I expect to hear from you again, and to learn that you've licked the world. For the honor of Boston, which was also my home town years ago, go to it, Tommy Gordon!

"Very sincerely,
"Rae McRae."

She felt very small and impudent when she had mailed this, but her back was straight and her eyes flashed. If Tommy Gordon wanted to talk to her, he would have to show cause why she should listen to him. She didn't want to have anything to do with a quitter. She gathered up her scattered papers, and put on her jaunty hat, and went across the street to the café known affectionately to the reporters as "The Little Dirty," where she ordered a light luncheon. After that she returned to her desk and wrote to her fans steadily until five o'clock, when the ringing of the telephone halted her as she was preparing to leave.

"Hello! Hello! Miss McRae?"

"Miss McRae speaking."

"This is Tommy Gordon. You won't remember me."

"On the contrary, I remember you quite well." (What a nice voice he had!) "Did you get the very impertinent letter I sent you?"

"I got the very important letter you were angel enough to send me," he answered, and she decided he was clever. "You'll never know what it did to me," he went on. "It made me so ashamed of myself, and gave me such a hump, to put it baldly, that I got busy right away, and believe me, I've let myself in for a tremendous bust if things do bust! Only, they won't."

"What did you do?" she asked, eagerly. It took her breath.

"I closed on that option," he said. "I now have two hundred dollars in the world, and have to pay ten thousand in sixty days — balance on the factory, you know. So I've simply got to land my shaving stuff on somebody! I'm started, and I'm coming strong; and when I land — girl, when I land, I'm coming over to your office and make you sorry!"

"W-when are you coming?" she faltered, in most un-editorial tones.

"Not until I make good," he laughed. "It's your fault that I went ahead on this, and if things come out all right, then I'm going to have a long, long talk with you."

"I'm — I'm scared. You've no business to put it off on me! I'll never forgive myself if things go wrong."

"Neither will I," he said, unfeelingly, "so they simply can't, don't you see? I'll call

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you up and tell you how things progress, and maybe ask you for more advice."

"You're making fun of me."

His voice, at once, was grave. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I think you are the most wonderful girl — and I'm going to prove it to you some day. I simply couldn't report failure to you; so I'm going to report success! I'll call at five to-morrow afternoon. Good-bye — dear!"

Miss McRae stared into the telephone as though for confirmation of the last word. "My gracious!" she said, feebly. "Of all the nerve! He must be older than I thought. I won't talk to him again," she next decided. Then, with the lobes of her pretty ears still tingling from Tommy's last word, she wrote the Newton Syndicate hastily that under no circumstances could she leave Seattle, where, she said, affairs of importance would keep her indefinitely.

In view of the fact that she had decided not to talk to the young man who bought factories on faith, and exploded verbal TNT into telephone receivers, it must be recorded as interesting that she postponed her interview with Miss Norman, and that five o'clock next day found her very busy at her desk. It was probably a great relief to her that the telephone did not ring. Accordingly, she stayed closely at her work for the three days following, and even ate hasty lunches at "The Little Dirty."

For five days Tommy Gordon remained in outer darkness, and then on the sixth day the telephone rang casually, as telephones will, whether they are about to announce a death or a reception; and at once the voice of Tommy greeted her jubilantly.

"Hello, hello! How are you? This is Tommy Gordon."

"You sound awfully cheerful! Have you landed something?"

"No such luck! I've been turned down four times, and I turned down a fifth offer myself."

"You perfect idiot! Excuse me; but why?"

"It was from an agent of the Russian government. They'll buy anything with an American label, you know; I doubt if he even knew what the stuff was for, seeing how those Russkys wear their faces. But I gave him the cold shoulder because if he ever did pay me it'd be in Russian notes, and that's worth fifty cents a hundred as waste paper. I tried for the United States Quartermaster, but he wouldn't hear of such a thing; and I went after several druggists, but they gave me the laugh."

"Oh, dear! What will you do, then?"

"Well, there's one man who could sell my whole output for a year without turning his hand over; Reede, of the Blodgett Wholesale Drug Company. Chain of stores all over the country, you know, and he's purchasing agent. I've been after him seventeen times, and haven't been able to get within shouting distance!"

"You ought to try it out on a whole lot of different beards, and get testimonials or something," she suggested. "Can't you get the State's Prison to let you have a lot of convicts? Or a lunatic asylum? — only, the affidavits wouldn't be worth anything. Or how about the army?"

"I tried the Quartermaster," he objected.

"No, I mean go to some army post, and try it on the doughboys," she explained. "You were a captain, weren't you? Haven't you a pull somewhere? Isn't there — " She stopped abruptly, because there came from Tommy's end of the telephone, first, a smothered exclamation, and then a bang as of an overturned chair, and then the click of the receiver as it crashed into place. She sat aghast. What on earth had happened? What had she said? Had he been attacked or something? Puzzled, she went home, but her rest that night was troubled; and for the next three days her work suffered amazingly.

On the third morning, as she was listlessly preparing to go out to lunch, the telephone rang; and she rushed to answer it. Instantly the world grew bright.

"Girl, I've got it!" he shouted.

"What? What? Oh, for heaven's sake, where did you go?"

"Why, where you said, of course! To Washington Barracks! And I've got all the dope, and now I've simply to see Reede and I'll have him licked in ten minutes! If only I could get an interview!"

"Where does he go to get shaved?" asked the girl.

There was a pause from Tommy. "What in the — I mean, why do you want to know? I could find out, I suppose; but what's the idea?"

"Well of course, it's silly, but if you could get at him somehow and actually demonstrate the stuff on him — "

"Ye gods!" said Tommy, reverently. "And some lunatics say women have no brains! I'm going to bring you the contract to-morrow! Good-bye!"

If Rae could have followed the career of Tommy Gordon from that moment on, she would have been proud of her handiwork. He proceeded through the noon-day crowd at reckless speed, and entered a large and gloomy building near the water-front, where he demanded Mr. Reede in such assured tones that an office-boy admitted incautiously that Mr. Reede had just gone up to the barber-shop on the seventh floor. Blessing his lucky star, Tommy wasted no time, and reached the barber-shop just three steps behind his quarry, who, finding that all the chairs were full, perforce sat down to wait, loosening his collar to save time. Mr. Reede was a long, lank, bony individual, with a hook-nose on which was usually perched a pair of very shiny glasses; and his shrewd little eyes would have struck despair and dread into almost any man; but without his collar and his tie, his dignity suffered amazingly, and Tommy proceeded calmly to carry out the hair-brained scheme which had sprung into being in ten seconds. He slipped off his coat, and quietly donned a white one which hung on a near-by hook, its owner being out to lunch; in the busy hum of the shop nobody paid any attention to him. Then he confiscated a couple of towels and approached his victim.

"CHAIR will be empty in a moment, sir," he murmured in that gentleman's ear. "I'll lather you now, to save time." Reede, preoccupied, nodded assent, shut his eyes, and submitted to a towel about his neck and a clean-smelling liquid rubbed gently on his stubborn beard. Tommy massaged assiduously for nearly a minute; then he wiped his customer's face deftly, whisked away the towel and bowed.

"That will be all, sir," he said. Reede jumped up, startled. "But — but — I'm not shaved!" he protested.

Tommy, slipping once more into his own well-cut coat, waved his hand and grinned. "Oh, yes, you are," he said.

Reede thrust his face toward a mirror, looked for a long moment, and then rubbed a dazed hand over his lantern-jawed countenance.

"What in the devil did you do to me?" he burst out. The head barber, approaching, waved him deferentially to an empty chair, but Reede shook him off and put his collar on hurriedly. His mind seemed clouded. Tommy took him firmly by the arm and led him toward the corridor. Still in a trance, Reede submitted to being returned to his own office and put down in his chair; and then he came out from under the ether and waxed acidulous.

"What was the idea?" he inquired.

"This," said Tommy, sweetly, producing a bottle. "The razorless shave. No trouble, no barber; no cutting, no stropping. We will sell it for seventy-five cents, and you will make a profit of fifteen cents a bottle; I the same. I can manufacture sixty gross a day. You might sign the contract now."

"It won't keep. It can't be uniform, made in any such quantity as that. It won't work on everybody. It'll get too strong."

"It will; it is; it does; it won't," said Tommy. "My partner, who invented this, put up about two thousand bottles before we went into the War in 1917; and I shaved with one of them this morning. I've been using them for three months. Do you see anything wrong with my face?"

"It's homely," said Reede crossly.

"Well, do you see anything wrong with my shave?"

"I don't see any shave at all," said Reede. "You look as if you'd never needed one in your life."

"Just so," said Tommy. "And so do you. Now, as to the efficacy of my cream on varying beards: I've just been out at Washington Barracks. I knew the commandant—my uncle, in fact. He said he couldn't give me permission to try the stuff on his soldiers, but he called in the top sergeants of a regiment, and introduced me to them, and left the room. An officer, you know, is a gentleman of purest ray serene, and can do nothing unbecoming; but a top sergeant is responsible to nobody; at least, that is the theory in the army, as you may be aware, sir. I told 'em what I had, and that I wanted to try it out on their companies; and I intimated that there might be a little something in it for them, if the thing turned out all right. . . . Those top sergeants were gems, Mr. Reede! Irish, and sports. I wired to my partner for

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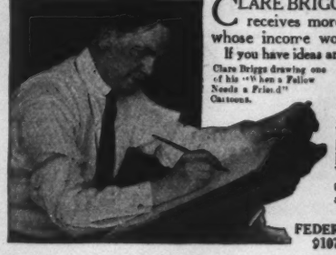

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fifteen hundred bottles of the mixture, and when it came, which was two days later, curiously enough not a man in the regiment had shaved since the morning I spoke to the sergeants! Here, you see, is a photograph I took of fifty of them just before the experiment."

He drew from a pocket a large and crumpled photograph, which showed a group of doughboys, each clutching in his hand a small bottle, and with a pitiful look of apprehension on his face. Tommy continued firmly: "They tried to balk, but their sergeants drove 'em to it. This was at ten minutes after six," he said. "Four minutes later I took this other picture." He laid a companion photograph down, and Reede leaned over with interest. "You can see for yourself the results; and it took those men just four minutes! I can probably get my shaving-cream made a part of regular Government equipment, when the time-saving is considered. Think of the tremendous sale! It so happens, however, that I need cash to expand my factory, and so I would prefer to sell my first year's output directly to you."

Mr. Reede looked at Tommy, and he looked at the photographs, and he felt of his perfect chin; and then he solemnly shook hands with Tommy, and Tommy grinned. Then they drew up large and imposing contracts, with seals and witnesses, and then for the first time that day Tommy drew a full breath. He accepted a glorious brunette banded cigar from Mr. Reede, bowed his adieux, and strode from the building. The taxi-driver whom he hailed grinned in sympathy, and accepted urgent directions and largess with gratitude; and he started his motor with a roar, and drove at break-neck speed to the offices of the *Whoop*.

Tommy sprang out in high spirits, which were chilled, however, when he was confronted by an overly-wise, overly-young office boy, whose raucous laughter, when he demanded speech of Miss McRae, startled him. "You'se de seventeenth guy what's tried to see her this week," the vile youth derided. "Wisht I had a nickel for every one."

"Would this do, instead?" Tommy asked.

"Oh, dat's different," admitted the boy, pocketing a dollar with dexterity. "You go t'rough de gate, and you turns to de l ft, and dere's a lot of desks in dere, but you don't pay no attention to dem. You sees anodder little room, and you goes t'rough dat, and up de stairs, and dere you are, see? Only she's probably out to lunch."

Tommy set his jaw, and picked his way as directed, and at last stood on the threshold of her holy of holies. And she was not out to lunch!

She sat at a desk which was adorned with a rose in a glass, and the rose was not pinker than she when she looked up and saw him. Ever since his telephone call, an hour before, she had been sitting there dreaming; and she knew at once that it was Tommy. As for him, he was lost in worship at the sight of her; not, as he had first seen her, trim and starched, but sweet and feminine in a soft, greeny thing, without the "rubber-tired glasses," and wholly adorable in her confusion. (Miss McRae had discarded the stiff collars and the goggles about a week before; she decided they were uncomfortable.)

"I'm Tommy," he began, offering his hand with a boyish grin. "How do you do?"

"V-very well, thank you. And how are you?" (Her eyes! Nose!)

"Better than that," he said cheerfully. "You're a fraud, do you know it? I got to see you as easy — as easy as selling shaving-cream!"

"Oh, then you did it!" she cried. "I'm so awfully glad! I was afraid I'd ruined you with my silly advice!"

"You saved my life," he told her. "You ought to have seen me holding Reede down by main strength, while I rubbed his beard off with a sponge! And I sold him my entire output, and I've got enough capital to swing the factory deal — advance payment — and we start manufacturing to-morrow! I've put the Barbers' Union out of business! You behold before you a millionaire, woman!"

"How perfectly gorgeous! I'm so glad!" And her eyes filled with tears.

"You're coming out to lunch with me," he ordered. "I'm going to need your advice more than ever, now, to invest all this money, Rae."

"You — you mustn't call me Rae," she said, her color high.

"I beg your pardon! Not now, of course! But some day — I warn you — I'm going to call you Rae."

"You will not," she said with conviction.

He looked at her gravely. "Never? Honestly? You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, I know," she said, "and you will never call me Rae." At the misery in his face she relented, and flashed a smile at him. "My name, I should have told you before, is really Mary."

He took her arm firmly, and led her to the stairs. It was, she thought, exactly like a man, for she had no hat; but she took hers unobtrusively as she passed the hat-rack, and he did not notice. He released her arm as they reached the street, but she made no effort to run away; a singular content was on her. He led the way to a tiny, spotless tea-room, embowered in a shower of roses, and they entered. All they ordered was iced coffee, and they drank scarcely any of that.

"Tell me about it," she ordered, studying him with approval; and so he told her. She exclaimed over the crackling contract, which he spread out on the table, leaning close; and laughed at his tale, and gloried in him.

"What'll we call it?" he asked, suddenly. (We!) "Shavo?"

"Oh, no," she protested, "that's so common! If I were you, I'd just put on the bottles, 'Shave with a Sponge.'"

"Oh, wonderful! You have all the brains in this family!" (He said "family!") He leaned forward and looked her steadily in the eyes, until her lids drooped.

"Mary, what would a blundering idiot, who doesn't know what to say or how to say it, have to do to win a girl like you?" His voice was not steady. She blushed, and dropped her eyes, while he studied her long lashes with anxiety.

She traced patterns on the cloth with her fork. After a silence, "What would he have to do, Mary?"

She managed to reply with lightness, but her voice was unsteady, too.

"Well, after a while," she said, giving him a fleeting glance from cloudy blue eyes — "after a while, you know, he might 'Ask Me!'" — and buried her blush in her napkin.

The Return

by **Elsa Barker**

WHEN will the spirit of Love return to earth,
Earth torn by rival hates
Through all the four dimensions of her form—
Sport of the tireless Fates!

And when will Joy come gently down the hills
With blown hair soft and free,
And lead us back to where the dreamy brook
And violets used to be?

The Ring and the King

[*Continued from page 13*]

the swaying *Graylock* off Ireland Island, one in her room not many yards from the same blue water which rocked the big ship. Each was contented not to sleep for thoughts which came crowding; each went over and over words, tones, glances of those hours on board; each weighed words, tones, glances, and tried to read how much they might be in the balance.

"The others were mad about her, too; she's American — the prince business wouldn't affect her; she was decent to all of us; and oh, my word! how she smiled up at the captain with those quaint eyes! I could throttle the captain!" groaned Henry of A'Land at two A. M.

And the girl, wide-eyed, turned once again and stared through the square of window at a dim sea starred with dark islands. "His ship among those far lights — he's there. He's a prince; he has seen beautiful women everywhere — and I'm not beautiful. He's a prince; I'm nobody to him. But — but his eyes are honest. They — seemed to say . . . And if he weren't any prince at all, but a cab-driver, I'd like him — I'd like him — I'd — I — " The girl was not ready even yet to think that word.

But the time came when she was ready. There were many meetings; Bermuda was gay that winter; people gossiped, of course, for nothing is quite so unconcealable as a love affair. Words, looks, may be controlled, but the purple light shines through, unmistakable. Few miss that shining. The winter colony at Bermuda in the year 189– did not miss its halo about the heads of Prince Henry and little Betty Humphrey.

THERE came a day in the course of the two months' stay of the Humphreys when another warship glided in and anchored near the *Graylock* in Hamilton Harbor. Guns were fired and bands played and flags flew and the Captain and Prince Henry got into launches and raced away across robin's-egg blue water to the *October Twenty-Fifth*, the new ship, greatest of all ships of A'Land, to pay honor to the heir of the throne, Prince Richard, elder brother of the sailor, stopping at Bermuda on his way to a visit of state. After that were festivities, and Prince Richard, a responsible royalty, feeling the importance of being grandson to a King as the harum-scarum sailor had never felt it, was aware that the sailor was in the midst of an unfitting career. He wasted no time.

"Walk with me outside a moment, Hal," suggested Prince Richard between dances at the ball on the night of his arrival.

Prince Henry drew his blond brows together. "Certainly, a moment, old top," he agreed. "But make it short; I'm engaged for this next dance."

"To Miss Humphrey?" inquired Richard; and Henry flung the answer back:

"Yes. To Miss Humphrey."

They were out on the dim galleries of the hotel now, and people, seeing royal brothers talking together, drew away; they had the place to themselves. The older spoke presently. "You'll pardon me, Hal, but it's my duty to tell you that you're making a mistake. You're dancing to-night as if you were any common sort of officer, with just whom you please. Lady Bailey is here and Sir Clifford Ponsonby's daughters, and Miss — Miss — Oh, the Honorable Miss Something, whose father is Chief-Justice. You know the girl I mean. There are women of importance in the room, and you haven't thrown a word to one. I've been watching. I hate to make myself unpleasant, Hal, but really you should remember your station, and our duty to our grandfather."

Prince Henry by now was fed up with brotherly advice. "Dick, that's enough," he cut in. "You may go in a corner and sing God save our Grandfather, if it amuses you. I'm going to dance with whom I please."

And behold, there was only one royal prince standing in the dark corner of the gallery. The other was running like a schoolboy, full-tilt, back toward lights and music and the kaleidoscopic shifting ballroom of bright dresses and uniforms, — toward Betty Humphrey. As he ran, his stormy brows straightened, but his eyes were abnormally bright and his mouth was set as if with a purpose when he brought up.

"Am I a second late? I wouldn't waste a second for the world," he whispered, bending adoringly, reckless of hundreds of eyes that were on them. A bold and wilful young prince this, and pricked to defiance by untactful handling.

"One turn," he whispered, "and then we're going outside — do you know it?"

"Are we?" Betty's whisper was like the Bermuda breeze touching his cheek; it stirred the fibre of his heart queerly.

"We are, my — Miss Humphrey." They had swung by now around the room. "That's enough," spoke the sailor.

"Plenty," drawled Betty. "You do dance badly."

And the sailor laughed. "I may please your ladyship better at talking. I've something to say to-night. Here's the door."

They were outside, in the perfumed night, while water caressed everlastingly the rocks below, and over the bay in Paget a single light of a belated carriage moved rapidly along a hidden road.

"Not here," whispered the sailor. "Come!" He caught her hand and they fled around the gallery and down a flight of steps, the light figure floating close to his white uniform.

"Under the arches; that's the place," spoke the sailor prince, hurrying as if time were very precious.

They stood breathless, two vague nebulæ fading into velvet space, and suddenly without a word she was in his arms, and his fresh face was against hers and their lips met. Neither knew how long. There is nothing by which to measure some moments. After a while they were aware of the world — something existing besides that warmth of her in his arms, her face against his.

"Is that any better than the way I dance?" whispered the prince laughing, tremulous. And her palm was across his lips as if even his words must not profane that first moment. He kissed the hindering hand and lowered it to his shoulder and began to speak in quick whispers. "You're mine. To hold against all comers," spoke the impetuous prince. "But there's going to be a devil of a row, darling — darling. My brother — he has it in for me, I mean t' say. He'll make trouble."

"Why?" Her face lifted wonderingly. This stupendous event having happened, was there anything or anybody in the far-distant general world which could darken the effulgence of the new glory? A thought to that effect rose unphrased in the girl's mind. "Father won't make trouble," she brought out haltingly, as if speech itself were a sudden gift untried. "He'll be glad — if I'm happy."

"Are you happy?" demanded the lover, careless as to reason, and, there being no words, the answer was made otherwise.

Later: "Do you mean," asked Betty, and the words dripped like leisurely honey. "Do you mean, Mr. Prince Henry" — the prince laughed delightedly. Never had his rank been taken in vain except by this wonderful unimpressed American. "Is it that your grand brother won't want you to — marry me — because you're the Lord's anointed? As if we cared!"

"We don't care," whispered the Lord's anointed. He was not far enough away to necessitate loud speech. "We don't care; we're each other's," the reckless sailor prince reiterated.

But a chill caught him in the words. "To marry" her! She took it so easily for granted, this American queen in her own right. He knew, he had seen the enormous weight of tradition and influence — what they called *noblesse oblige*. If he had been the elder son — he shuddered. But he was not. There was the royal and responsible Dick forever between him and the throne. He would do this vital thing as he pleased. It was unthinkable not. He put away the problem, closing his eyes to everything but the drifting moment. It would come right; things did for him.

The girl had felt with swift intuition the doubt running through him. She moved her head backward and looked up, the one drooping eye giving an air of odd sophistication to the infantile face. "Will there be trouble?" she asked.

The lad smiled in the darkness. "What's trouble!" he defied the universe. "Trouble is just a bally fence to be taken before I get to you. I'll take it."

The girl went on low-voiced, considering. "Will they think you too great to marry

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September 16, 1919.

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"Ninety in the Shade!"

IF you ask *me* what it means to have Edward home again, I can say in a few words just what it means to me.

"Before Edward's return, the thing Mother and I held above all, was the hope and belief that he would come home to us unharmed. He was spared, and how happy we are that he is with us again, for he is all we have, and only mothers and sisters know what anxiety was ours when he was Over There.

"His letters were so interesting, his experiences so great! Had I been a few years older, it would have taken a strong arm to hold me back. As it was, I simply had to watch and wait.

"That is all over now, but still there is much to be done and great demand for money. Edward is home now, has been for several months, but eighteen months away from home did interfere considerably with the finances of a certain happy family.

"I want you to know, Miss Blake," she wrote me, "how happy I am that we have made your acquaintance. I say 'We,' for Mother and Edward are almost as interested in *my* Federation as I.

"Do you want to know what it was that prompted me to write you, several weeks ago?

"That's why I'm a member of the new Girls' Federation of McClure's, and expect always to be; and that's why I'd like to have every other girl who is not quite satisfied with her allowance, write you, too. You've made me very happy, and I know there are just thousands of others who are just waiting for your advice. With Edward back in his business again, next year at this time it will surely be 'smoother sailing' for us, but I shall never lose interest in the work of the Girls' Federation."

Too Important to Lose

YES, membership is to important to lose. Once a member, always a member.

Only a few weeks old, and already one of the important departments of McClure's! That's just why I'm telling *you* again this month of the Girls' Federation and how it is helping so many girls and women, friends of McClure's, to be able to have the luxuries, and some, the necessities, that an unkind Fate is trying her best to deprive them of.

No woman or girl, whether she is married and has a family, or single, and goes to school, college or business, or stays at home, needs ever to be without her own spending money.

Alice R., the girl whose letter has prompted me to tell you of her experience in the new Girls' Federation, is only a schoolgirl, and there are thousands of other girls just like her, with the same problems, the same desire for pretty clothes, furs, and "extras."

"I refused his offer, and O, how happy I am"

"It was just like this. We were walking leisurely down the Avenue one evening, when we halted in front of a show window. To me, furs lose their attraction when the thermometer reaches ninety in the shade, but furs for winter I *must have!* To my surprise, the very furs I had set my heart upon, were in the window right before my eyes!

"BROTHER was with me, and Mother, too. It seemed to me I simply must have those furs. They were so beautiful—even Edward raved about them.

"'Now, little sister,' he said, 'I'll tell you what I'll do. You don't have to go back to school for several weeks yet, so if you'll *earn half* the price of those furs, I'll pay the balance!'

"Happiness beyond words was mine. But, to think of Edward depriving himself, perhaps, of something he really needed, was too much for me.

"I refused his offer, and O, how happy I am that I did. After hearing from you, Miss Blake, and following your advice, it has made me almost the possessor of the furs I set my heart upon. One more week will turn the trick. Edward thinks I'm the most wonderful sister anyone ever had (how foolish of him), for he says there's no excuse for girls not having the little extras that are sometimes hard to ask for, when the family purse is a little bit cramped—as long as McClure's is published.

THERE are married girls, many, who find that the conditions at present existing, make it impossible for them to "Keep up," when there are so many demands on the husband's salary check or income.

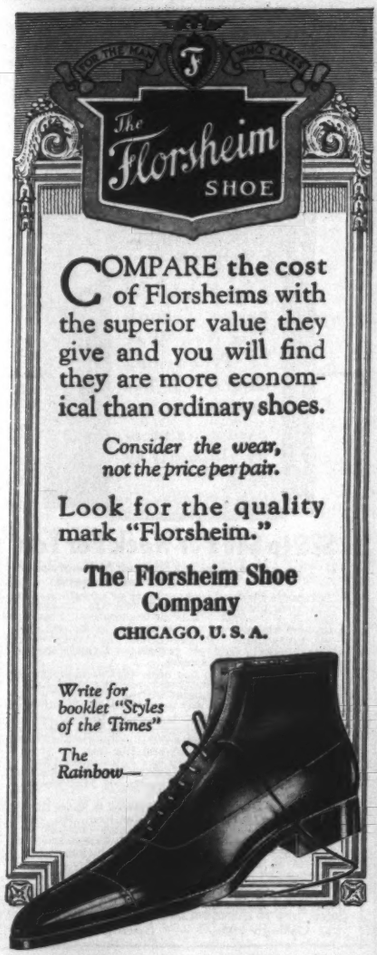
All women and girls of all ages, not only in the United States and Canada, but everywhere, are welcome to the Girls' Federation. There is no entrance fee—it's only a place to *earn* money, not to spend it. But, isn't it wonderful to know that *you* can be a part of this vast Federation?

Some day there will be members in every corner of the Globe. How proud you will be then.

If *you* want to hear more about this money-making Federation, simply drop me a card, telling me that. You will put yourself under no obligation, and it may be your start toward success.

Roberta Blake

Director of The Girls' Federation,
McClure's Magazine,
25 West 44th Street,
New York, N. Y.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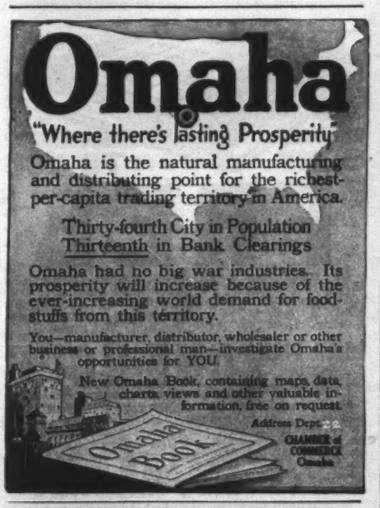
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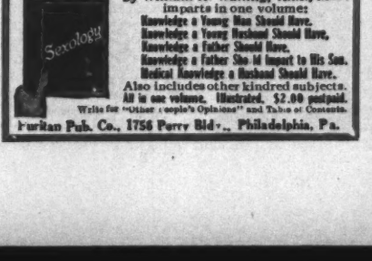
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me? I've grown up believing that nothing is better to be than an American woman. Royalty has certain things, maybe — great position, influence, lots of money — jewels and hordes of servants. But all that's superficial, isn't it? Any well-bred American could step into all that and hold her own — or do without it and be the same. You can't be more than a lady. Whether one's called 'Her Majesty' or 'Miss Jones.' That's my idea. Isn't it yours, Harry?"

It thrilled him to hear his unadorned name slip naturally from her. "Of course it's my idea, darling — my darling. But the question is — I mean t' say —"

"'I mean t' say'!" mocked the American, and the mockery was a delight to him. "What does His Royal Highness mean t' say?"

The prince, enchanted, threatened her with things not terrifying to a girl in love; and then fell into a moment of seriousness and expounded views he had heard back in A'Land, in old times, months ago before ever he had known Bettina Humphrey. Among other things, how he was scheduled to marry a princess, a stiff and worthy person older than he, eminently fitted for him.

"Do you love her?" demanded Betty.

"Love her? Not a rap," said the prince cheerily. "She's a good sort, you know, though; a bit of a highbrow and keen on duty to her class, but — why, beside you she's a duffer!"

"Ugly, isn't she?" suggested Betty.

"No," demurred the honest prince. "Not ugly. Rather a beauty of her kind, but the clammy kind which has no charm for me — having known — you."

Language went on the rocks again for a moment. Then Betty put up her hand to the bronzed face — which, had she known, was to be a King's face — and whispered, "If you were just a jackie I'd love you all the same. You're — so dear, so wonderful. But I wish you'd say she's ugly."

Next morning the prince went straight to his royal brother and told in brief language what had happened. "I'm going to marry her, Dick," stated Prince Henry. "I don't give a damn if it's done or not. It's going to be done now."

The heir, an heir worthy to be trusted with the responsibilities of rank, shook his head. "Hal, you're astonishingly young," answered Prince Richard, who was three years older. "You're amazing. Why, lad, you're quite gone mad. You might exactly as well announce that you're going to move to Mars to set up housekeeping. It's quite as impossible, don't you see?"

"I don't see," stated Prince Harry.

"Poor lad," said Prince Richard, and patted the sub-royal shoulder — which was at once withdrawn from his touch. Prince Richard smiled. "Poor lad," he repeated, "I'm devilish sorry this has happened. It will give you a bad fifteen minutes."

"It will not," asserted Prince Harry stormily. "I'm a man. I shall do as I think right. I shall not bother about the family. What has the family done for me? Honors and luxuries by the jugful — that's what we've had, you and I. From the powers and the satellites, not from our own. No love, like human children. You know about it, Dick. You and I have been good pals, Dick — you're the only one. What do I care if this has ever been done or not? I'll do it."

Prince Richard looked grave. "Harry," he said, "you and I have been pals, as you said, and you know" — his hand was on the boy's shoulder again and this time the shoulder was not withdrawn — "you know I care about you. I'm most awfully sorry for you. But this can't be a go. It won't be allowed — ever. Stop a bit and think. The King is old; then comes my father and — " his voice lowered — "you and I know that with his disease that can't be a long reign. Then I'll do my turn and, Harry, I don't want to sadden you, but I've learned lately that I have the same weakness as my father. I may outgrow it, and I may not."

"You're quite fit, Dick," the sailor threw back. "What's this nonsense about your being ill? Never heard such a thing in my life." His blue eyes examined his brother anxiously. "I don't believe that trash. You're fit, and, please God, you'll stay fit. The last thing I want is the throne with you counted out, old top." His arm went about the older boy's shoulder.

Prince Richard turned his grave smile on the lad, and in his look shone affection. "We've meant a bit to each other, Hal, and for that and for the country I've got to save you from this false step. Listen: There's a lot more which makes your affair impossible. You'll see it's impossible, Harry, before I get through. Sit down again."

The sailor, his honest, lovable, not overstrong face working with mightier feelings than ever before had found a place in his careless soul, sat down. Now one noticed Richard *was* thin and pale; and the fact was a stab to the younger boy. All close human ties had been, up to now, for him, expressed in his brother. All his life he had loved him, counted on him, deferred to him; the thought of losing him stopped the boy's pulse, softened him to wax. A whole morning the two were shut in the luxurious ship's cabin. All the morning the older boy's incisive, gentle voice piled reasonable sentence on sentence, while the sailor, joy and vivacity going out of his face inch by inch, listened.

At length: "It cuts me to the heart to say these things to you, Hal," spoke Prince Richard. "But you see — don't you see, Hal?"

And Prince Harry bowed his head and whispered bitterly: "I curse the day I was born a prince. I see." And he got up and, looking neither to right nor left, found his boat and his men and went off to his ship.

The lovers were to meet once again; it was arranged. Prince Richard arranged it well that without comment they should be alone for an hour in his own quarters on the *October Twenty-Fifth*. Betty floated buoyantly into the charming place wearing the tropical scarlet hat again to-day; she had an air as of a bird that had flown across summer seas to alight on a ship. A peacock sea and the brilliancy of the islands sparkled through the port-holes. And out of the deep chair rose a lad whose eyes were on fire with pain.

"What is it? Are you ill, Harry?" Something in his clasp, some desperation in the touch of his lips, was obvious. She pushed against his white uniform with her little fist. "You're — different. What is it, Harry? Oh, my dear!"

He held her close with one arm and put his other hand over her eyes. "If you look at me I'll never tell you. I'm going away, darling. I've got to go — and leave you."

She caught her breath. "You're going? Is it all over?"

The boy's head dropped till it was on her slim shoulder. "All over," he repeated tragically, and a sound like a sob finished the words. "My darling, my only darling — the only woman I shall ever love on earth — it's that. It's — all over."

BETTY straightened and pushed his fair head from her shoulder and smiled. "Harry, it's cruel to have this gone — our beautiful Bermuda. But remember, there'll be so much more — all our lives. You'll come and get me. And we'll — be married, and together. Forever!" She brought out the words in breathless groups.

And then a thing happened that told her everything with no word. He was holding her hands against his breast, his face was bent to the small fingers. And the fingers were suddenly wet with his tears. Slowly, with a gradual stiffening, she drew herself back — but he clung to her hands.

"You mean — that you're going to give me up?"

The boy's miserable eyes regarded her. The straight sailor's glance dropped. The first lesson in royalty was being acted out in shame and suffering. The look served for an answer.

"Your brother?"

Quickly: "Don't blame Dick. It was his duty."

"I don't blame — your brother. Let my hands go, please — Prince Henry."

"Don't call me that!" the prince cried out. But he loosed the hands. "Don't make it worse than I can bear," the boy begged. "Betty — oh, my Betty!"

The little American, her hands behind her for safety, regarded the wretched young figure with such a look as her father might have worn — an American look, cool and appraising, and just. The droop in the left eye gave an air of ultra wisdom. "I'm not your Betty, it seems," she spoke calmly. "I wouldn't be yours now. Not for your grandfather's crown or — or happiness, which is more. I was in love with — a man, not a prince. But if your brother could order you to give me up and you could obey, you're only a prince. I don't mind losing a mere prince. I don't mind at all."

To prove it she dropped into a chair and hid her face and broke into gasping sobs. In a second the boy was on his knees, his arms about her. But she shrank, indignant.

"Don't dare touch me. Take your arms away. Don't you know that an American woman is as proud as any princess? Do you think I'd let you touch me with the tip of your finger now? I wouldn't!" As he drew back she sprang up. "I must go home. I

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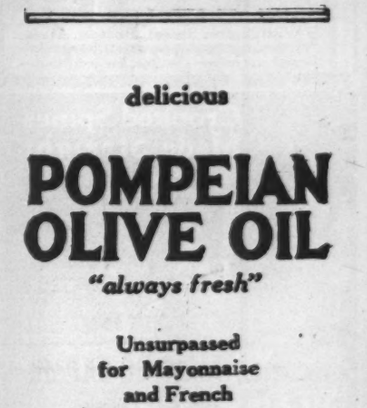

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can't stay on this horrible ship. It burns my feet to touch the deck. I'm going."

The boy, feeling need of calmness, had become calm. He backed to the door and stood, arms outstretched across it — the arms that ached to hold the small, furious figure. "Betty," he spoke gravely, "you must let me speak. It's not playing the game, otherwise." The phrase quieted her. She listened, biting her lips.

"I have promised my brother to sacrifice all my happiness, to — to give you up; because it's my duty to him and to my country. It's just the same as if I gave my life in battle for the flag. There is no future left for me. I'll love only you to the end of my days. You don't believe it now, but some day you'll know it."

He tore a big ring from his finger and with a step forward caught her hand and closed her fingers over it. He was merely a commonplace lad, and the ancient and banal act of giving a ring as a pledge from royalty did not occur to him as out of drawing.

"There!" he spoke. "You've got to keep that. And if ever a day comes when you want me to do anything, show me the ring. and I'll do it. I swear I'll do it!"

"If your brother doesn't tell you not," mocked Betty. "I don't want it, thanks." She tossed the ring toward him and it fell on a rug.

Quite patiently Prince Henry stooped to pick up the ring — an emerald, carved with the coat-of-arms of the royal house of A'Land. Quite firmly he put it again into her hand and closed the fingers over it. "This one thing you will do," he said, "for the sake of that night by the sea."

And the girl, because she loved the boy yet, with a sob bent her head in its gay hat over the hand he had closed, and let the ring stay. Prince Henry touched a bright feather.

"The red hat," he whispered. "I'll never see a red hat but I'll long for you." He caught a sharp breath. "I'll long for you always!"

The girl, his ring tight in her hand — such is the inconsistency of humanity—shot a look of scorn. "You're giving me up, all the same. Open the door, please — Prince Henry."

A scarlet wing flashed down the deck. The boy stood, unaware of sailors and officers stepping past, unaware of all the world, and watched it go; then he closed and locked the door through which she had gone and threw himself face down on a divan and cried like a broken-hearted child.

Next day the waves broke over the spot in the harbor where the *October Twenty-Fifth* had ridden at anchor, and it was told about Bermuda that cablegrams had come from A'Land detaching the prince from the *Graylock*, and ordering him on the mission with his brother.

THE years slipped past. Twenty of them glided with secret, delusive step, unnoticed as they came, scarcely regarded as they went, from the day when the *October Twenty-Fifth* had dipped across the opening in the white line of foam which is the Bermuda reef. Two princes had sailed in the big ship on that day; one had since loosed his handclasp from his brother's, and had gone on unduly swiftly into an unknown country.

Much had happened to the young sailor who had been Prince Henry of A'Land. The old King was dead; his grandson, Prince Richard, the heir, had followed him within a month, going before his father, whose reign, as Richard had prophesied that morning in Bermuda, had been a short one. So that within five years after the tempestuous love scene which had ended his one romance, the sailor Prince sat on the throne of A'Land.

A queen sat beside him, the "clammy" princess who had been ordained from the beginning to take that place. But yet the episode set in summer islands and blue sea, the honest and simple episode of young love which had made real for a short time the artificial life of a royalty — this was still the one true romance in the annals of the King.

But sliding years, like waves, leave an invisible deposit which softens the edges of old wounds and dims the brilliancy of old memories. The present has an advantage over the past. It is here and in evidence every moment. One breathes it and re-acts to it. That way fact lies, and fact, in a make-up not subtle, like King Henry's make-up, is the most powerful of conditions. The queen was a good person, suitable to the situation, proud and fond of her husband; the children were, as everybody's children, the dearest on earth, the business of kingship was absorbing. Out of sight in the closed box lay, as pressed flowers, a memory twenty years old. Once in a long time the ancient fragrance, sweet and strong, made King Henry's head reel and his heart ache a bit. Mostly, he thought, like the straightforward, rather bromidic character that he was, about his family and his country.

At the moment his country was needing thought. A difficulty had arisen and had developed bitter feeling between A'Land and America. There was danger that the end would be war. The King, whose influence would mean much, had heard of what he called the insult to his flag with impetuous anger, and stubbornness had kept his indignation boiling.

"That any country should dare," he flashed, for the dozenth time, at the Prime Minister, closeted with him — "that any officer should dare stop a ship of ours and take off a passenger — I mean t' say — " finished the King, vague and sputtering.

The Prime Minister was anxious to put this affair so that both sides were visible. War might not be rushed into for a fit of temper. He repeated, painstakingly, what he had said before.

"The right of search has never been definitely surrendered," he repeated. "The Mexican General was an object of execration to America because of his undoubted outrage in shooting the six American officers. The entire United States is aroused. One must allow for a country on fire with just anger. The Mexican was a murderer; he murdered officials of their country."

"But the Mexican was under that flag of ours," reiterated the King. "*The Black Wing* is a ship of our navy, small as she is. When the American cruiser fired the shot across her bows they might just as well have stopped the new *October Twenty-Fifth* itself with me on board. The insult was the same."

"If only Captain Allerton had shown judgment and refused the Mexican passage on the *Black Wing!*" stated the Minister.

"There's no reason our navy should limit its passengers to suit American prejudices." The King's eyes narrowed to a gleam; his mouth set.

"Every country, Sir, desiring peace rather than war, must gauge its actions at times to avoid offense to other governments," the Minister stated. "I would not have you think, me, Sir, less quick than even yourself to defend our honor. I drew up the paper before us. Yet war is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, and if this paper goes to the President as it now reads, there will be war. The temper of the American nation is certain; at this moment it is a powder magazine. This paper" — he leaned across and tapped the sheets before the King —"is the match. It is an ultimatum. Within twenty-four hours after it is cabled we will be at war. The President, whatever his wish, will be powerless. A hundred millions of people will push him into war. To avenge their dead is the cry — the six officers, two of them young lads and one sixty years old — whom this wretched Mexican shot down. There will be war." The Prime Minister's voice was certainly regretful.

But the King batted back the words like a tennis player blind to all but his stroke. "There will be war," he said. "Let them give up the Mexican if they wish otherwise."

The Prime Minister rose, lifted the sheets and slipped them into a portfolio. "With your permission, Sir, I will hold this a few hours. It is well to take full time in a business of such weight."

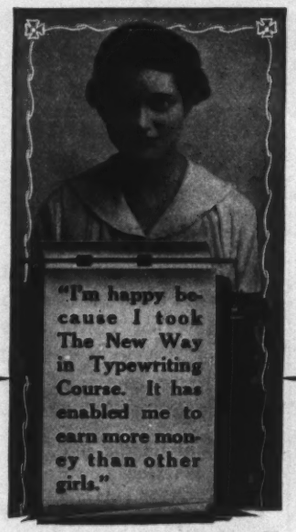
Some hours before this interview a man who had been for eighteen years the husband of Bettina Humphrey went over the side of his flagship, all glorious in the white uniform of an Admiral. His shining launch fled across a bay to a port of the Kingdom of A'Land, where a car awaited him. In the car sat a slim, graceful and well groomed person, a girl no longer, yet fresh and smart as a girl, in Paris clothes, and in the manner of charm which is not made fast to youth, but anchored in personality. Betty plus twenty, leaned out to meet her man, her dear American man who had made good in her eyes.

"It's nice to get you," she smiled as he slid into the deep seat beside her. "But you look worried, Jack."

"Worried! Wouldn't I?" retorted the Admiral, holding to a hand in a glove. "Worried! Don't you read the papers?"

"Please not to be intelligent this first minute," pleaded the Admiral's wife, laughter in her voice. "I landed only yesterday. I hated coming ashore alone. I suppose you couldn't have let the Dukes and things feed themselves?"

"Lord, no — with the air thick like this. It was no joke, that lunch on the ship. I stood for America and I couldn't be cold, and



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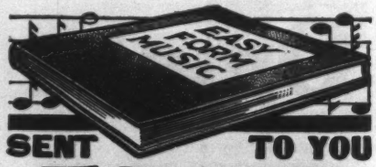

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"Jack!" Her voice lost its laughter. "You can't mean there'll be war?"

"What else?" the Admiral demanded. "It's hideous, Betty. But I know what's in the note; Farquhar's cousin's in the government. He told him things. There is no doubt it's an ultimatum. And our people won't stand for it. The country's on fire to avenge General Anderson and the rest. Little Jim Anderson — you remember? Used to play tennis with the children at Gloucester? They shot him with his father. Can you see America standing dictation after that? No — we'll fight. If it's an ultimatum, we'll fight."

The woman's face had gone pale. Betty drew a shivering breath and laughed a laugh of sheer pluck. "Fight! Of course my country will fight." She caught his hand. "You'll fight, too."

"Well, I certainly hope so," agreed Admiral Strang. "That's what I'm for, isn't it?"

Silence fell where the woman and her man sped through the dewy June country, hand tight in hand, in the big throbbing car.

Then: "Is it certain?" she asked. "Could anything happen that could stop it?"

"They say," the Admiral considered, "that the government is going through a change of heart. Several are anxious to soften the note. If the King would use his influence, even at this hour, one man said, the whole mess might be averted."

"The King," repeated Betty. "Won't the King do it — won't he?"

"They say not. An obstinate cuss," explained the Admiral. "He's weak, and the two things together are a bad mixture. He thinks he's strong when he's stubborn."

"You never were fair to King Henry," objected the Admiral's wife.

And the Admiral slewed about and laughed. "If I didn't forget the old romance! But you deserve to have your feelings hurt, honey, because you never properly told me about it. Anyhow, that's what I think of your King."

She was staring past the chauffeur with brows frowning. "I've a thought," she spoke. "Oh, Jack! I've a great thought."

The Admiral smiled, but his face was harassed. "I'm afraid our great thoughts won't help," he said. "It's a bad job."

"*I* can — Oh, I think I can help," she cried out. "It may be mad, but I believe Harry — the King — would keep his word."

"His word?" The Admiral was bewildered. "He always keeps his word, they say. He's quite distinguished for it. Narrow and limited, but with the virtues of his kind. What word, anyhow? What are you after?"

BRIEFLY she told him what she had never told before, a story of an hour twenty years back, of a ring shut into her hand which she, angry as she was, had kept and still kept after the years. Of the promise which went with the ring. "I've got it in my jewel-case," she announced. "I've always had a soft spot for him, Jack. He was an adorable boy. And it *was* picturesque — wasn't it?"

"Very," agreed the Admiral. "It was melodrama, especially the ring. No man with a ray of humor could have put across that lordly game. His royal ring to be redeemed! My word — it's comic opera!"

"Don't!" pleaded Betty. "We were awfully in earnest, and awfully in love. He was only a boy — there wasn't time to plan things up-to-date."

"You — haven't stayed in love with him, have you, Betty?" The Admiral had a sudden shock of jealousy. "You didn't like him more than you did me?"

The woman of forty flushed and lifted a dimpled face to the white uniform. "Jack — silly!" And then: "I've been thankful a million times — always — for that broken heart at twenty. Why, my Jack, you're a thousand times more of a person than the King. I'd have been wretched with the poor lad later. It's true that he's narrow and limited. But he was a sweet lamb in those days, and he loved me, Jack — oh, he did! That casts a glamour — and I was twenty. But he wouldn't have held me as —" The big hand on the car seat between them was seized and squeezed by the small one. A silence for a moment, and the smiling green-gray eyes seemed, to the man who watched them, to be looking far back through years into sunshine and blue water and young love. The sliding, edgeless voice went on. "There's more lately. The country. America. I care for my own land. Something —" She laid a hand on her breast, smiling, yet tears were in her eyes —"something that may be heart-strings or anything else tied up tight to life aches with satisfaction that I'm American. My own land — my dear land!"

The voice broke, and there was tense stillness again for a second as the engine purred continuously and the car sped past park gates and down the white thread of perfect road. The Admiral, stirred by this unusual confession of faith, only gripped the woman's hand harder.

"I've so wanted to do something — to spend myself, sacrifice, serve as you do all the time. You're lucky, Jack; you wear the uniform of a servant of America. If war comes, you may — give your life."

The Admiral lifted the white cap he wore. "I don't forget it, Betty. I'm proud to serve."

"So, Jack, you'll see that I've got to take this chance. It may be the only chance in my life to do a thing for America. And I hate to do it worse than poison,"

Her Admiral laughed. "Just making an oration about how keen you were to serve!"

"Of course," argued Betty. "That's it. It's a joy b — *because* I hate it. It feels like giving a bit when it's so unpleasant. I *love* to do it because I *hate* to do it. That's simple, isn't it?"

"Clear as mud," agreed the Admiral. "What does the patriot propose, getting down to hard facts?"

"To write to the King — Harry — and enclose the ring, and ask him to see me." Hands flew out with a gesture of a woman who had been refused few things. "Then — turn on my winning way. Beg for all that's in me and by all that we both remember that he'll soften the ultimatum."

"It sounds possible," considered the Admiral. "It may be mid-summer madness. I can't see why it may not be tried."

"It's going to be tried," announced the American woman. "Whatever you say."

The Admiral considered. "How do you propose to get the note to him?"

"I propose you to do that," Betty said.

"Oh!" Like a proper American he fell to reflecting how to carry out his wife's orders. "Don't you let the beggar make love to you, Betty!" the Admiral interjected.

"Oh, I don't know," his American wife answered vaguely; and he had to let it go at that.

In the end it was done through Captain Farquhar's cousin who was in the Government, and who, it seemed, knew King Henry personally. It was done with American rapidity, for one realized that whatever happened must happen before the note was on its way over the cables. Within a matter of three hours after the Admiral's car had slid to a stop before a great hotel in Lugdunum, the capital of A'Land, the Admiral's wife was again stepping into it to be taken to her interview with the King. Yet even in that interval she had found time to go shopping.

The Admiral came up to their rooms from a strenuous half hour of arrangements with Farquhar's cousin, who had at first blankly refused to undertake an impossibility such as an audience with the King on no notice at all; who had later been petrified with surprise at the wonder-working qualities of a note and a tiny package delivered to His Majesty, and who had reported the audience arranged, with incredulity at his own report. The Admiral, drawing a long breath at this news, ascended to his quarters and found his wife, in shimmering Japanese silkiness and a fetching cap, humped together, her arms clasped about her knees.

"It's done, thank God," breathed the Admiral devoutly. "You're to go to the palace at four-thirty. It's a miracle." Betty stared dreamily. "Betty!" her husband shot at her. "Do you hear? Your audience with the King is at four-thirty."

Betty turned absent-minded eyes. "Yes," she agreed. "Of course. That's nice. Thanks so much, Jack. You're an angel. I was thinking——"

"What?" demanded the man of white-and gold, anxiously. Was there yet something to be done after all, that had not been done?

"Why, it's this," answered Betty, unclasping fingers and standing before him. "Look at me carefully, Jack. Now, pay attention. If you say 'No indeed,' I'll hit you. Am I too old to get away with a red hat?"

The Admiral's stupefaction is unimportant to the tale. It is of importance that presently, in the finest shop of Lugdunum his wife was trying on creations of color from Paris. She found the one of her dream, a red hat of this present year of our Lord, yet recalling one of many summers gone; a hat under which bright hair still rippled out alluringly; a subtle hat, softening, not

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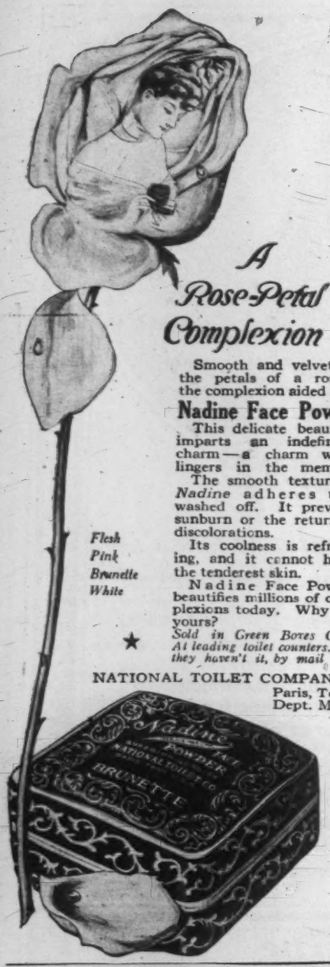

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emphasizing what twenty years had written, as gently as might be, on the face of a happy woman. Betty, an artist in clothes, knew that the hat was right and that in it, over and beyond its appeal of memory, she looked her charming best.

With such a diplomatic argument on her head she sped along and in half an hour was being conducted by noiseless equerries and footmen, by fitting officials, whatever they may have been, through corridors of a palace to a King.

The King, alone in a library, stared from a window in undeniable agitation. There had been brought to him a note and a small package. The manner of it was irregular, and this interested him, for there lurked yet in the depths of this standardized, middle-aged monarch a drop of the sporting blood of the young sailor. As he read the note his steady-going heart did such a jump as it had not weathered for years.

"Betty!" he whispered, staring with dazed eyes. "Betty!"

"Has King Henry of A'Land forgotten," the note read, "a spring long ago in Bermuda and a scented night under arches by a sea? If the King remembers a dream of youth so far away, he will remember also a ring which a young sailor once shut into the hand of an American girl. He will remember words which the sailor said: 'If a day comes when you want me to do a thing, show me the ring and I'll do it.' The world says that King Henry always keeps his word. The ring goes to the King with this note and a hope that, remembering the old romance, he will honor the old promise. Will the King give half an hour very soon, this afternoon, to the American woman to whom he will always be Prince Harry?" Enclosed in the note was Betty's card: "Mrs. John Galt Gordon Strang."

"TELL the Russian Ambassador that I cannot see him to-day," commanded the King a bit later. "Shift the audience with the Duke of Easterday till to-morrow afternoon. Arrange that I shall see Mrs. Strang at four-thirty in the north library," commanded the King. In the north library he stared from the window, agitated. He bit his lip unroyally. "She will be fat," he murmured. "I may as well expect it. Fat! But I hope not too fat."

The note lay in the royal pocket and the ring was clutched in the royal fist when a footman flung open a door at just four-thirty and an equerry entered followed quietly by a slender, dark figure. The King, wheeling from the window, saw — a red hat. As His Majesty spoke the swift order that emptied the room of supernumeraries and closed the stately doors, he was conscious that his words came hoarsely. There he stood, royalty dropping from him like a cloak, not a King but a human man who had been lonely all his days, looking into the face which, but for royalty, might have filled his days with sunshine. He had not expected at best more than a reminiscent thrill, but a rush of feeling shut away for many years, staggered him. The red hat was an electric key which loosed a flood. Wiser than she knew was Betty Strang when she went shopping in Lugdunum. The bit of color topping the slight figure was like a magic wand; behold, a sailor boy stood in the King's shoes; blue water broke in wet jewels beneath him; busy little launches fled back and forth, kicking wakes of foam of white and blue and emerald green; an enchanted island lay close, and white roofs rose from dark groves like many Greek temples; a great ship sailed slowly past and a man's "bowler" went flying amid laughter into bright water, while a girl in a scarlet hat stood by. Like visions in a kaleidoscope other things long stored away flashed out; the first day at lunch on board the *Graylock* when they had read, even then, the amazing happiness of each other's eyes; the night under the arches; all of happy irresponsible youth suddenly perfumed the air of the stately north library. The King heard a sound of broken water caressing a shore in the dark; he felt a breeze touch his face, and a hand gentler than the breeze. All this — but undefined, unphrased — in the one minute during which His Majesty stood speechless and faced Mrs. John Galt Gordon Strang. He caught a sharp breath and took a step forward. What was royalty, age — any of that trash? People are people — hearts are still hearts.

"Betty!" spoke the King.

She lifted a face twenty years older, and behold, though there were lines in it, though the bloom of youth was gone, undying charm, defying the years, lighted it like a lamp and Betty's self smiled from the green-gray eyes with the wise old droop in one. And the face was satisfactory to the King.

"Harry!" And then, quite as matter-of-fact as if they had met yesterday: "I knew you'd see me."

"See you? Of course you knew it. Rather!" laughed the King like a delighted boy.

"My note was a bit mystical, wasn't it? That was because I had to write in the third person. I didn't know how to begin a letter to a King. How does one? Should I say: 'Dear Your Majesty?'"

And the King laughed again as he had not laughed in twenty years. "Betty!" he cried once more. "Betty, you haven't changed."

"Oh, what a whopper!" responded Betty. "Couldn't a King ask a lady to sit down?"

And with that the throne-like seat which mostly held royalty received the smart tailored clothes and the red hat, while the King drew a lighter chair close and laid his hand, which held the ring, on the arm of Betty's chair, and stared at her eagerly.

"I certainly am glad to see you, Harry," she said simply. "I didn't know if I would be. I was afraid it might be a spoiled King all stuffy with greatness, and — it's Harry."

"Is it?" asked the King, drinking in her voice. "Do I really seem the same? You can't think how it makes my heart go to hear you call me 'Harry.' Say it again."

The slurring, soft voice said it again. And then: "But you may not let me say that, or anything, in a few minutes. You know I've come — to bother you, Harry, because you're a King."

The King slowly opened a hand and held it toward her palm upward, and the ring lay in the palm. He smiled. "You have my promise."

She was silent, sitting erect in the great chair, looking at this man between whom and herself were memories. A greater feeling for the man whom above all the world she loved, her husband, lay warm in her heart. Yet her heart was soft to this lonely King whom she had once thought she loved, who stood for melody and sunshine of youth. There was a clear vision in her which showed not a King but a man, her sweetheart of old days. She believed in him, and in his affection toward her, yet — would it reach to cover a state question? Her pulse beat fast, for it might be that on her words rested life and death for thousands of American boys. "America!" The word spoke itself as a prayer, and with the word she was fearless.

"Harry," she began, and lifted the ring from him and laid it on her own small palm and held out her hand. "Harry, we mustn't let war happen between your country and mine." Then, as the King's smiling face sobered, she went on quickly: "I know, Harry — it's love of your land, the honor of your flag — I know it's good and loyal reasons that stir you. And I've dared to come to you with no authority, with no credentials but this, the ring, which is yet the strongest claim any ambassador ever held because it's the pledge of a King who always keeps his word. I've dared to break all conventions and come to you just as an American because I love my country, and because I believe in you. I'm not going to presume to meddle in state matters or to ask any gift that the King may not give with all patriotism. You said: 'If a day comes when you want me to do a thing, show me the ring and I'll do it.' The day has come, Harry. See the ring!"

It was a medieval, a theatrical moment as she held out her hand with the big carved green stone darkly gleaming against her palm. The King stared at it grimly.

Betty caught a deep breath. "What I ask you to do is to hold the note which is going to America; to hold it, and then to soften it so that a proud and self-respecting nation may accept it. So that America won't be forced into war to uphold her honor."

The King flashed a look. "Your country should have considered such things before a shot was fired across the bows of the *Black Wing*. We also are a proud and self-respecting nation."

"I know — I know," the woman answered quickly. "I do see your side. I beg you to see ours. It was wrong to stop the *Black Wing*, to take off the Mexican." She shuddered. "You will know that I am trying to be just when I tell you that General Anderson, whom that vile wretch shot down, was an old friend; little Jim Anderson, who stood next his father in the helpless line of victims," — her voice caught — "he had played with my boys. He was my lads' friend — eighteen years old — eighteen. Shot down in cold blood in the uniform of his country — my country. They say he was holding his father's hand when he fell."

The King lifted his head and looked into the impassioned face, into the gray eyes blurred with tears.

The sliding, low voice flowed on. "Your Majesty" — and the King stirred uneasily. She smiled. "Harry — oh, dear Harry, you who were so great-hearted and gentle a lad, I beg you by all that's honest and kind, by the things you want to stand for — I know it — I beg you with my whole soul not to plunge two nations which love each other into war. There's no hatred between our countries. This anger of the moment is like a flash between brothers. America was made mad, frantic, by the outrage of a savage who killed six of her splendid sons — wearing her uniform. Execution was too good for the wretch. He would, he should have been sternly executed at once, but he escaped in a woman's dress to Trinidad, and from there to the *Black Wing*. We Americans thought it unkind of our brothers of A'Land to take such an offender under the protection of their powerful flag. Don't *you* think so — Harry?" She did not give the King time to answer. "Yet, it was wrong of Captain Rush to stop the *Black Wing* and to take off its passenger. I acknowledge that. Practically all Americans acknowledge it. But they cannot, for the dignity of their flag, acknowledge it under orders. We cannot, cannot obey an ultimatum. If you, the King, will but lift a finger, if you will use your great influence with your statesmen, the note may be so softened that we may accept it. We may make terms without dishonor."

"Terms?" repeated the King. "You will see, Betty, that the Mexican must be surrendered to us."

She spoke slowly. "I have no authority to say anything at all. But I — *know* that we will surrender the Mexican. We were wrong to take him. If this note is so worded that it is not an ultimatum — we will surrender the Mexican. Oh, Harry, Harry —" and she thrust her hand that held the ring into the King's hand. "I have a vision," she said, "of battlefields, of thousands upon thousands of dear boys — your boys and ours — shooting one another down, gassing, bombing, mangling one another. I see them lying there, dying slowly in anguish because — oh, Harry, because you, who are gentle and good, would not ——"

The King was holding her hands closely and the muscles of his face worked.

"It's a great power to be a King," finished Betty with a sigh, as if all words were exhausted.

The King slipped the old ring out of the small hand and, holding it, got up and began to pace the room, the long, book-lined stately room. The woman, quiet in her throne-like chair, did not look at him. If ever a woman's soul went up in prayer that of Betty Strang rose on that afternoon to the God who made us to love one country best, for the starry flag and its fighting men who count their lives as nothing for its honor. She had said what was in her; she had done her best.

THE King, clutching the ring, paced back and forth, back and forth. Sometimes he glanced at her as he turned; once he smiled, seeing her, as if it were good to know her near. But Betty was not looking at the King. At length he stopped short on a turn and with that he had flung himself into his chair and had caught her hand and shut the green ring into it.

"Is it a great power to be a King?" he repeated. "*Is* it, Betty? If it had not been for the crown —" and he stopped. "You're more wonderful than I remembered," spoke the King. "You were a June rose; now you're a woman worth all the roses of all Junes. You're as sweet, as bewildering as ever, but more — a brain of crystal and a heart of fire, a woman and a patriot. Do they grow the like of you often in America? Ah, Betty, if my country owned you — if it had been our flag that set your mind seeing and your heart flaming! If ——"

As once before Betty lifted a hand and laid it, palmwise, across his lips. "The King has no reason to envy other lands their women," she spoke, smiling; and the hand dropped. "For me — it's only the Stars and Stripes that could ever, ever have owned me, all of me, heart and soul, to the last thrill of the last fibre. There are some things America has not," she spoke, and her head lifted at the name as if it were dearer for what it might lack —"but one thing she has — the utter love of her children."

The King watched the color that shot into her cheeks. "We couldn't have tamed you," he said. "You'd have beaten your heart out against our gilded bars, for your free skies."

A sense of strain seized Betty Strang. The conversation was becoming melodramatic; it was suddenly on her nerves. She dropped

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into the vernacular. "You're not going to bang guns at our free skies, are you, Harry? You're going to go echoing down the corridors of time as the King who stopped war. Aren't you?"

And the King again laughed aloud. "Flippant person — oh, wise flippant person!" he adjured her. "I am going to do what you wish, Betty. Didn't I always?"

"Well — not just always," demurred Betty. "Once — you wouldn't marry me."

The startled King turned scarlet, and with that shouted more frank laughter. "I'll make up," he stated. "If, as you say, an unhappy lad was forced once to deny you his life, to-day he will give you the lives"— the King's face was grave now —"of those thousands upon thousands who might, God forgive me, but for you have been lost. Better lives than mine," he spoke a little bitterly. "I haven't much to show for my years, Betty, but a little heap of ashes. Yet I guard it, and I wouldn't give up some things for — for my Kingdom. Memories, and illusions."

There was a short silence where the King and the American woman sat in the stillness of the great library, hand fast in hand, breathing together for a moment an old fragrance, hearing water lapping in the dark on a quiet shore. Then Betty rose, and her eyes were dewy.

"Harry," she said, "we won't see each other again this side the Great Divide, but it's a happy memory you have given me to carry"— she hesitated —"yes, to carry always beside the love of my country in my heart."

The King, speechless, closed once more her bare fingers around his ring and lifted the little fist to his lips.

"I will — k — keep it always," choked Betty, and turned to the door. The King had touched a bell, but the door was not yet opened. Betty wheeled as she walked toward it. "The very first thing I do when I get to heaven, Harry, I'll look for you. So be a good boy — be a good, wise, generous King as you have been to-day — and I'll find you."

The door had flung open; Betty was gone.

"BETTY darling, tell me," begged the Admiral abjectly.

Betty lay face down on a divan at the hotel, hugging the red hat recklessly, sobbing violently.

"Is it all right? Tell me, Betty."

"It's all — *all* right, Jack. There won't be war. And I won't tell you another word if you beat me to a jelly. We were very sentimental, and I adored him, and I'm not a bit sure, now, that you're as nice as he is. He kissed my hand. And the red hat did it all. And I won't tell you a word more about anything. But oh, Jack — I *do* love my country!"

The Admiral, standing above her, tall and glorious to behold, regarded her, puzzled but resigned, a common look of the American husband.

"I rather think that's all right, too," decided the Admiral.

In December

Why should the authors have it all their own way? Why should we promise a story by John Jones, and a great article by James Smith, and a detective novel by Dick Doe, and leave the artists, who help to make McClure's what it is, to shift for themselves?

So, to give everyone a fair chance at fame, we are delighted to announce that in the forthcoming December number the following illustrators will appear with brilliant examples of their work:

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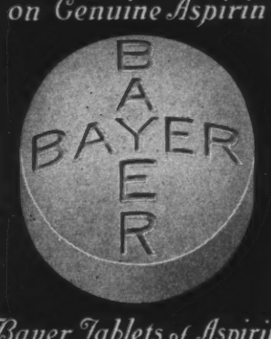

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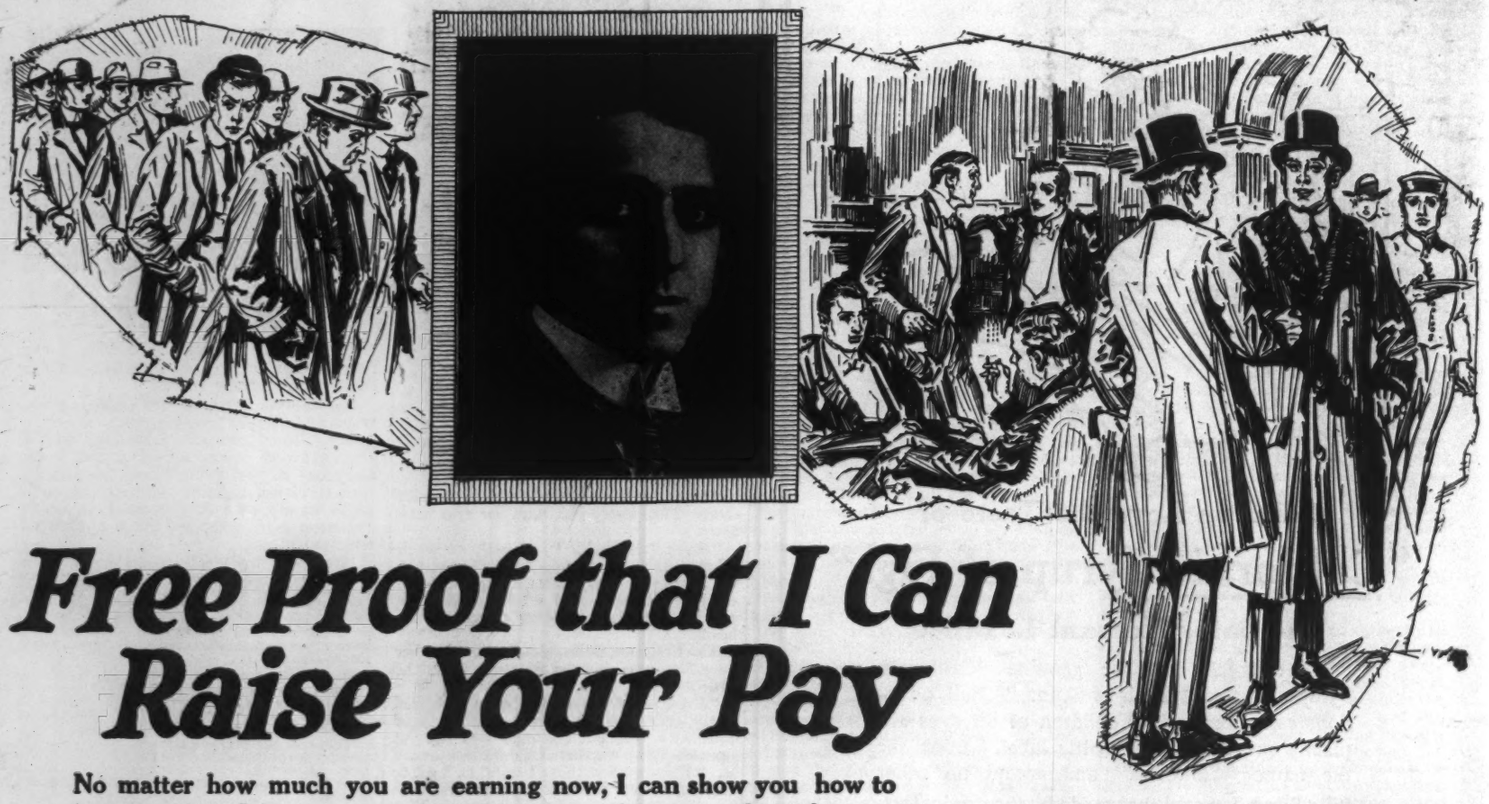

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LET'S have a little chat about getting ahead —you and I. My name is Pelton. Lots of people call me "The Man Who Makes Men Rich." I don't deny it. I've done it for thousands of people—lifted them up from poverty to riches.

I'm no genius—far from it. I'm just a plain, everyday, unassuming sort of man. I know what poverty is. I've looked black despair in the eye —had failure stalk me around and hoodoo everything I did. I've known the bitterest kind of want.

But today all is different. I have money and all of the things that money will buy. I am rich also in the things that money won't buy—health, happiness and friendship. Few people have more of the blessings of the world than I.

IT was a simple thing that jumped me up from poverty to riches. As I've said, I'm no genius. But I had the good fortune to know a genius. One day this man told me a "secret." It had to do with getting ahead and growing rich. He had used it himself with remarkable results. He said that every wealthy man knew this "secret"—that is why he was rich.

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That "secret" surely made me rich in every sense of the word.

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The Will is the motive power of the brain. Without a highly trained, inflexible will, a man has about as much chance of attaining success in life as a railway engine has of crossing the continent without steam. The biggest ideas have no value without will power to "put them over." Yet the will, altho heretofore entirely neglected, can be trained into wonderful power like the brain or memory and by the very same method —intelligent exercise and use.

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